



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

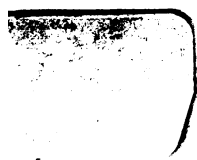
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES

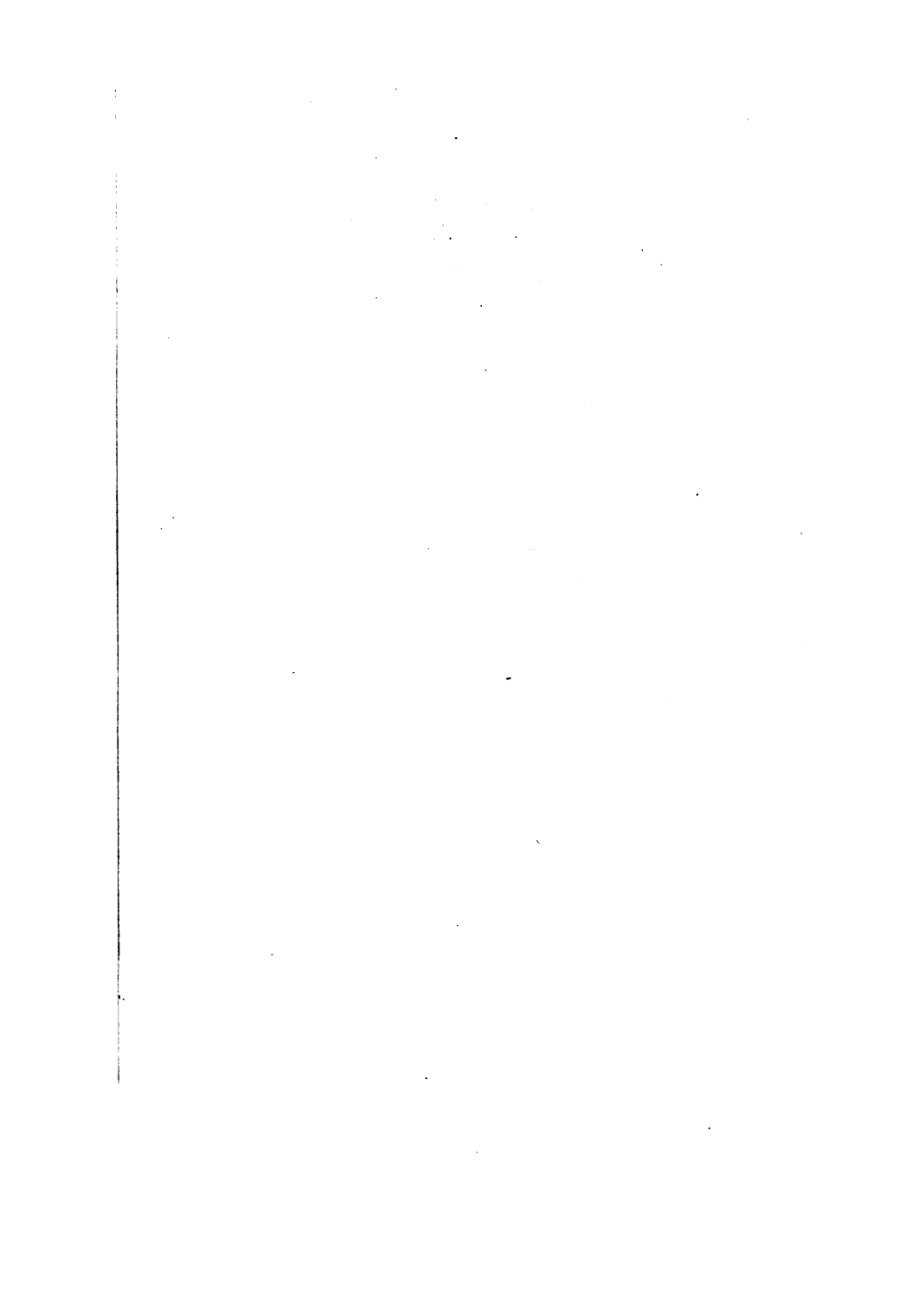


3 3433 07490465 1



11
CW
Shat

THE PERSONAL SHAKESPEARE
VOLUME XII







Photographed by Catharine Weed Ward

Shakespeare's grave, below the chancel floor, Church of the Holy Trinity, Stratford-on-Avon. It is decorated on the anniversaries of his birth and death. Just above, in the wall, is his monument

THE
SOCIETY OF THE
SACRAMENT

OF THE
SACRAMENT

OF THE
SACRAMENT

OF THE
SACRAMENT

OF THE
SACRAMENT

OF THE
SACRAMENT

OF THE
SACRAMENT

OF THE
SACRAMENT

OF THE
SACRAMENT

OF THE
SACRAMENT

OF THE
SACRAMENT

OF THE
SACRAMENT

OF THE
SACRAMENT

OF THE
SACRAMENT

OF THE
SACRAMENT

OF THE
SACRAMENT

OF THE
SACRAMENT

OF THE
SACRAMENT

THE
PERSONAL SHAKESPEARE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

ESTHER WOOD

COMPLETE IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES

VOLUME XII

CYMBELINE

THE WINTERS TALE

THE TEMPEST

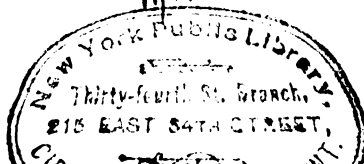
KING HENRY THE EIGHT

ILLUSTRATED



NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY

1904



239772B

WELLS FARGO BANK

1943

THANK TO CENTRAL RESERVE

Copyright, 1903, by
Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Copyright, 1904, by
Doubleday, Page & Company

PROPERTY OF
THE CITY OF NEW YORK

11222

Sp

822.3

836

v. 12

INTRODUCTION

XII { CYMBELINE
A WINTER'S TALE
THE TEMPEST
KING HENRY VIII.

THE fame achieved by Shakespeare in the prime of life remained unchallenged through his closing years. He had not the embitterment of seeing his star wane at the zenith, or his personal credit suffer eclipse. He did not fall as Greene and Marlowe fell—as fell, one by one, his greatest contemporaries in literature and at court. Leicester, Essex, Raleigh, Spencer, Bacon, and Ben Jonson—all passed sooner or later into the obscurity of poverty, failure, or social disgrace. Shakespeare remained the laureate of his generation. It was not until the Elizabethans—the audiences he had created, the men who had worked with him and acted on the same boards—had passed away, and the crowning tribute had been paid him by his fellow-actors, Heminge and Condell, in the publication of the First Folio of 1623, that the tide of favour turned against him, and a change came over the scholars' estimate of his genius. Voltaire described Shakespeare as “a writer of monstrous farces called tragedies,” and his poetry as “the fruit of the imagination of an intoxicated

INTRODUCTION

savage." Another and now forgotten critic, Edwards by name, ruled that "poor Shakespeare" must be excluded from the number of good tragedians, "yet as Homer from the Republic of Plato, with marks of distinction and veneration." Pope, voicing the apologetic stage that followed the condemnatory, argued that his "wrong choice of subjects, wrong conduct of incidents, false thoughts, and forced expressions, are the result of having to please the lowest of the people and keep the worst of company." Dr. Johnson, with the sweeping remark that "Shakespeare seems to be without moral purpose," goes over his plays, one by one, and dismisses each (as Hallam puts it) "like a school-boy's exercise." Lessing, in Germany, and Coleridge, in England, struck the first notes of a true appreciation of Shakespeare, but not until his plays had been subjected to all kinds of indignities by Restoration dramatists, from Dryden downwards, who mangled, "bowdlerized," and re-adapted them without scruple, for what they were pleased to consider more cultured ears. The "polite version" of *The Tempest*, produced by Dryden and Davenant in 1667, was one of the most flagrant instances of this. But the process went on through another century. In 1748, Nahum Tate—of the "Tate and Brady" partners, at whose door lies the perpetration of the metrical version of the Psalms—re-adapted "the droll of Lear and his three daughters, an obscure piece recommended to his notice by a friend"; and it was played in a booth on the bowling-green behind Mermaid Court, Southwark, not far from Tate's own house in the Mint. As late as 1793,

INTRODUCTION

the Sonnets were contemptuously rejected by critics of the best repute.

That Shakespeare smarted under the popularity of the baser kinds of shows in theatres, which forced him often to buy the favour of audiences with realistic incident and comic relief, is shown in unmistakable hints scattered throughout his writings, from the oft-quoted plaint in the Sonnets about the "dyer's hand subdued to what it works in," to Trinculo's allusion in *The Tempest* to the "holiday fools" of England, where "any strange beast makes a man;—when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian." Sir Philip Sidney complained bitterly of the Elizabethan clown "thrust in by head and shoulders to play a part in majestical matters with neither decency nor discretion." But the clown served as a compromise with those Bankside merry-makers who have told us in letters and diaries of the period how they beat Sackerson, the favourite bear of Paris Garden, "till the blood ran down," and were "mightily entertained" thereby.

The production of *Cymbeline*, in 1610 or early in 1611, is recorded, without an exact date, by Dr. Simon Forman, an astrologer of King James's reign and an ardent play-goer, whose diary gives many interesting notes of Shakespearean performances. The position of this play at the end of the *First Folio* has caused some critics to regard its insertion rather as an afterthought; and its imperfect text certainly inclines us to think it was printed from rough notes awaiting Shakespeare's final revision. But there is no lack of finish in the

INTRODUCTION

structure of the plot, which is a skilful combination of three separate narrative-threads. Nor is the characterization less subtle, less masterly, than in the dramas to which it is akin; with the exception, perhaps, of the presentation of Cloten, who is shown us first as a fool merely, but afterwards as a more responsible and, therefore, more contemptible thing. Imogen has always been one of the most beloved of Shakespeare's heroines. Mr. Sidney Lee calls her "the crown and flower of his conception of tender and artless womanhood," and adds, "her husband, Posthumus, her rejected lover Cloten, and her would-be seducer Iachimo, are contrasted with her and with each other with consummate ingenuity." The main plot is the love-story of Posthumus and Imogen, based on a tale in Boccaccio's *Decameron* (Day II., Novel 9), describing "how Bernabo of Genoa, duped by Ambrogiuolo, loseth his good, and commandeth that his innocent wife be put to death. She escapeth and serveth the Soldan in a man's habit. Here she lighteth upon the deceiver of her husband and bringeth the latter to Alexandria, where, her traducer being punished, she resumeth woman's apparel and returneth with her husband, rich." The story of this heroine, Ginevra, the Imogen of *Cymbeline*, is also told in a collection of stories called *Westward for Smelts*, which Shakespeare had already drawn upon in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and which is said to have been published, under the name of *Kinde Kit of Kingston*, in 1603, though no edition earlier than 1620 has been found. For the setting of the drama, Shakespeare freely adapted a fragment of early British history, taken

INTRODUCTION

from Holinshed, with a bye-plot of his own invention dealing with the banishment of Belarius and his adoption of his foster-sons. Nowhere is Shakespeare's chronology more hopelessly at sea than when he makes the ancient British courtiers jest with one another in the Calvinistic terms of "election" and "grace." But the romantic element in the drama covers many historical discrepancies, and the political *dénouement* is no less in the "happy-ever-after" spirit of a fairy-tale. "So quixotic a surrender," remarks Mr. Boas, "of the fruits of a hard-fought campaign, is a fitting close to a work whose fantastic remoteness from ordinary experience gives it much of its peculiar charm." The introduction of Celtic Britain links *Cymbeline*, on the one hand, to *Lear*, and a considerable part of the last three acts may well have been written at the same time as that tragedy, about the year 1606. But the main interest of the drama, as a study of a husband's unworthy jealousy of a noble wife, links it backwards to *Othello* and forwards to *A Winter's Tale*. The villainous Iachimo obtains Imogen's ring and bracelet from her hand at night, and uses them, as Iago uses Desdemona's handkerchief, to flaunt before an easily duped husband as proofs of her unfaithfulness. Posthumus falls even more readily than Othello into the snare, and entirely forfeits our sympathies by his brutal plotting of Imogen's punishment—engaging agents to put her to death. The "vision" in Act V., Sc. 4, which reveals the tissue of errors and brings the action to a climax, is condemned by Mr. Lee and others as a "pitiful mummerly" and probably spurious. It may have

INTRODUCTION

been inserted, like the "visions" in *Pericles* and *King Henry VIII.*, and possibly the Masque in the *Tempest*, with a view to performance at court. But there can be no doubt of the genuineness of the splendid lyric that occurs in this play—"Fear no more the heat o' the sun."

But more ignoble, and less excusable, than the jealousy of Othello, or of Posthumus even, is the jealousy of Leontes in *A Winter's Tale*. In a mature man, the husband of a wife and mother universally honoured and beloved, it strikes us as an almost inconceivable piece of spoilt-childishness, and only the rare dignity and beauty of Hermione and the loyalty of Paulina save it from making the drama irredeemably grotesque. Compared with the desolate anguish of Othello, the passion of Leontes is a gross personal resentment; and when, at last, he realises the blunder that provoked it, we feel, as in many similar situations created by Shakespeare, that the forgiveness of a generous and long-suffering woman is all too easily won. But forgiveness and reconciliation are the dominant notes of the three romantic comedies that close Shakespeare's imaginative work. Imogen, Hermione, and Prospero stand out as types of gracious, beneficent, and atoning powers.

There is a certain irony in the derivation of *A Winter's Tale* from a popular novel called *The Triumph of Time*, by the same Robert Greene, who, from his death-bed, in 1592, had sneered at the young Shakespeare as an "upstart crow beautified with our feathers." This work, which was also called *Pandosto*, or *Dorastus and Faunia*, was a curious blend of the Euphuistic style with the

INTRODUCTION

pastoralism made fashionable by Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*. It violates all structural principles of art, and is made up of two wholly dissimilar and unconnected tales, to which not even Shakespeare's dramatic genius could give any unity of motive or action. In *A Winter's Tale*, Shakespeare altered the names and places, added the characters of Paulina, Antigonus, and Autolycus, gave fresh and more convincing form to the scene in which Leontes consults the oracle, and greatly ennobled the figure and action of Hermione. But the play remains a medley of scenes and times; Delphos is an island, an Italian sculptor carves the statue of a Russian Emperor's daughter; the oracles of Greece flourish side by side with Warwickshire Whitsun pastorals; and Bohemia is given a sea-coast—an oft-quoted geographical error which Shakespeare merely copied from Greene. For freshness of pastoral incident, it has been placed at the head of all Shakespeare's presentations of country life; and we notice, throughout this last group of plays, a new tenderness and delicacy in his treatment of youth; a transfiguring touch that lifts Ferdinand and Miranda, Florizel and Perdita, and the boy companions of Belarius, quite above the precocious and slightly priggish young people of the earlier dramas.

Mr. Gollancz, noticing the Greek element in Shakespeare's naming of his characters, calls attention also to the Alcestis motive of the closing scene of *A Winter's Tale*, and compares this with the ending of the tragi-comedy of *Euripides*. It culminates almost in the words of Admetus:—

INTRODUCTION

"O form and feature of my dearest wife,
Against all hope thou once again art mine!"

Alcestis dares not speak to Admetus for three days, and similarly Hermione keeps silence at first towards her reconciled lord. Shakespeare probably took Autolycus from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; but a slight sketch of him, as a dweller on Parnassus and the grandfather of Ulysses, is given in Homer's *Odyssey*, Book XIX. A *Winter's Tale* was first printed in the *Folio* of 1623, but it is alluded to in the Office-book of Sir Henry Herbert at that date as "an old play formerly allowed of Sir George Buck," who became Master of the Revels in 1610. Dr. Simon Forman, in his *Book of Plaies and Notes thereof*, gives an account of its performance at the "Globe" on May 15, 1611, and it was acted at court on November 5.

Prospero, the benign magician of *The Tempest*, has often been claimed as Shakespeare's highest type of man. He certainly is unsurpassed in the strength and sweetness of a mature nature, tempered by the experience which has brought him through pain and discipline to perfect self-possession. He knows when to act greatly and when to refrain from action; how to renounce power, as well as how to use it. When the hour for the miracle is past, he is content to take up once more the common life of humanity, counting it an unworthy thing to seek vengeance or compensation for himself through agencies which he holds in trust for the universal good.

The Tempest was acted at Court at the beginning of the year 1613; possibly, to celebrate the marriage

INTRODUCTION

of the Princess Elizabeth and the Elector Palatine. Dr. Garnett traces a delicate compliment to them in the story—the foreign prince comes oversea to the island princess who has never left her home, and in the end Prospero gains a son, as James I. gained one in the Palatine after having recently lost one by death. The masque may have been specially written and inserted for this performance. But the drama itself was clearly founded, either on *Die Schöne Sidea*, by Jacob Ayler, a notary of Nürenberg, who died in 1605, and who wrote many adaptations of plays brought to Germany by English strolling players in Shakespeare's youth, or—as is more likely—on some lost play which was the source of both. Many references to travellers' tales may have been inspired by Raleigh's narrative of his voyage to Guiana, but the most striking parallels may be traced in Silvester Jourdain's story of the wreck of Sir George Somers's ship, the "Sea-Venture," off the Bermudas in July, 1609. Prospero's incantation, "Ye ayres and windes," resembles, in many phrases, Golding's translation of Medea's incantation in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Certain of the names are also found in Thomas's *Historye of Italye*, 1561, and others, such as Setebos, in Eden's *History of Travayle*, 1577. Ariel may have been taken from Heywood's *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*, where the name is traced to a Hebrew source, meaning lord of the earth. The speech of Gonzalo on his ideal commonwealth is taken directly from Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays* published in 1603, of which Shakespeare's own autograph copy is still preserved. The great indebtedness of

INTRODUCTION

Shakespeare to "the first of the moderns," not only in thought and philosophic observation, but in actual imagery and diction, throughout his later plays, but more especially in *Hamlet* and *The Tempest*, has been established by several independent critics, but notably by Mr. John M. Robertson in his study of *Shakespeare and Montaigne*. The *Essays*, says this writer, "were the living quintessence of all Latin criticism of life and a large part of Greek." Of the thirteen passages in *The Tempest* which have served as the *libretto* for songs, two at least have come down to us with the music to which they were sung in Shakespeare's time—"Full fathoms five," and "Where the bee sucks"; composed by R. Johnson, who, in 1610, wrote the music for Middleton's *Witch*, and, in 1611, was in the service of Prince Henry, who died in the November before *The Tempest* was produced. These lyrics appear in Wilson's collection of *Cheerful Ayres or Ballads*, Oxford, 1660.

Passing from these complete plays to Shakespeare's last collaborations with others—crediting him with three acts of *King Henry VIII.* and an almost negligible part of the *Two Noble Kinsmen*—we cannot but admit, with Professor Dowden, "the degradation of his work in the latter case by an unclean underplot of Fletcher," while, in the former, "all artistic and ethical unity is sacrificed to the vulgar demand for an occasional play and a spectacle." Internal evidence places the composition of *King Henry VIII.* in or about the year 1612, and Mr. Gollancz thinks that the original design was for a great historical drama which should include the divorce of Katherine, the fall

INTRODUCTION

of Wolsey, the rise of Cranmer, and the final separation of the English from the Romish Church; but, when a new play was required for some special occasion, Shakespeare handed over the manuscript to Fletcher, who continued it in the spirit of a masque. It was Tennyson who made the first suggestion that led to the identification of Fletcher as Shakespeare's collaborator here, and scholars are now generally agreed in attributing to the latter the following portions: Act I., Scs. 1 and 2; Act II., Scs. 3 and 4; Act III., Sc. 2 (to exit of king); and Act V., Sc. 1; and to Fletcher, all the remainder, including the famous speech of Wolsey. Certainly, the trial scene is an integral part of Shakespeare's work; and Queen Katherine, another noble and magnanimous sufferer, is a twin-sister of Hermione in *A Winter's Tale*. But the chronology is altogether capricious, and the details gathered at haphazard from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, Hall's *Union of the Families of Lancaster and York*, George Cavendish's *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, and the *Acts and Monuments of the Church*.

More interesting, in their reflections of the life and times of Shakespeare, are the London allusions which abound in this play. Shakespeare lived for some years in St. Helen's precinct, almost under the shadow of Crosby Place; and it must have been at the time of writing *King Henry VIII.* that he bought a house in Blackfriars, where the remains of the Blackfriars Monastery were afterwards found. This house, which he never seems to have occupied, was built partly over a gateway on the west side of St. Andrew's Hill, then called Puddle Dock Hill, between St. Paul's Wharf and Black-

INTRODUCTION

friars Stairs. At that time, the monastery wall was still standing; the precinct was a fashionable residential quarter, with the Blackfriars Theatre hard by. The palace in the play is doubtless Bridewell, which was rebuilt in Bride Lane and "made stately and beautiful." York Place, afterwards called Whitehall, was long the town house of the Archbishops of York. Henry VIII. changed the name and added a sumptuous gallery and gatehouse fronting St. James's Park. St. Paul's or "Powe's" became a part of common Elizabethan slang, and the rallying-cry of "Clubs!" was identified with the London apprentices known as "the hope of the Strand."

The most notable event in connection with the production of *King Henry VIII.* was the burning of the "Globe" theatre during a performance on June 29, 1613. Various accounts are given of this disaster, which seems to have begun with the firing of the cannons during the scene at Wolsey's house. Several topical ballads describing it were also written. It has been suggested that the original copy of the play most likely perished in this fire, and that Fletcher's parts may have been rewritten by him from memory of scenes which at first were Shakespeare's. Not only was the "Globe" theatre rebuilt within a year, but this interval was seized by the enterprising Henslowe for building another new theatre in the Bear-Garden close by. This was the "Hope"; designed to be "as large as the Swan" and to have a tire-house and a movable stage, which could be cleared away during "baiting." Pointed references to *The Tempest* and *A Winter's Tale* occur in Ben

INTRODUCTION

Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, produced at the "Hope" in 1614, as well as allusions to the new playhouse, not altogether flattering to the builders. Much satire is directed to the small tiring-house "in which one cannot go upright," and round which the author is said to have kicked the stage-keeper three or four times.

But from these rough, though not altogether sordid struggles, without which the English drama could never have been established among the people that created it, Shakespeare had now withdrawn. What little more he had to do for his art and his profession was to be done in his native town, where even now the "audacity of elected persons" was ruling all stage-plays to be "unlawful" and "to be put down." Here died, on April 23, 1616, the township's most illustrious rebel, vindicator of the dramatic method to all time. What Shakespeare left to Stratford and the world can hardly be better summed up than in the words of Mr. Walter Bagehot: "The fruits of a first-rate imagination working on a first-rate experience."

ESTHER WOOD.

CONTENTS

	PAGES
CYMBELINE	I to 128
THE WINTERS TALE	I to 111
THE TEMPEST	I to 79
KING HENRY THE EIGHT	I to 116

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME XII

- Shakespeare's Grave, below the chancel
floor, Church of the Holy Trinity,
Stratford-on-Avon. Just above, in the
wall, is his monument . . . *Frontispiece*

CYMBELINE

FACING PAGE

- The face of Shakespeare, from the monu-
ment in Parish Church of Holy Trinity,
Stratford-on-Avon . . . 3

THE WINTERS TALE

- Monument to Shakespeare, Stratford-on-
Avon, donated by Lord Ronald Gower 3

THE TEMPEST

- The Librarian's room, the Shakespeare
Memorial, Stratford-on-Avon . . . 3

KING HENRY THE EIGHT

- Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon . 5

EXPLANATORY

Text.

First Folio, 1623.

Line Numbering.

At top of page, Globe Edition, every *poetical* line of which is numbered; at side of page, First Folio, every *typographical* line of which is numbered. Lines put between brackets in text are not numbered, because they are not in First Folio.

Brackets

Indicate stage directions, etc., in Globe, or parts of text in Globe but not in First Folio, these parts being given here as they appear in the earliest or the earliest complete Quarto.

Italic Words

In margins, thus, ¹ *blunt*, refer to and explain obscure words.

Foot-notes

Cite in italics First Folio words emended; in bold-face, emendations adopted in Globe; in small capitals, earliest editions or first editor printing that emendation.

Abbreviations.

1Q. equals First Quarto, 2Q. Second Quarto, and so on; 1, 3-5Q. equals First, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Quartos, all substantially agreeing; QQ. equals all early Quartos.

2F. equals Second Folio, 3F. Third Folio, and so on; 2-4F. equals Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, all substantially agreeing.

l. equals line, ll. equals lines.

THE TRAGEDIE OF CYMBELINE

T. C. I.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CYMBELINE, *king of Britain.*

CLOTEN, *son to the Queen by a former husband.*

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, *a gentleman, husband to Imogen.*

BELARIUS, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*

GUIDERIUS, } *sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the*
ARVIRAGUS, } *names of Polydore and Cadwal, sup-*
 } *posed sons to Morgan.*

PHILARIO, *friend to Posthumus,* } *Italians.*
IACHIMO, *friend to Philario,* }

CAIUS LUCIUS, *general of the Roman forces.*

PISANIO, *servant to Posthumus.*

CORNELIUS, *a physician.*

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

A Frenchman, *friend to Philario.*

Two Lords of *Cymbeline's court.*

Two Gentlemen of *the same.*

Two Gaolers.

QUEEN, *wife to Cymbeline.*

IMOGEN, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*

HELEN, *a lady attending on Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Sooth-sayer, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE: *Britain; Rome.*]



**The face of Shakespeare, from the monument in the Parish Church of Holy Trinity,
Stratford-on-Avon**

PROPERTY OF
THE CITY OF NEW YORK

THE TRAGEDIE OF
CYMBELINE

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[*Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.*]

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.*

YOU do not meet a man but Frownes.

Our bloods¹ no more obey the Heavens
Then our Courtiers: ¹*temperaments*
Still seeme, as do's the Kings.

2. *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1. [*Gent.*] His daughter, and the heire of's king-
dome (whom |
He purpos'd to his wives sole Sonne, a Widdow 10
That late he married) hath referr'd her selfe
Unto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all
Is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 [*Gent.*] None but the King?

4-6. 2 ll. ending bloods, courtiers-Rowe.

7. *Kings: king-KNIGHT.*

1 [Gent.] He that hath lost her too: so is the Queene,
That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they weare their faces to the bent
Of the Kings looke, hath a heart that is not 20
Glad at the thing they scowle at.

2 [Gent.] And why so?

1 [Gent.] He that hath miss'd the Princesse, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: And he that hath her,
(I meane, that married her, a lacke good man,
And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,
As to seeke through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not thinke,
So faire an Outward,¹ and such stuffe Within ¹outside
And howes a man, but hee. 31

2 [Gent.] You speake him farre.² ²praise him highly

1 [Gent.] I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe,
Crush him together, rather then unfold
His measure duly.

2 [Gent.] What's his name, and Birth?

1 [Gent.] I cannot delve him to the roote: His
Father

Was call'd *Sicillius*, who did joyne his Honor
Against the Romanes, with *Cassibulan*,
But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom 40
He serv'd with Glory, and admir'd Successe:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.

And had (besides this Gentleman in question)
Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th'time
Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father
Then old, and fond of yssue, tooke such sorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady

39. *Cassibulan*: *Cassibulan*, and so throughout—2-4F.

OF CYMBELINE

[I. i. 39-67]

Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceast
 As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
 To his protection, calls him *Posthumus Leonatus*, 50
 Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
 Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of, which he tooke
 As we do ayre, fast as 'twas ministred,
 And in's Spring, became a Harvest: Liv'd in Court
 (Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd,
 A sample to the yongest: to th'more Mature,
 A glasse that feated¹ them: and to the graver, ¹*fashioned*
 A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Mistris,
 (For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price 60
 Proclaimes how she esteem'd him; and his Vertue
 By her election may be truly read, what kind of man he is.

2 [Gent.] I honor him, even out of your report.
 But pray you tell me, is she sole childe to'th'King?

1 [Gent.] His onely childe:
 He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,
 Marke it) the eldest of them, at three yeares old
 I'th'swathing cloathes, the other from their Nursery
 Were stolne, and to this houre, no ghesse in knowledge
 Which way they went. 70

2 [Gent.] How long is this ago?

1 [Gent.] Some twenty yeares.

2 [Gent.] That a Kings Children should be so convey'd, |

So slackely guarded, and the search so slow
 That could not trace them.

1 [Gent.] Howsoere, 'tis strange,
 Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at:
 Yet is it true Sir.

62-5. 4 ll. ending read, him, me, child-Rowe, JOHNSON.

2 [*Gent.*] I do well beleeve you.
 1 [*Gent.*] We must forbear. Heere comes the Gentleman, | 80
 The Queene, and Princesse. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Qu. No, be assur'd you shall not finde me (Daughter)
 After the slander of most Step-Mothers,
 Evill-ey'd unto you. You're my Prisoner, but
 Your Gaoler shall deliver you the keyes
 That locke up your restraint. For you *Posthumus*,
 So soone as I can win th'offended King,
 I will be knowne your Advocate: marry yet 90
 The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
 You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what patience
 Your wisdom may informe you.

Post. 'Please your Highnesse,
 I will from hence to day.

Qu. You know the perill:
 Ile fetch a turne about the Garden, pittying
 The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King 98
 Hath charg'd you should not speake together. *Exit*

Imo. O dissembling Curtesie! How fine this Tyrant
 Can tickle where she wounds? My deere Husband,
 I something feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing
 (Alwayes reserv'd my holy duty) what
 His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
 And I shall heere abide the hourelly shot
 Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
 But that there is this Jewell in the world,

82. *Scena Secunda*: out-Rowe.

84. *Qu.*: misprint 1F.

99-100. new l. at Dissembling-CAPELL.

OF CYMBELINE

[I. i. 92-117]

That I may see againe.

Post. My Queene, my Mistris:

O Lady, weepe no more, least I give cause 110
To be suspected of more tendernesse
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyall'st husband, that did ere plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one *Filario's*,
Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me
Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, Ile drinke the words you send,
Though Inke be made of Gall.

Enter Queene.

Qu. Be briefe, I pray you:

120

If the King come, I shall incurre, I know not
How much of his displeasure: [*Aside*] yet Ile move him
To walke this way: I never do him wrong,
But he do's buy my Injuries, to be Friends:
Payes deere for my offences. [*Exit.*]

Post. Should we be taking leave

As long a terme as yet we have to live,
The loathnesse to depart, would grow: Adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little:

Were you but riding forth to ayre your selfe, 130
Such parting were too petty. Looke heere (Love)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
But keepe it till you woo another Wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Post. How, how? Another?

You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
And seare up my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. [*Putting on the ring.*] Remaine,
remain thou heere, |

114. *Filario's*: *Philario's*-Rowe.

While sense can keepe it on: And sweetest, fairest,
 As I (my poore selfe) did exchange for you 140
 To your so infinite losse; so in our trifles
 I still winne of you. For my sake weare this,
 It is a Manacle of Love, Ile place it
 Upon this fayrest Prisoner.

[*Putting a bracelet upon her arm.*]

Imo. O the Gods!
 When shall we see againe?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alacke, the King.

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoyd hence, from my sight:
 If after this command thou fraught the Court 150
 With thy unworthinesse, thou dyest. Away,
 Thou'rt poyson to my blood.

Post. The Gods protect you,
 And blesse the good Remainders of the Court:
 I am gone. *Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
 More sharpe then this is.

Cym. O disloyall thing,
 That should'st repayre my youth, thou heap'st
 A yeares age on mee. 160

Imo. I beseech you Sir,
 Harme not your selfe with your vexation,
 I am senselesse of your Wrath; a Touch more rare
 Subdues all pangs, all feares.

Cym. Past Grace? Obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in dispaire, that way past Grace.

Cym. That might'st have had
 The sole Sonne of my Queene.

OF CYMBELINE

[I. i. 139-160

Imo. O blessed, that I might not: I chose an Eagle,
And did avoyd a Puttocke.¹ ^{1kite 170}

Cym. Thou took'st a Begger, would'st have made my
Throne, a Seate for basenesse.

Imo. No, I rather added a lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vilde one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd *Posthumus*:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Over-buyes mee
Almost the summe he payes.

Cym. What? art thou mad? 180

Imo. Almost Sir: Heaven restore me: would I were
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our Neighbour-Shepheards Sonne.

Enter Queene.

Cym. Thou foolish thing;
They were againe together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Qu. Beseech your patience: Peace
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereigne, 190
Leave us to our selves, and make your self some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly. *Exit [Cymbeline and Lords]:*

Enter Pisanio.

Qu. Fye, you must give way:
Heere is your Servant. How now Sir? What newes?

Pisa. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master.

171-5. 3 five-accent ll.—Rowe.

Qu. Hah?

200

No harme I trust is done?

Pisa. There might have beene,
But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.

Qu. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw upon an Exile. O brave Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,
My selfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke 210
The goer backe. Why came you from your Master?

Pisa. On his command: he would not suffer mee
To bring him to the Haven: left these Notes
Of what commands I should be subject too,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

Qu. This hath beene
Your faithfull Servant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remaine so.

Pisa. I humbly thanke your Highnesse.

Qu. Pray walke a-while.

220

Imo. About some halfe houre hence,
Pray you speake with me;
You shall (at least) go see my Lord aboard.
For this time leave me.

*Exeunt.**Scena Tertia.*

[Scene ii. *The same. A public place.*]

Enter Clotten, and two Lords.

1. [*Lord*] Sir, I would advise you to shift a Shirt; the
Vio- | lence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice:

222-4. 2 ll. ending least, me—CAPELL.

1. *Scena Tertia:* out—ROWE.

2. *Clotten:* Cloten—ROWE.

OF CYMBELINE

[I. ii. 3-35]

where | ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none
abroad so | wholesome as that you vent.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.
Have I hurt him?

2 [*Lord*] [*Aside*] No faith: not so much as his pa-
tience. |

1 [*Lord*] Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carkasse
if he bee | not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if it
be not hurt. | 1 1

2 [*Lord*] [*Aside*] His Steele was in debt, it went
o'th' Backe-side the | Towne.

Clot. The Villaine would not stand me.

2 [*Lord*] [*Aside*] No, but he fled forward still, to-
ward your face. |

1 [*Lord*] Stand you? you have Land enough of your
owne: |

But he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 [*Lord*] [*Aside*] As many Inches, as you have
Oceans (Puppies.) |

Clot. I would they had not come betweene us.

2 [*Lord*] [*Aside*] So would I, till you had measur'd
how long a Foole | you were upon the ground. 2 1

Clot. And that shee should love this Fellow, and re-
fuse mee.

2 [*Lord*] [*Aside*] If it be a sin to make a true elec-
tion, she is damn'd. |

1 [*Lord*] Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty & her
Braine | go not together. Shee's a good signe, but I have
seene | small reflection of her wit.

2 [*Lord*] [*Aside*] She shines not upon Fooles, least
the reflection |
Should hurt her.

7-8. prose-CAPELL. 16-17. prose-POPE. 28-9. prose-2 ROWE.

Clot. Come, Ile to my Chamber: would there had
beene some hurt done.

2 [*Lord*] [*Aside*] I wish not so, unlesse it had bin
the fall of an Asse, | which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'l go with us?

1 [*Lord*] Ile attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2 [*Lord*] Well my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

[Scene iii. *A room in Cymbeline's palace.*]

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' th' Haven,
And questioned'st every Saile: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a Paper lost
As offer'd mercy is: What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pisa. It was his Queene, his Queene.

Imo. Then wav'd his Handkerchiefe?

Pisa. And kist it, Madam. 10

Imo. Senselesse Linnen, happier therein then I:
And that was all?

Pisa. No Madam: for so long
As he could make me with his eye, or eare,
Distinguish him from others, he did keepe
The Decke, with Glove, or Hat, or Handkerchife,
Still waving, as the fits and stirres ot's mind
Could best expresse how slow his Soule sayl'd on,
How swift his Ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him 20
As little as a Crow, or lesse, ere left
To after-eye him.

1. *Scena Quarta: out—Rowe.*

OF CYMBELINE

[I. iii. 22-40

Pisa. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
Crack'd them, but to looke upon him, till the diminution |

Of space, had pointed him sharpe as my Needle:
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smalnesse of a Gnat, to ayre: and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good *Pisanio*,
When shall we heare from him. 30

Pisa. Be assur'd Madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him
How I would thinke on him at certaine houres,
Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him sweare,
The Shees of Italy should not betray
Mine Interest, and his Honour: or have charg'd him
At the sixt houre of Morne, at Noone, at Midnight,
T'encounter me with Orisons, for then 40
I am in Heaven for him: Or ere I could,
Give him that parting kisse, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,
And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buddes from growing.

Enter a Lady.

La. The Queene (Madam)
Desires your Highnesse Company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,
I will attend the Queene. 50

Pisa. Madam, I shall. *Exeunt.*

24-5. new l. at To look-Porz.

Scena Quinta.[Scene iv. *Romè. Philario's house.*]*Enter Philario, Iachimo: a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Beleeve it Sir, I have seene him in Britaine; hee was then of a Cressent note, expected to prove so woorthy, as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of Admiration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had bin tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by Items.

Pbil. You speake of him when he was lesse furnish'd, then now hee is, with that which makes him both without, and within. 12

French. I have seene him in France: wee had very many there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as hee.

Iach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her valew, then his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the matter.

French. And then his banishment. 20

Iach. I, and the approbation of those that weepe this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him, be it but to fortifie her judgement, which else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a Begger without lesse quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creepes acquaintance?

Pbil. His Father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I have bin often bound for no lesse then my life.

1. *Scena Quinta: out-Rowe.*

Enter Posthumus.

29

Heere comes the Britaine. Let him be so entertained among'st you, as suites with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better knowne to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will leave to appeare hereafter, rather then story him in his owne hearing.

French. Sir, we have knowne together in Orleance.

Post. Since when, I have bin debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still. 39

French. Sir, you o're-rate my poore kindnesse, I was glad I did attone¹ my Countryman and you: it had beene pittie you should have beene put together, with so mortall a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and triviall a nature. ¹*reconcile*

Post. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traveler, rather shun'd to go even with what I heard, then in my every action to be guided by others experiences: but upon my mended judgement (if I offend to say it is mended) my Quarrell was not altogether slight. 49

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of Swords, and by such two, that would by all likelyhood have confounded² one the other, or have falne both.

Iach. Can we with manners, aske what was the difference? ²*destroyed*

French. Safely, I thinke, 'twas a contention in publicke, which may (without contradiction) suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our Country-Mistresses. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and

30. *Britaine*: Briton, and so throughout—2THEOBALD.

48. *offend*: offend not—ROWE.

upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more Faire, Vertuous, Wise, Chaste, Constant, Qualified, and lesse attemptible then any, the rarest of our Ladies in Fraunce.

63

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentlemans opinion by this, worne out.

Post. She holds her Vertue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so farre preferre her, 'fore ours of Italy.

Postb. Being so farre provok'd as I was in France: I would abate her nothing, though I professe my selfe her Adorer, not her Friend.

71

Iach. As faire, and as good: a kind of hand in hand comparison, had beene something too faire, and too good for any Lady in Britanie; if she went before others. I have seene as that Diamond of yours out-lusters many I have beheld, I could not beleewe she excelled many: but I have not seene the most pretious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my Stone.

Iach. What do you esteeme it at?

80

Post. More then the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd Mistirs is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be solde or given, or if there were wealth enough for the purchases, or merite for the guift. The other is not a thing for sale, and onely the guift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you?

Post. Which by their Graces I will keepe.

89

Iach. You may weare her in title yours: but you

61. *Constant, Qualified:* constant-qualified—STEEVENS.

74. *Britanie:* Britain—JOHNSON.

76. *not:* not but—MALONE.

82. *Mistirs:* misprint iF.

85. *or if:* if—ROWE. *purchases:* purchase—ROWE.

OF CYMBELINE

[I. iv. 97-131

know strange Fowle light upon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be stolne too, so your brace of unprizeable Estimations, the one is but fraile, and the other Casual; A cunning Thiefe, or a (that way) accomplish'd Courtier, would hazzard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy, contains none so accomplish'd a Courtier to convince¹ the Honour of my Mistris: if in the holding or losse of that, you terme her fraile, I do nothing doubt you have store of Theeves, notwithstanding I feare not my Ring. ^{1 overcome} 101

Pbil. Let us leave heere, Gentlemen?

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I thanke him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your faire Mistris; make her go backe, even to the yeilding, had I admittance, and opportunitie to friend.

Post. No, no. 110

Iach. I dare thereupon pawne the moytie of my Estate, to your Ring, which in my opinion o're-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, then her Reputation. And to barre your offence heerein to, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deale abus'd² in too bold a perswasion, and I doubt not you sustaine what y'are worthy of, by your Attempt. ^{2 deceived}

Iach. What's rhat? 120

Postb. A Repulse though your Attempt (as you call it) deserve more; a punishment too.

Pbi. Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too so-

120. *rhat:* that-2-4F.

dainely, let it dye as it was borne, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my Estate, and my Neighbors on th'approbation¹ of what I have spoke, ¹*attestation*

Post. What Lady would you chuse to assaile? 128

Iach. Yours, whom in constancie you thinke stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousands Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage then the opportunitie of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Postmus. I will wage against your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I holde deere as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a Friend, and there in the wiser: if you buy Ladies flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting; but I see you have some Religion in you, that you feare. 141

Postbu. This is but a custome in your tongue: you beare a graver purpose I hope.

Iach. I am the Master of my speeches, and would under-go what's spoken, I sweare.

Postbu. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till your returne: let there be Covenants drawne between's. My Mistris exceeds in goodnesse, the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: heere's my Ring. 150

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the deereest bodily part of your Mistris: my ten thousand Duckets are yours,

130. *thousands*: thousand-3-4F.

138. *a Friend*: afraid-THEOBALD.

139-40. *preserve*: preserve-2-4F.

OF CYMBELINE

[I. iv. 163-v. 3

so is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in; Shee your Jewell, this your Jewell, and my Gold are yours: provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let us have Articles betwixt us: onely thus farre you shall answere, if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand, you have prevayl'd, I am no further your Enemy, shee is not worth our debate. If shee remaine uneduc'd, you not making it appeare otherwise: for your ill opinion, and th'assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

Iach. Your hand, a Covenant: wee will have these things set downe by lawfull Counsell, and straight away for Britaine, least the Bargaine should catch colde, and sterue: I will fetch my Gold, and have our two Wagers recorded. 171

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*]

French. Will this hold, thinke you.

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.

Pray let us follow 'em.

Exeunt

Scena Sexta.

[Scene v. Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.]

Enter Queene, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Qu. Whiles yet the dewe's on ground,
Gather those Flowers,
Make haste. Who ha's the note of them?

Lady. I Madam.

Queen. Dispatch.

Exit Ladies.

170. sterue: starve-3-4F.

1. *Scena Sexta:* out-Rowe.

174-5. prose-CAPELL.

3-4. 1 l.-Rowe.

Now Master Doctor, have you brought those drugges?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highnes, I: here they are, Madam:

[*Presenting a small box.*]

But I beseech your Grace, without offence 10

(My Conscience bids me aske) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poysonous Compounds,
Which are the moovers of a languishing death:

But though slow, deadly.

Qu. I wonder, Doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a Question: Have I not bene
Thy Pupill long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes? Distill? Preserve? Yea so,
That our great King himselfe doth woo me oft
For my Confections? Having thus farre proceeded, 20
(Unlesse thou think'st me divellish) is't not meete
That I did amplifie my judgement in
Other Conclusions? ¹ I will try the forces ¹ *experiments*
Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none humane)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their Act, and by them gather
Their severall vertues, and effects.

Cor. Your Highnesse

Shall from this practise, but make hard your heart: 30

Besides, the seeing these effects will be

Both noysome, and infectious.

Qu. O content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

[*Aside*] Heere comes a flattering Rascall, upon him
Will I first worke: Hee's for his Master,
And enemy to my Sonne. How now *Pisanio*?

25. *humane*: human—Rowe.

OF CYMBELINE

' [I. v. 30-55

Doctor, your service for this time is ended,
Take your owne way.

Cor. [*Aside*] I do suspect you, Madam, 40
But you shall do no harme.

Qu. [*To Pisanio*] Hearke thee, a word.

Cor. [*Aside*] I do not like her. She doth thinke she
ha's |

Strange ling'ring poysons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice, with
A drugge of such damn'd Nature. Those she ha's,
Will stupifie and dull the Sense a-while,
Which first (perchance) shee'l prove on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes, 50
More then the locking up the Spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect: and I, the truer,
So to be false with her.

Qu. No further service, Doctor,
Untill I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. *Exit.*

Qu. Weepes she still (saist thou?)

Dost thou thinke in time ^{1 become cool}
She will not quench,¹ and let instructions enter 60
Where Folly now possesses? Do thou worke:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my Sonne,
Ile tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy Master: Greater, for
His Fortunes all lye speechlesse, and his name
Is at last gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: To shift his being,² ^{2 dwelling}
Is to exchange one misery with another,

59-60. r l.—Rowe.

And every day that comes, comes to decay
 A dayes worke in him. What shalt thou expect 70
 To be depender on a thing that leanes?
 Who cannot be new built, nor ha's no Friends
 So much, as but to prop him? [*The Queen drops the*
box: Pisanio takes it up.] Thou tak'st up |
 Thou know'st not what: But take it for thy labour,
 It is a thing I made, which hath the King
 Five times redeem'd from death. I do not know
 What is more Cordiall.¹ Nay, I prythee take it,
 It is an earnest of a farther good ¹ *reviving to the spirits*
 That I meane to thee. Tell thy Mistris how
 The case stands with her: doo't, as from thy selfe; 80
 Thinke what a chance thou changest on, but thinke
 Thou hast thy Mistris still, to boote, my Sonne,
 Who shall take notice of thee. Ile move the King
 To any shape of thy Preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire; and then my selfe, I cheefely,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To loade thy merit richly. Call my women.

Exit Pisa. |

Thinke on my words. A slye, and constant knave,
 Not to be shak'd: the Agent for his Master, 89
 And the Remembrancer² of her, to hold ² *be who reminds*
 The hand-fast³ to her Lord. I have given him that,
 Which if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of Leidgers⁴ for her Sweete: and which, she after
 Except she bend her humor, shall be assur'd
 To taste of too. ³ *engagement* ⁴ *ambassadors*

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so: Well done, well done:
 The Violets, Cowslippes, and the Prime-Roses

93. *Leidgers*: *liegers*—HANMER.

98. *Prime-Roses*: *primroses*—CAPELL.

OF CYMBELINE

[I. v. 84-vi. 17]

Beare to my Closset: Fare thee well, *Pisanio*.
 Thinke on my words. *Exit Qu. and Ladies.* 100

Pisa. And shall do:

But when to my good Lord, I prove untrue,
 Ile choake my selfe: there's all Ile do for you. *Exit.*

Scena Septima.

[Scene vi. *The same. Another room in the palace.*]

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruell, and a Stepdame false,
 A Foolish Suitor to a Wedded-Lady,
 That hath her Husband banish'd: O, that Husband,
 My supream Crowne of griefe, and those repeated
 Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe-stolne,
 As my two Brothers, happy: but most miserable
 Is the desires that's glorious. Blessed be those
 How meane so ere, that have their honest wills, 10
 Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fye.

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pisa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
 Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam:
 The Worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
 And greetes your Highnesse deerely. [*Presents a letter.*]

Imo. Thanks good Sir,
 You're kindly welcome.

Iach. [*Aside*] All of her, that is out of doore, most
 rich: | 20
 If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare
 She is alone th' Arabian-Bird; and I

1. *Scena Septima:* out-Rowe.

9. *desires:* desire-2-4F.

Have lost the wager. Boldnesse be my Friend:
 Arme me Audacitie from head to foote,
 Orlike the Parthian I shall flying fight,
 Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

*He is one of the Noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most
 in- | finitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you
 value your | trust.* Leonatus. 30

So farre I reade aloud.
 But even the very middle of my heart
 Is warm'd by 'th'rest, and take it thankfully.
 You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
 Have words to bid you, and shall finde it so
 In all that I can do.

Iach. Thankes fairest Lady:
 What are men mad? Hath Nature given them eyes
 To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
 Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt 40
 The fire Orbes above, and the twinn'd Stones
 Upon the number d Beach, and can we not
 Partition make with Spectales so pretious
 Twixt faire, and foule?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'th'eye: for Apes, and Monkeys
 'Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and
 Contemne with mowes¹ the other. Nor i'th'judgment:
 For Idiots in this case of favour, would ¹grimaces
 Be wisely definit: Nor i'th'Appetite. 50
 Sluttery to such neate Excellence, oppos'd
 Should make desire vomit emptinesse,
 Not so allur,d to feed.

33. *take:* takes—Popz.
 53. *allur,d:* misprint 1F.

43. *Spectales:* spectacles—3-4F.

OF CYMBELINE

[I. vi. 47-68

Imo. What is the matter trow?

Iacb. The Cloyed will:

That satiate yet unsatisfi'd desire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Ravening first the Lambe,
Longs after for the Garbage.

Imo. What, deere Sir,
Thus rap's you? Are you well? 60

Iacb. Thanks Madam well: [*To Pisanio*] Beseech
you Sir, |

Desire my Man's abode, where I did leave him:
He's strange and peevish.

Pisa. I was going Sir,
To give him welcome. *Exit.*

Imo. Continues well my Lord?
His health beseech you?

Iacb. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Iacb. Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there, 70
So merry, and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Britaine Reveller.

Imo. When he was heere
He did incline to sadnesse, and oft times
Not knowiug why.

Iacb. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seemes much loves
A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces 79
The thicke sighes from him; whiles the jolly Britaine,
(Your Lord I meane) laughes from's free lungs: cries oh,

61-4. 3 ll. ending desire, he, sir-STEEVENS (1793).

63. *He's*: *he is*-STEEVENS (1793). 66-7. 1 l.-HANMER

72. *Britaine*: *Briton*-STEEVENS (1778).

75. *knowiug*: *knowing*-2-4F.

80. *Britaine*: *Briton*-2THEOBALD.

Can my sides hold, to think that man who knowes
 By History, Report, or his owne prooffe
 What woman is, yea what she cannot choose
 But must be: will's free houres languish:
 For assured bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord say so?

Iach. I Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter,
 It is a Recreation to be by
 And heare him mocke the Frenchman: 90
 But Heaven's know some men are much too blame.

Imo. Not he I hope.

Iach. Not he:

But yet Heaven's bounty towards him, might
 Be us'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much;
 In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.
 Whil'st I am bound to wonder, I am bound
 To pitty too.

Imo. What do you pitty Sir?

Iach. Two Creatures heartyly. 100

Imo. Am I one Sir?

You looke on me: what wrack discerne you in me
 Deserves your pitty?

Iach. Lamentable: what

To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
 I'th' Dungeon by a Snuffe.

Imo. I pray you Sir,

Deliver with more opennesse your answeres
 To my demands. Why do you pitty me?

Iach. That others do, 110

(I was about to say) enjoy your——but

It is an office of the Gods to venge¹ it, ¹ *avenge*

85. *will's*: will his.—Rowe.

85-6. new l. at Assured—STEEVENS (1793).

90-1. new l. at Some—POPE.

93-4. 11.—Rowe.

OF CYMBELINE

[I. vi. 93-119]

Not mine to speake on't.

Imo. You do seeme to know

Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Then to be sure they do. For Certainities
Either are past remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne. Discover to me
What both you spur and stop. 120

Iach' Had I this cheek

To bathe my lips upon: this hand, whose touch,
(Whose every touch) would force the Feelers soule
To'th'oath of loyalty. This object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fiering it onely heere, should I (damn'd then)
S laver with lippes as common as the stayres
That mount the Capitoll: Joyne gripes, with hands
Made hard with hourelly falshood (falshood as
With labour:) then by peeping in an eye 130
Base and illustrious as the smoakie light
That's fed with stinking Tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell should at one time
Encounter such reuolt.

Imo. My Lord, I feare
Has forgot Brittain.

Iach. And himselfe, not I

Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggery of his change: but 'tis your Graces
That from my mutest Conscience, to my tongue, 140
Charmes this report out.

Imo. Let me heare no more.

Iach. O deerest Soule: your Cause doth strike my hart
With pittie, that doth make me sicke. A Lady

126. *Fiering*: *Fixing*-2-4F.

127. *S laver*: *Slaver*-2-4F.

131. *illustrious*: *unlustrous*-Rowe.

So faire, and fasten'd to an Emperie
 Would make the great'st King double, to be partner'd
 With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that selfe exhibition
 Which your owne Coffers yeeld: with diseas'd ventures
 That play with all Infirmities for Gold,
 Which rottennesse can lend Nature. Such boyl'd stuffe
 As well might poyson Poyson. Be reveng'd, 151
 Or she that bore you, was no Queene, and you
 Recoyle from your great Stocke.

Imo. Reveng'd:

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
 (As I have such a Heart, that both mine cares
 Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
 How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me

Live like *Diana's* Priest, betwixt cold sheets, 160
 Whiles he is vaulting variable Ramps
 In your despight, upon your purse: revenge it.
 I dedicate my selfe to your sweet pleasure,
 More Noble then that runnagate to your bed,
 And will continue fast to your Affection,
 Still close, as sure.

Imo. What hoa, *Pisanio*?

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lippes.

Imo. Away, I do condemne mine eares, that have
 So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable 170
 Thou would'st have told this tale for Vertue, not
 For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange:
 Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as farre
 From thy report, as thou from Honor: and
 Solicites heere a Lady, that disdaines
 Thee, and the Divell alike. What hoa, *Pisanio*?

175. *Solicites*: *Solicit*'st-2-4F.

OF CYMBELINE

[I. vi. 149-179]

The King my Father shall be made acquainted
 Of thy Assault: if he shall thinke it fit,
 A sawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
 As in a Romish Stew, and to expound 180
 His beastly minde to us; he hath a Court
 He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
 He not respects at all. What hoa, *Pisanio*?

Iacb. O happy *Leonatus* I may say,
 The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
 Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodnesse
 Her assur'd credit. Blessed live you long,
 A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
 Country call'd his; and you his Mistris, onely
 For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon, 190
 I have spoke this to know if your Affiance
 Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,
 That which he is, new o're: And he is one
 The truest manner'd: such a holy Witch,
 That he enchants Societies into him:
 Halfe all men hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iacb. He sits 'mongst men, like a defended God;
 He hath a kinde of Honor sets him off,
 More then a mortall seeming. Be not angrie 200
 (Most mighty Princesse) that I have adventur'd
 To try your taking of a false report, which hath
 Honour'd with confirmation your great Judgement,
 In the election of a Sir, so rare,
 Which you know, cannot erre. The love I beare him,
 Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
 (Unlike all others) chaffeslesse. Pray your pardon.

Imo. All's well Sir:

198. *defended*: descended-2-4F.

208-9. 11.-Rowe.

Take my powre i'th' Court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks: I had almost forgot 210
T'intreat your Grace, but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns:
Your Lord, my selfe, and other Noble Friends
Are partners in the businesse.

Imo. Pray what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romanes of us, and your Lord
(The best Feather of our wing) have mingled summes
To buy a Present for the Emperor:
Which I (the Factor for the rest) have done
In France: 'tis Plate of rare device, and Jewels 220
Of rich, and exquisite forme, their valewes great,
And I am something curious, being strange
To have them in safe stowage: May it please you
To take them in protection.

Imo. Willingly:

And pawne mine Honor for their safety, since
My Lord hath interest in them, I will keepe them
In my Bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a Trunke
Attended by my men: I will make bold 230
To send them to you, onely for this night:
I must aboard to morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes I beseech: or I shall short my word
By length'ning my returne. From Gallia,
I crost the Seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thanke you for your paines:
But not away to morrow.

Iach. O I must Madam. 240
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with writing, doo't to night,

OF CYMBELINE

[I. vi. 207-II. i. 24

I have out-stood my time, which is materiall
To'th'tender of our Present.

Imo. I will write:

Send your Trunke to me, it shall safe be kept,
And truly yeelded you: you're very welcome. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

[*Britain. Before Cymbeline's palace.*]

Enter Clotten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there ever man had such lucke? when I kist
the Jacke¹ upon an up-cast, to be hit away? I had a hun-
dred pound on't: and then a whorson Jacke-an-Apes,
must take me up for swearing, as if I borrowed mine
oathes of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. [*Lord*] What got he by that? you have broke his
pate | with your Bowle. ¹ *bowl aimed at in bowling*

2. [*Lord*] [*Aside*] If his wit had bin like him that
broke it: it would | have run all out. 11

Clot. When a Gentleman is dispos'd to sweare: it is
not for any standers by to curtall his oathes. Ha?

2. [*Lord*] No my Lord; [*Aside*] nor crop the eares
of them. |

Clot. Whorson dog: I gave him satisfaction? would
he had bin one of my Ranke.

2. [*Lord*] [*Aside*] To have smell'd like a Foole.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in th'earth: a
pox on't. I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare
not fight with me, because of the Queene my Mo-
ther: every Jacke-Slave hath his belly full of Fighting,
and I must go up and downe like a Cock, that no body
can match. 23

13. *curtall: curtail-4F.*

15. *gave: give-2-4F.*

2. [*Lord*] [*Aside*] You are Cocke and Capon too,
and you crow | Cock, with your combe on.

Clot. Sayest thou?

2. [*Lord*] It is not fit you Lordship should undertake
every | Companion, that you give offence too.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit
offence to my inferiors. 30

2 [*Lord*] I, it is fit for your Lordship onely.

Clot. Why so I say.

1. [*Lord*] Did you heere of a Stranger that's come
to Court | night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't?

2. [*Lord*] [*Aside*] He's a strange Fellow himselfe, and
knowes it not. |

1. [*Lord*] There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought
one of | *Leonatus* Friends.

Clot. *Leonatus*? A banisht Rascal; and he's another,
whatsoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger? 40

1. [*Lord*] One of your Lordships Pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to looke upon him? Is there no
derogation in't?

2. [*Lord*] You cannot derogate my Lord.

Clot. Not easily I thinke.

2. [*Lord*] [*Aside*] You are a Foole graunted, there-
fore your Issues | being foolish do not derogate.

Clot. Come, Ile go see this Italian: what I have lost
to day at Bowles, Ile winne to night of him. Come: go.

2. [*Lord*] Ile attend your Lordship. *Exit*

[*Cloten and First Lord*].

That such a craftie Divell as is his Mother 51
Should yeild the world this Asse: A woman, that
Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne,

OF CYMBELINE

[II. i. 60-ii. 9

Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
 Aud leave eighteene. Alas poore Princesse,
 Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st,
 Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd,
 A Mother hourly coynig plots: A Wooer,
 More hatefull then the foule expulsion is
 Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act 60
 Of the divorce, heel'd make the Heavens hold firme
 The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe unshak'd
 That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maist stand
 T'enjoy thy banish'd Lord: and this great Land. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

[*Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace: a trunk
 in one corner of it.*]

Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.

Imo. Who's there? My woman: *Helene?*

La. Please you Madam.

Imo. What houre is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three houres then:

Mine eyes are weake,

Fold downe the leafe where I have left: to bed.

Take not away the Taper, leave it burning: 10

And if thou canst awake by foure o'th'clock,

I prythee call me: Sleepe hath ceiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, Gods,

From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night,

55. *Aud:* And-2-4F.

7-8. 11.-Rowe.

61. *make tbe: make!* The-THEOBALD.

12. *ceiz'd: seized* (seiz'd)-2-4F.

Guard me beseech yee.

Sleepes.

Iachimo from the Trunke.

Iach. The Crickets sing, and mans ore-labor'd sense
Repaires it selfe by rest: Our *Tarquine* thus
Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd
The Chastitie he wounded. *Cytherea,* 20
How bravely thou becom'st thy Bed; fresh Lilly,
And whiter then the Sheetes: that I might touch,
But kisse, one kisse. Rubies unparagon'd,
How deerely they doo't: 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th'Taper
Bowes toward her, and would under-peepe her lids.
To see th'inclosed Lights, now Canopied
Under these windowes, White and Azure lac'd
With Blew of Heavens owne tinct. But my designe.
To note the Chamber, I will write all downe, 30
Such, and such pictures: There the window, such
Th'adornment of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,
Why such, and such: and the Contents o'th'Story.
Ah, but some naturall notes about her Body,
Above ten thousand meaner Moveables
Would testifie, t'enrich mine Inventorie.
O sleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull upon her,
And be her Sense but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;

[Taking off her bracelet.]

As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard. 40
'Tis mine, and this will wnesse outwardly,
As strongly as the Conscience do's within:
To'th'madding of her Lord. On her left breast
A mole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops
I'th'bottom of a Cowslippe. Heere's a Voucher,
Stronger then ever Law could make; this Secret
Will force him thinke I have pick'd the lock, and t'ane

The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?
 Why should I write this downe, that's riveted, 49
 Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,
 The Tale of *Tereus*, heere the leaffe's turn'd downe
 Where *Philomele* gave up. I have enough,
 To'th'Truncke againe, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
 May beare the Ravens eye: I lodge in feare,
 Though this a heavenly Angell: hell is heere.

Clocke strikes

One, two, three: time, time.

Exit.

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*]

Scena Tertia.

[*An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments.*]

Enter Clotten, and Lords.

1. [*Lord*] Your Lordship is the most patient man in
 losse, the | most coldest that ever turn'd up Ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to loose.

1. [*Lord*] But not every man patient after the noble
 temper | of your Lordship; You are most hot, and fu-
 rious when | you winne.

[*Clot.*] Winning will put any man into courage: if I
 could get | this foolish *Imogen*, I should have Gold
 enough: it's al- | most morning, is't not? 11

1 [*Lord*] Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Musicke would come: I am advi-
 sed to give her Musicke a mornings, they say it will pene-
 trate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fin-
 gering, so: wee'l try with tongue too: if none will do, let

55. *bears: bare*—STEEVENS.

14. *a: o'*—THEOBALD.

her remaine: but Ile never give o're. First, a very excellent good conceyted thing; after a wonderful sweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

21

SONG.

*Hearke, hearke, the Larke at Heavens gate sings,
and Phœbus gins arise,
His Steeds to water at those Springs
on chalic'd Flowres that lyes:
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes
With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:
Arise, arise.*

29

[*Clot.*] So, get you gone: if this pen trate, I will consider your | Musicke the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her eares | which Horse-haires, and Calves-guts, nor the voyce of | unpaved Eunuch to boot, can never amed.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter Cymbaline, and Queene.

2 [*Lord*] Heere comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so earely: he cannot choose but take this Service I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious Mother.

39

Cym. Attend you here the doore of our stern daughter Will she not forth?

Clot. I have assayl'd her with Musickes, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new,

27-8. 4 ll. ending begin, eyes, is, arise—POPE.

30. *pen trate*: penetrate—2-4F.

31. *voyce*: vice—ROWE.

33. *amed*: amend—2-4F.

42. *Musickes*: music (musick)—HANMER.

OF CYMBELINE

[II. iii. 47-71

She hath not yet forgot him, some more time
Must weare the print of his remembrance on't,
And then she's yours.

Qu. You are most bound to'th' King,
Who let's go by no vantages, that may
Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your selfe 50
To orderly solicity, and be friended
With aptnesse of the season: make denials
Encrease your Services: so seeme, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senselesse.

Clot. Senselesse? Not so.

[Enter a Messenger.]

Mes. So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome;
The one is *Caius Lucius*. 60

Cym. A worthy Fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receyve him
According to the Honor of his Sender,
And towards himselfe, his goodnesse fore-spent on us
We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonne,
When you have given good morning to your Mistris,
Attend the Queene, and us, we shall have neede
T'employ you towards this Romane. 69
Come our Queene. *Exeunt [all but Cloten].*

Clot. If she be up, Ile speake with her: if not
Let her lye still, and dreame: [*Knocks.*] by your leave
hoa, |

I know her women are about her: what

46. *on't*: out-Rowe.
69-70. 1 l.-Rowe.

51. *solicity*: soliciting-2COLLIER.

If I do liue¹ one of their hands, 'tis Gold
 Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yea, and makes
Diana's Rangers false themselves, yeeld up
 Their Deere to'th' stand o'th' Stealer: and 'tis Gold
 Which makes the True-man kill'd, and saves the Theefe:
 Nay, sometime hangs both Theefe, and True-man: what
 Can it not do, and undoo? I will make 80
 One of her women Lawyer to me, for ¹ *fill with gold*
 I yet not understand the case my selfe.
 By your leave. *Knockes.*

Enter a Lady.

La. Who's there that knockes?

Clot. A Gentleman.

La. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewomans Sonne.

La. That's more

Then some whose Taylors are as deere as yours, 90
 Can justly boast of: what's your Lordships pleasure?

Clot. Your Ladies person, is she ready?

La. I, to keepe her Chamber.

Clot. There is Gold for you,
 Sell me your good report.

La. How, my good name? or to report of you
 What I shall thinke is good. The Princesse.

Enter Imogen.

98

Clot. Good morrow fairest, Sister your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paines
 For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
 Is telling you that I am poore of thankses,
 And scarce can spare them.

OF CYMBELINE

[II. iii. 95-123]

Clot. Still I sweare I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deepe with me:
If you sweare still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yeeld being silent,
I would not speake. I pray you spare me, 'faith
I shall unfold equall discourtesie 111
To your best kindnesse: one of your great knowing
Should learne (being taught) forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madnesse, 'twere my sin,
I will not.

Imo. Fooles are not mad Folkes.

Clot. Do you call me Foole?

Imo. As I am mad I do:

If you'l be patient, Ile no more be mad,
That cures us both. I am much sorry (Sir) 120
You put me to forget a Ladies manners
By being so verball:¹ and learne now, for all, ^{1 wordy}
That I which know my heart, do heere pronounce
By th'very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so neere the lacke of Charitie
To accuse my selfe, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, then make't my boast.

Clot. You sinne against
Obedience, which you owe your Father, for 129
The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch,
One, bred of Almes, and foster'd with cold dishes
With scraps o'th' Court: It is no Contract, none;
And though it be allowed in meaner parties
(Yet who then he more meane) to knit their soules
(On whom there is no more dependancie

112. *Kindnesse*: misprint 1F.

But Brats and Beggery) in selfe-figur'd knot,
 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by
 The consequence o'th' Crowne, and must not foyle
 The precious note of it; with a base Slave, 139
 AHilding¹ for a Livorie, a Squires Cloth, ¹ *mean fellow*
 A. Pantler; ² not so eminent. ² *keeper of the pantry*

Imo. Prophane Fellow:

Wert thou the Sonne of *Jupiter*, and no more,
 But what thou art besides: thou wer't too base,
 To be his Groome: thou wer't dignified enough
 Even to the point of Envie. If 'twere made
 Comparative for your Vertues, to be stil'd
 The under Hangman of his Kingdome; and hated
 For being prefer'd so well.

Clot. The South-Fog rot him. 150

Imo. He never can meete more mischance, then come
 To be but nam'd of thee. His mean'st Garment
 That ever hath but clipt³ his body; is dearer ³ *enclosed*
 In my respect, then all the Heires above thee,
 Were they all made such men: How now *Pisanio*?

Enter Pisanio,

Clot. His Garments? Now the divell.

Imo. To *Dorothy* my woman hie thee presently.

Clot. His Garment? 159

Imo. I am sprighted⁴ with a Foole, ⁴ *haunted*
 Frighted, and angred worse: Go bid my woman
 Search for a Jewell, that too casually
 Hath left mine Arme: it was thy Masters. Shrew me
 If I would loose it for a Revenew,
 Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,
 I saw't this morning: Confident I am.

138. *foyle*: soil—HANMER.

154. *Heires*: hairs—3-4F.

157. *Garments*: garment—2-4F.

OF CYMBELINE

[II. iii. 151-iv. 9]

Last night 'twas on mine Arme; I kiss'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kisse aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost. 170

Imo. I hope so: go and search. [*Exit Pisanio.*]

Clot. You have abus'd me:

His meanest Garment?

Imo. I, I said so Sir,

If you will make't an Action, call witness to't.

Clot. I will enforme your Father.

Imo. Your Mother too:

She's my good Lady; and will concieve, I hope

But the worst of me. So I leave your Sir, 179

To'th' worst of discontent. *Exit.*

Clot. Ile bereveng'd:

His mean'st Garment? Well. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

[*Rome. Philario's house.*]

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Feare it not Sir: I would I were so sure
To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remaine her's.

Phil. What meanes do you make to him?

Post. Not any: but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present winters state, and wish
That warmer dayes would come: In these fear'd hope
I barely gratifie your love; they fayling 10
I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodnesse, and your company,

181. *bereveng'd*: be revenged—2-4F.

9. *fear'd hope*: sear'd hopes—KNIGHT.

Ore-payes all I can do. By this your King,
 Hath heard of Great *Augustus: Caius Lucius*,
 Will do's Commission throughly. And I think
 Hee'le grant the Tribute: send th' Arrerages,
 Or looke upon our Romaines, whose remembrance
 Is yet fresh in their griefe.

Post. I do beleeeve
 (Statist¹ though I am none, nor like to be) 20
 That this will prove a Warre; and you shall heare
 The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed ¹ *statesman*
 In our not-fearing-Britaine, then have tydings
 Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
 Are men more order'd, then when *Julius Cæsar*
 Smil'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
 Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
 (Now wing-led with their courages) will make knowne
 To their Approvers, they are People, such
 That mend upon the world. *Enter Iachimo.* 30

Phi. See *Iachimo*.

Post. The swiftest Harts, have posted you by land;
 And Windes of all the Corners kiss'd your Sailes,
 To make your vessell nimble.

Phil. Welcome Sir.

Post. I hope the briefenesse of your answer, made
 The speedinesse of your returne.

Iachi. Your Lady,
 Is one of the fayrest that I have look'd upon 39

Post. And therewithall the best, or let her beauty
 Looke thorough a Casement to allure false hearts,
 And be false with them.

Iachi. Heere are Letters for you.

Post. Their tenure good I trust.

22. *Legion*: legions—THEOBALD. 28. *wing-led*: mingled—2-4F.
 44. *tenure*: tenour—THEOBALD.

OF CYMBELINE

[II. iv. 36-60

Iac. 'Tis very like.

Post. [*Phi.*] Was *Caius Lucius* in the Britaine Court,
When you were there?

Iac. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet, 50
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iac. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in Gold,
Ile make a journey twice as farre, t' enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortnesse, which
Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne.

Post. The Stones too hard to come by.

Iac. Not a whit,
Your Lady being so easy. 60

Post. Make note Sir
Your losse, your Sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue Friends.

Iac. Good Sir, we must
If you keepe Covenant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Mistris home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Professe my selfe the winner of her Honor,
Together with your Ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you having proceeded but 70
By both your willes.

Post. If you can mak't apparant
That yon have tasted her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had of her pure Honour; gaines, or looses,
Your Sword, or mine, or Masterlesse leave both

53. have: had-2SINGER.

73. yon: you-2-4F.

61. note: not-2-4F.

76. leave: leaves-ROWE.

To who shall finde them.

Iach. Sir, my Circumstances
Being so nere the Truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to beleeeve; whose strength 80
I will confirme with oath, which I doubt not
You'l give me leave to spare, when you shall finde
You neede it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her Bed-chamber
(Where I confesse I slept not, but professe
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd 80
With Tapistry of Silke, and Silver, the Story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when she met her Roman,
And *Sidnus* swell'd above the Bankes, or for 90
The presse of Boates, or Pride. A peece of Worke
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In Workemanship, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought
Since the true life on't was——

Post. This is true:
And this you might have heard of heere, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justifie my knowledge. 100

Post. So they must,
Or doe your Honour injury.

Iach. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-peece
Chaste *Dian*, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumbe, out-went her,
Motion, and Breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewise reape, 110

OF CYMBELINE

[II. iv. 87-110]

Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The Roofe o'th' Chamber,
With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Silver, each on one foote standing, nicely
Depending on their Brands.

Post. This is her Honor:

Let it be granted you have seene all this (and praise
Be given to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saves 120
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then if you can [*Showing the bracelet.*]
Be pale, I begge but leave to ayre this Jewell: See,
And now 'tis up againe: it must be married
To that your Diamond, Ile keepe them.

Post. Jove——

Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir (I thanke her) that
She stript it from her Arme: I see her yet: 130
Her pretty Action, did out-sell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth shee?

Post. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Heere, take this too,
[*Gives the ring.*]

It is a Basiliske unto mine eye,
Killes me to looke on't: Let there be no Honor, 139
Where there is Beauty: Truth, where semblance: Love,
Where there's another man. The Vowes of Women,

132-3. new l. at *She priz'd*—STEEVENS (1793).

Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:
O, above measure false.

Phil. Have patience Sir,
And take your Ring againe, 'tis not yet wonne:
It may be probable she lost it: or
Who knowes if one her women, being corrupted
Hath stolne it from her.

Post. Very true, 150
And so I hope he came by't: backe my Ring,
Render to me some corporall signe about her
More evident then this: for this was stolne.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her Arme.

Post. Hearke you, he swears: by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true, nay keepe the Ring; 'tis true: I am sure
She would not loose it: her Attendants are
All sworne, and honourable: they induc'd to steale it?
And by a Stranger? No, he hath enjoy'd her,
The Cognisance¹ of her incontinencie 160
Is this: she hath bought the name of Whore, thus deerly
There, take thy hyre, and all the Fiends of Hell
Divide themselves betweene you. ¹visible token

Phil. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be beleev'd
Of one perswaded well of.

Post. Never talke on't:
She hath bin colted by him.

Iach. If you seeke 170
For further satisfying, under her Breast
(Worthy her pressing) lyes a Mole, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my life
I kist it, and it gave me present hunger

148. one ber: one of her-2-4F.

OF CYMBELINE

[II. iv. 138-v. 6

To feede againe, though full. You do remember
This staine upon her?

Post. I, and it doth confirme
Another staine, as bigge as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iacb. Will you heare more?

Post. Spare your Arethmaticke, 180
Never count the Turnes: Once, and a Million.

Iacb. Ile be sworne.

Post. No swearing:
If you will sweare you have not done't, you lye,
And I will kill thee, if thou do'st deny
Thou'st made me Cuckold.

Iacb. Ile deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her heere, to teare her Limb-meale:
I will go there and doo't, i'th' Court, before
Her Father. Ile do something. *Exit.* 190

Phil. Quite besides

The government of Patience. You have wonne:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himselfe.

Iacb. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

[Scene v. *Another room in Philario's house.*]

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Must be halfe-workers? We are all Bastards,
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where
When I was stamp't. Some Coyner with his Toolles
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother seem'd

180-1. new l. at Once—CAPELL.

The *Dian* of that time: so doth my Wife
 The Non-pareill of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
 Me of my lawfull pleasure she restrain'd, 10
 And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
 A pudencie¹ so Rosie, the sweet view on't
 Might well have warm'd olde Saturne; ^{1 modesty}
 That I thought her
 As Chaste, as un-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the Divels!
 This yellow *Iachimo* in an houre, was't not?
 Or lesse; at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
 Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a Iarmen on,
 Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no opposition
 But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she 20
 Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out
 The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirme
 It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
 The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceiving, hers:
 Lust, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Revenges hers:
 Ambitions, Covetings, change of Prides, Disdaine,
 Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;
 All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knows,
 Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all For even to Vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still; 31
 One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not halfe so old as that. Ile write against them,
 Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater Skill
 In a true Hate, to pray they have their will:
 The very Divels cannot plague them better. *Exit.*

13-14. 1 l.—POPE.

18. *Iarmen on*: German one—Rowe.29. *that name*: that may be named—2-4F.30. *For .. Vice*: separate l.—CAPELL.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.[*Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's palace.*]

*Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queene, Clotten, and Lords at
one doore, and at another, Caius, Lucius,
and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would *Augustus Cæsar* with us?

Luc. When *Julius Cæsar* (whose remembrance yet
Lives in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues
Be Theame, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
And Conquer'd it, *Cassibulan* thine Unkle
(Famous in *Cæsars* prayses, no whit lesse 10
Then in his Feats deserving it) for him,
And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,
Yeerely three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately
Is left untender'd.

Qu. And to kill the mervaille,
Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many *Cæsars*,
Ere such another *Julius*: Britaine's a world
By it selfe, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our owne Noses. 20

Qu. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We have againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Ancestors, together with
The naturall bravery of your Isle, which stands
As *Neptunes Parke*, ribb'd, and pal'd in
With Oakes unskaleable, and roaring Waters,
With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates,

18-19. *Britaine's*: Britain is, with new l. at A world-POPE.

27. *Oakes*: rocks-HANMER.

But sucke them up to'th' Top-mast. A kinde of Conquest
Cæsar made heere, but made not heere his bragge 30
 Of Came, and Saw, and Over-came: with shame
 (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
 From off our Coast, twice beaten: and his Shipping
 (Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
 Like Egge-shells mov'd upon their Surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our Rockes. For joy whereof,
 The fam'd *Cassibulan*, who was once at point
 (Oh giglet¹ Fortune) to master *Cæsars* Sword, ¹ *wanton*
 Made *Luds-Towne* with rejoycing-Fires bright,
 And Britaines strut with Courage. 40

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our
 Kingdome is stronger then it was at that time: and (as I
 said) there is no mo such *Cæsars*, other of them may have
 crook'd Noses, but to owe such straitte Armes, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us, can gripe as hard
 as *Cassibulan*, I doe not say I am one: but I have a hand.
 Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If *Cæsar*
 can hide the Sun from us with a Blanket, or put the Moon
 in his pocket, we will pay him Tribute for light: else Sir,
 no more Tribute, pray you now. 51

Cym. You must know,
 Till the injurious Romans, did extort
 This Tribute from us, we were free. *Cæsars* Ambition,
 Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
 The sides o'th' World, against all colour heere,
 Did put the yoake upon's; which to shake off
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 Our selves to be, [*Clot. and Lords*] we do. [*Cym.*]
 Say then to *Cæsar*, |

Our Ancestor was that *Mulmutius*, which 60
 Ordain'd our Lawes, whose use the Sword of *Cæsar*
 Hath too much mangled; whose repayre, and franchise,
 Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,
 Tho Rome be therfore angry. *Mulmutius* made our lawes
 Who was the first of Britaine, which did put
 His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd
 Himselfe a King.

Luc. I am sorry *Cymbeline*,
 That I am to pronounce *Augustus Cæsar*
 (*Cæsar*, that hath moe Kings his Servants, then
 Thy selfe Domesticke Officers) thine Enemy: 71
 Receyve it from me then. Warre, and Confusion
 In *Cæsars* name pronounce I 'gainst thee: Looke
 For fury, not to be resisted. Thus defide,
 I thanke thee for my selfe.

Cym. Thou art welcome *Caius*,
 Thy *Cæsar* Knighted me; my youth I spent
 Much under him; of him, I gather'd Honour,
 Which he, to seeke of me againe, perforce,
 Behooves me keepe at utterance.¹ I am perfect, 80
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
 Their Liberties are now in Armes: a President
 Which not to reade, would shew the Britaines cold:
 So *Cæsar* shall not finde them. ¹ *all bazards*

Luc. Let prooffe speake.

Clot. His Majesty biddes you welcome. Make pas-
 time with us, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek us af-
 terwards in other tearmes, you shall finde us in our Salt-
 water-Girdle: if you beate us out of it, it is yours: if you
 fall in the adventure, our Crowes shall fare the better for
 you: and there's an end. 91

82. *President: precedent*-4F.

Luc. So sir.

Cym. I know your Masters pleasure, and he mine:
All the Remaine, is welcome. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

[*Another room in the palace.*]

Enter Pisanio reading of a Letter.

Pis. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What Monsters her accuse? *Leonatus:*
Oh Master, what a strange infection
Is falne into thy eare? What false Italian,
(As poysonous tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyall? No.
She's punish'd for her Truth; and undergoes
More Goddess-like, then Wife-like; such Assaults 10
As would take in¹ some Vertue. Oh my Master,
Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were¹ overcome
Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murder her,
Upon the Love, and Truth, and Vowes; which I
Have made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
If it be so, to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How looke I,
That I should seeme to lacke humanity,
So much as this Fact comes to? [*Reading.*] Doo't: The
Letter. |
That I have sent her, by her owne command, 20
Shall give thee opportunitie. Oh damn'd paper,
Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: senselesse bauble,
Art thou a Fœdarie² for this Act; and look'st
So Virgin-like without? Loe here she comes.

² *confederate*

4. *accuse: accuser*—CAPELL.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now *Pisanio*?

Pis. Madam, heere is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord *Leonatus*?
 Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer 30
 That knew the Starres, as I his Characters,
 Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
 Let what is heere contain'd, relish of Love,
 Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not
 That we two are asunder, let that grieve him;
 Some griefes are medicinable, that is one of them,
 For it doth physicke Love, of his content,
 All but in that. Good Wax, thy leave: blest be
 You Bees that make these Lockes of counsaile. Lovers,
 And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike, 40
 Though Forfeytours you cast in prison, yet
 You clafpe young *Cupids* Tables: good Newes Gods.

[*Reads.*]

*Justice, and your Fathers wrath (should be take me
 in his | Dominion) could not be so cruell to me, as you:
 (oh the dee- | rest of Creatures) would even renew me
 with your eyes. Take | notice that I am in Cambria
 at Milford-Haven: what your | owne Love, will out of this
 advise you, follow. So be wisbes you | all happinesse,
 that remains loyall to his Vow, and your encrea- | sing
 in Love.*

Leonatus Posthumus. |

Oh for a Horse with wings: Hear'st thou *Pisanio*? 50
 He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me

36. *medcinable*: *medicinable*—4F.

42. *clafpe*: misprint 1F.

How farre 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires
 May plod it in a weeke, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day? Then true *Pisanio*,
 Who long'st like me, to see thy Lord; who long'st
 (Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long'st
 But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me: ^{1 rapidly}
 For mine's beyond, beyond: say, and speake thicke¹
 (Loves Counsailor should fill the bores of hearing,
 To'th'smothering of the Sense) how farre it is 60
 To this same blessed Milford. And by'th'way
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
 T'inherite such a Haven. But first of all,
 How we may steale from hence: and for the gap
 That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going,
 And our returne, to excuse: but first, how ger hence.
 Why should excuse be borne or ere begot?
 Weele talke of that heereafter. Prythee speake,
 How many store of Miles may we well rid
 Twixt houre, and houre? 70

Pis. One score 'twixt Sun, and Sun,
 Madam's enough for you: [*Aside*] and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Execution Man,
 Could never go so slow: I have heard of Riding wagers,
 Where Horses have bin nimbler then the Sands
 That run i'th'Clocks behalfe. But this is Foolrie,
 Go, bid my Woman faigne a Sicknesse, say
 She'le home to her Father; and provide me presently
 A Riding Suit: No costlier then would fit
 A Franklins⁹ Huswife. ^{2 freeholder's} 80

Pisa. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me (Man) nor heere, not heere;
 Nor what ensues but have a Fog in them

66. ger: misprint 1F. 69. store: score-2-4F. rid: ride-2-4F.
 73. Execution: misprint 1F.

OF CYMBELINE

[III. ii. 82—iii. 20]

That I cannot looke through. Away, I prythee,
 Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say:
 Accessible is none but Milford way. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.[*Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.*]

*Enter [from the cave] Belarius, Guiderius, and
 Arviragus [following].* |

Bel. A goodly day, not to keepe house with such,
 Whose Roofe's as lowe as ours: Sleepe Boyes, this gate
 Instructs you how t'adore the Heavens; and bowes you
 To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches
 Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may jet¹ through
 And keepe their impious Turbonds on, without ¹ *strut*
 Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heaven,
 We house i'th'Rocke, yet use thee not so hardly 10
 As prouder livers do.

Guid. Haile Heaven.

Arvir. Haile Heaven.

Bela. Now for our Mountaine sport, up to yond hill
 Your legges are yong: Ile tread these Flats. Consider,
 When you above perceive me like a Crow,
 That it is Place, which lessen's, and sets off,
 And you may then revolve what Tales, I have told you,
 Of Courts, of Princes; of the Tricks in Warre.
 This Service, is not Service; so being done, 20
 But being so allowed. To apprehend thus,
 Drawes us a profit from all things we see:
 And often to our comfort, shall we finde
 The sharded² Beetle, in a safer hold ² *scaly-winged*

4. *Sleepe: Stoop*—HANMER.8. *Turbonds: turbans*—SINGER.

Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
 Is Nobler, then attending for a checke:
 Richer, then doing nothing for a Babe:
 Prouder, then rustling in unpayd-for Silke:
 Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
 Yet keeps his Booke uncros'd: no life to ours. 30

Gui. Out of your prooffe you speak: we poore unfledg'd
 Have never wing'd from view o'th' nest; nor knowes not
 What Ayre's from home. Hap'ly this life is best,
 (If quiet life be best) sweeter to you
 That have a sharper knowne. Well corresponding
 With your stiffe Age; but unto us, it is
 A Cell of Ignorance: travailing a bed,
 A Prison, or a Debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Arvi. What should we speake of 40
 When we are old as you? When we shall heare
 The Raine and winde beate darke December? How
 In this our pinching Cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing houres away? We have seene nothing:
 We are beastly; subtle as the Fox for prey,
 Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate:
 Our Valour is to chace what flies: Our Cage
 We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,
 And sing our Bondage freely.

Bel. How you speake. 50
 Did you but know the Citties Usuries,
 And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th' Court,
 As hard to leave, as keepe: whose top to climbe
 Is certaine falling: or so slipp'ry, that
 The feare's as bad as falling. The toyle o'th' Warre,
 A paine that onely seemes to seeke out danger

27. *Babe*: bauble—Rowe.32. *knowes*: know—2-4F.29. *bim*: 'em—CAPELL38. *or*: for—POPE.

I'th' name of Fame, and Honor, which dyes i'th' search,
 And hath as oft a sland'rous Epitaph,
 As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times
 Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse 60
 Mnst curt'sie at the Censure. Oh Boyes, this Storie
 The World may reade in me: My bodie's mark'd
 With Roman Swords; and my report, was once
 First, with the best of Note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me,
 And when a Souldier was the Theame, my name
 Was not farre off: then was I as a Tree
 Whose boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night,
 A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
 Shooke downe my mellow hangings: nay my Leaves,
 And left me bare to weather. 70

Gui. Uncertaine favour.

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
 But that two Villaines, whose false Oathes prevayl'd
 Before my perfect Honor, swore to *Cymbeline*,
 I was Confederate with the Romanes: so
 Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeeres,
 This Rocke, and these Demesnes, have bene my World,
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedome, payed
 More pious debts to Heaven, then in all 79
 The fore-end of my time. But, up to'th' Mountaines,
 This is not Hunters Language; he that strikes
 The Venison first, shall be the Lord o'th' Feast,
 To him the other two shall minister,
 And we will feare no poyson, which attends
 In place of greater State:
 Ile meete you in the Valleys.

Exeunt

[*Guiderius and Arviragus*].

How hard it is to hide the sparkes of Nature?

These Boyes know little they are Sonnes to'th' King,
 Nor *Cymbeline* dreames that they are alive.
 They thinke they are mine, 90
 And though train'd up thus meanelly
 I'th' Cave, whereon the Bowe their thoughts do hit,
 The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
 In simple and lowe things, to Prince it, much
 Beyond the tricke of others. This *Paladour*,
 The heyre of *Cymbeline* and Britaine, who
 The King his Father call'd *Guiderius*. Jove,
 When on my three-foot stoole I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits flye out
 Into my Story: say thus mine Enemy fell, 100
 And thus I set my foote on's necke, even then
 The Princely blood flowes in his Cheeke, he sweats,
 Straines his yong Nerves, and puts himselfe in posture
 That acts my words. The yonger Brother *Cadwall*,
 Once *Arviragus*, in as like a figure
 Strikes life into my speech, and shewes much more
 His owne conceyving. Hearke, the Game is rows'd,
 Oh *Cymbeline*, Heaven and my Conscience knowes
 Thou didd'st unjustly banish me: whereon
 At three, and two yeeres old, I stole these Babes, 110
 Thinking to barre thee of Succession, as
 Thou refits me of my Lands. *Euriphile*,
 Thou was't their Nurse, they took thee for their mother,
 And every day do honor to her grave:
 My selfe *Belarius*, that am *Mergan* call'd
 They take for Naturall Father. The Game is up. *Exit*.

90-1. 11.-Rowe.

92. *whereon the Bowe*: wherein they bow, -WARBURTON.

95. *Paladour*: Polydore (Polydor) -Rowe.

112. *refits*: refit'st -Rowe.

115. *Mergan*: Morgan -2-4F.

Scena Quarta.

[Country near Milford-Haven.]

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came from horse, the place |

Was neere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother so
 To see me first, as I have now. *Pisanio, Man:*
 Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy mind
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
 From th'inward of thee? One, but painted thus
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond selfe-explication. Put thy selfe 10
 Into a haviour of lesse feare, ere wildnesse
 Vanquish my stayder Senses. What's the matter?
 Why tender'st thou that Paper to me, with
 A looke untender? If't be Summer Newes
 Smile too't before: if Winterly, thou need'st
 But keepe that count'nance stil. My Husbands hand?
 That Drug-damn'd Italy, hath out-craftied him,
 And hee's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
 May take off some extremitie, which to reade
 Would be even mortall to me. 20

Pis. Please you reade,
 And you shall finde me (wretched man) a thing
 The most disdain'd of Fortune.

Imogen reades.

*Tby Mistris (Pisanio) hath plaide the Strumpet in
 my | Bed: the Testimonies whereof, lyes bleeding in me.
 I speak | not out of weake Surmises, but from prooffe as
 26. lyes: lie (lye)-Rowe.*

*strong as my | greefe, and as certaine as I expect my
Revenge. That part, thou | (Pisanio) must acte for
me, if thy Faith be not tainted with the | breach of
bers; let thine owne hands take away her life: I shall |
give thee opportunity at Milford Haven. She bath my
Letter | for the purpose; where, if thou feare to strike,
and to make mee | certaine it is done, thou art the Pan-
der to her dishonour, and | equally to me disloyall. 34*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat alreadie? No, 'tis Slander,
Whose edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue
Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whose breath
Rides on the posting windes, and doth belye
All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States,
Maides, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Grave 41
This viperous slander enters. What cheere, Madam?

Imo. False to his Bed? What is it to be false?
To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him?
To weepe 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge Nature,
To breake it with a fearfull dreame of him,
And cry my selfe awake? That's false to's bed? Is it?

Pisa. Alas good Lady.

Imo. I false? Thy Conscience witness: *Iachimo*,
Thou didd'st accuse him of Incontinencie, 50
Thou then look'dst like a Villaine: now, me thinkes
Thy favours good enough. Some Jay of Italy
(Whose mother was her painting) hath betraid him:
Poore I am stale, a Garment out of fashion,
And for I am richer then to hang by th'walles,
I must be ript: To peeces with me: Oh!
Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good seeming
By thy revolt (oh Husband) shall be thought

47. *false: false-2-4F.*

OF CYMBELINE

[III. iv. 58-86

Put on for Villainy; not borne where't growes,
But worne a Baite for Ladies. 60

Pisa. Good Madam, heare me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false *Æneas*,
Were in his time thought false: and *Synons* weeping
Did scandall many a holy teare: tooke pittie
From most true wretchednesse. So thou, *Posthumus*
Wilt lay the Leaven on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd
From thy great faile: Come Fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him,
A little wisse my obedience. Looke 70

I draw the Sword my selfe, take it, and hit
The innocent Mansion of my Love (my Heart:)
Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:
Thy Master is not there, who was indeede
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a Coward.

Pis. Hence vile Instrument,
Thou shalt not damne my hand.

Imo. Why, I must dye: 80
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Servant of thy Masters. Against Selfe-slaughter,
There is a prohibition so Divine,
That cravens my weake hand: Come, heere's my heart:
Something's a-foot: Soft, soft, wee'l no defence,
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,
The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away
Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles go

85. a-foot: afore't-Rowz.

Beleeve false Teachers: Though those that are betraid
 Do feele the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe. And thou *Posthumus*,
 That didd'st set up my disobedience 'gainst the King
 My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suites
 Of Princely Fellowes, shalt heereafter finde
 It is no acte of common passage, but
 A straine of Rarenesse: and I greeve my selfe,
 To thinke, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her,
 That now thou tyrest¹ on, how thy memory 100
 Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee dispatch,
 The Lambe entreats the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?
 Thou art too slow to do thy Masters bidding
 When I desire it too. ¹ *preyest*

Pis. Oh gracious Lady:
 Since I receiv'd command to do this businesse,
 I have not slept one winke.

Imo. Doo't, and to bed then.

Pis. Ile wake mine eye-balles first.

Imo. Wherefore then 110
 Didd'st undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
 So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?
 Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horses labour?
 The Time inviting thee? The perturb'd Court
 For my being absent? whereunto I never
 Purpose returne. Why hast thou gone so farre
 To be un-bent? when thou hast 'tane thy stand,
 Th'elected Deere before thee?

Pis. But to win time
 To loose so bad employment, in the which 120
 I have consider'd of a course: good Ladie

93-5. 4 ll. ending woe, up, father, suits—CAPELL.

94. *That*: Thou that—CAPELL.

95. *makes*: make—MALONE.

109. *first*: blind first—HANMER.

OF CYMBELINE

[III. iv. 115-138]

Heare me with patience.

Imo. Talke thy tongue weary, speake:

I have heard I am a Strumpet, and mine eare
Therein false strooke, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent,¹ to bottome that. But speake. ^{1 probe}

Pis. Then Madam,

I thought you would not backe againe.

Imo. Most like,

Bringing me heere to kill me. 130

Pis. Not so neither:

But if I were as wise, as honest, then
My purpose would prove well: it cannot be,
But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villaine,
I, and singular in his Art, hath done you both
This cursed injurie.

Imo. Some Roman Curtezan?

Pisa. No, on my life:

He give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody signe of it. For 'tis commanded 140
I should do so: you shall be mist at Court,
And that will well confirme it.

Imo. Why good Fellow,

What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?

Pis. If you'l backe to'th' Court.

Imo. No Court, no Father, nor no more adoe
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing:
That *Clotten*, whose Love-suite hath bene to me 150
As fearefull as a Siege.

Pis. If not at Court,

Then not in Britaine must you bide.

134-6. 3 ll. ending abused, art, injury—CAPELL.

150. *Clotten*: Cloten—Rowe.

Imo. Where then?

Hath Britaine all the Sunne that shines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britaine? I'th' worlds Volume
Our Britaine seemes as of it, but not in't:
In a great Poole, a Swannes-nest, prythee thinke
There's livers out of Britaine.

Pis. I am most glad

160

You thinke of other place: Th' Ambassador,
Lucius the Romane comes to Milford-Haven
To morrow. Now, if you could weare a minde
Darke, as your Fortune is, and but disguise
That which t'appeare it selfe, must not yet be,
But by selfe-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, neere
The residence of *Posthumus*; so nie (at least)
That though his Actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your eare, 170
As truly as he mooves.

Imo. Oh for such meanes,

Though perill to my modestie, not death on't
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, heere's the point:

You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Feare, and Nicenesse
(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truly
Woman it pretty selfe) into a waggish courage,
Ready in gybes, quicke-answer'd, sawcie, and 180
As quarrellous as the Weazell: Nay, you must
Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheeke,
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,
Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing *Titan*: and forget
Your laboursome and dainty Trimmes, wherein
167. *happily*: haply-PORR.

OF CYMBELINE

[III. iv. 168-196]

You made great *funo* angry.

Imo. Nay be breefe?

I see into thy end, and am almost

A man already.

190

Pis. First, make your selfe but like one,
Fore-thinking this. I have already fit
(’Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all
That answer to them: Would you in their serving,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season)’fore Noble *Lucius*
Present your selfe, desire his service: tell him
Wherein you’re happy;¹ which will make him know,
If that his head have care in Musicke, doubtlesse 199
With joy he will imbrace you: for hee’s Honourable,
And doubling that, most holy. Your meanes abroad:
You have me rich, and I will never faile ¹ *gifted*
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,
There’s more to be consider’d: but wee’ll even ²
All that good time will give us. This attempt,
I am Souldier too, and will abide it with ² *profit by*
A Princes Courage. Away, I prythee. 209

Pis. Well Madam, we must take a short farewell,
Least being mist, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Mistris,
Heere is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,
What’s in’t is precious: If you are sicke at Sea,
Or Stomacke-qualm’d at Land, a Dramme of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the best.

Imo. Amen: I thanke thee.

Exeunt.

198. *will: you’ll*—HANMER.

207. *tbvt: that*—2-4F.

Scena Quinta.[*A room in Cymbeline's palace.*]*Enter Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, Lucius,
and Lords [and Attendants].**Cym.* Thus farre, and so farewell.*Luc.* Thanks, Royall Sir:*My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My Masters Enemy.**Cym.* Our Subjects (Sir)*Will not endure his yoake; and for our selfe 10
To shew lesse Sovereignty then they, must needs
Apppeare un-Kinglike.**Luc.* So Sir: I desire of you*A Conduct over Land, to Milford-Haven.**Madam, all joy befall your Grace, [Queen] and you.**Cym.* My Lords, you are appointed for that Office:
*The due of Honor, in no point omit:
So farewell Noble Lucius.**Luc.* Your hand, my Lord. 19*Clot.* Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
*I weare it as your Enemy.**Luc.* Sir, the Event*Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.**Cym.* Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords
*Till he have crost the Severn. Happines.**Exit Lucius, &c |**Qu.* He goes hence frowning: but it honours us
*That we have given him cause.**Clot.* 'Tis all the better,
*Your valiant Britaines have their wishes in it.*29. *Britaines: Britons—Popk.*

OF CYMBELINE

[III. v 21-44

Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor 30
How it goes heere. It fits us therefore ripely
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readinesse:
The Powres that he already hath in Gallia
Will soone be drawne to head, from whence he moves
His warre for Britaine.

Qu. 'Tis not sleepy businesse,
But must be look'd too speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd 40
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looke us like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We have noted it. Call her before us, for
We have beene too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Qu. Royall Sir,
Since the exile of *Posthumus*, most retyr'd
Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your Majesty,
Forbeare sharpe speeches to her. Shee's a Lady 50
So tender of rebukes, that words are stroke;
And strokes death to her.

Enter a Messenger.

Cym. Where is she Sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Mes. Please you Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to'th'lowd of noise, we make.

42. *looke*: *looks*—JOHNSON.

51. *stroke*: *strokes*—2-4F.

53. *th'lowd of*: *the loudest*—CAPELL.

Qu. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
 She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close, 60
 Whereto constrain'd by her infirmitie,
 She should that dutie leave unpaide to you
 Which dayly she was bound to proffer: this
 She wish'd me to make knowne: but our great Court
 Made me too blame in memory.

Cym. Her doores lock'd?
 Not scene of late? Grant Heavens, that which I
 Feare, prove false. *Exit.*

Qu. Sonne, I say, follow the King.

Clot. That man of hers, *Pisanio*, her old Servant 70
 I have not scene these two dayes. *Exit.*

Qu. Go, looke after:

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for *Posthumus*,
 He hath a Drugg of mine: I pray, his absence
 Proceed by swallowing that. For he beleeves
 It is a thing most precious. But for her,
 Where is she gone? Haply dispaire hath seiz'd her:
 Or wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flowne
 To her desir'd *Posthumus*: gone she is, 80
 To death, or to dishonor, and my end
 Can make good use of either. Shee being downe,
 I have the placing of the Brittish Crowne.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Sonne?

Clot. 'Tis certaine she is fled:
 Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none
 Dare come about him.

Qu. [*Aside*] All the better: may
 This night fore-stall him of the comming day. *Exit Qu.*

67-8. new l. at Prove-Rowe.

OF CYMBELINE

[III. v. 70-95]

Clo. I love, and hate her: for she's Faire and Royall,
 And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite 91
 Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one
 The best she hath, and she of all compounded
 Out-selles them all. I love her therefore, but
 Disdaining me, and throwing Favours on
 The low *Posthumus*, slanders so her judgement,
 That what's else rare, is choak'd: and in that point
 I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,
 To be reveng'd upon her. For, when Fooles shall——

Enter Pisanio.

100

Who is heere? What, are you packing¹ sirrah?
 Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine,
 Where is thy Lady? In a word, or else ¹*running off*
 Thou art straightway with the Fiends.

Pis. Oh, good my Lord.

Clo. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Jupiter,
 I will not aske againe. Close Villaine,
 Ile have this Secret from thy heart, or rip
 Thy heart to finde it. Is she with *Posthumus*?
 From whose so many waights of basenesse, cannot 110
 A dram of worth be drawne.

Pis. Alas, my Lord,
 How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
 He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she Sir? Come neerer:
 No farther halting: satisfie me home,²
 What is become of her? ²*thoroughly*

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy Lord.

Clo. All-worthy Villaine,
 Discover where thy Mistris is, at once, 120

99, 101. new l. at Shall—THEOBALD.

At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
 Speake, or thy silence on the instant, is
 Thy condemnation, and thy death.

Pis. Then Sir:

This Paper is the historie of my knowledge
 Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

Clo. Let's see't: I will pursue her
 Even to *Augustus* Throne.

Pis. [*Aside*] Or this, or perish.
 She's farre enough, and what he learns by this, 130
 May prove his travell, not her danger.

Clo. Humh.

Pis. [*Aside*] Ile write to my Lord she's dead: Oh
Imogen, |
 Safe mayst thou wander, safe returne agen.

Clo. Sirra, is this Letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I thinke.

Clo. It is *Posthumus* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou
 would'st not be a Villain, but do me true service: under-
 go those Employments wherin I should have cause to use
 thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy soere I
 bid thee do to performe it, directly and truely, I would
 thinke thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want
 my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy prefer-
 ment. 144

Pis. Well, my good Lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve mee? For since patiently and
 constantly thou hast stucke to the bare Fortune of that
 Begger *Posthumus*, thou canst not in the course of grati-
 tude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve
 mee? 150

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give mee thy hand, heere's my purse. Hast any
 of thy late Masters Garments in thy possession?

OF CYMBELINE

[III. v. 127-160]

Pisan. I have (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same Suite he wore, when he tooke leave of my Ladie & Mistressse.

Clo. The first service thou dost mee, fetch that Suite hither, let it be thy first service, go.

Pis. I shall my Lord.

Exit. 159

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven: (I forgot to aske him one thing, Ile remember't anon:) even there, thou villaine *Posthumus* will I kill thee. I would these Garments were come. She saide upon a time (the bitterness of it, I now belch from my heart) that shee held the very Garment of *Posthumus*, in more respect, then my Noble and naturall person; together with the adornement of my Qualities. With that Suite upon my backe wil I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which wil then be a torment to hir contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead bodie, and when my Lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that she so prais'd:) to the Court Ile knock her backe, foot her home againe. She hath despis'd mee rejoycingly, and Ile bee merry in my Revenge.

175

Enter Pisanio [with the clothes].

Be those the Garments?

Pis. I, my Noble Lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet. 180

Clo. Bring this Apparrell to my Chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntarie Mute to my designe. Be but dutious, and true preferment shall tender it selfe to

170. *insulment*: insultment-2-4F.

thee. My Revenge is now at Milford, would I had wings to follow it. Come, and be true. *Exit*

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my losse: for true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never bee To him that is most true. To Milford go, And finde not her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow 190 You Heavenly blessings on her: This Fooles speede Be crost with slownesse; Labour be his meede. *Exit*

Scena Sexta.

[*Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.*]

Enter Imogen alone [in boy's clothes].

Imo. I see a mans life is a tedious one,
I have tyr'd my selfe: and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sicke,
But that my resolution helps me: Milford,
When from the Mountaine top, *Pisano* shew'd thee,
Thou was't within a kenne. Oh Jove, I thinke
Foundations flye the wretched: such I meane, 9
Where they should be releev'd. Two Beggars told me,
I could not misse my way. Will poore Folkes lye
That have Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or Triall? Yes; no wonder,
When Rich-ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fulnesse
Is sorer, then to lye for Neede: and Falshood
Is worse in Kings, then Beggars. My deere Lord,
Thou art one o'th'false Ones: Now I thinke on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sinke, for Food. But what is this?
Heere is a path too't: 'tis some savage hold: 20
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet Famine
Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, makes it valiant.

OF CYMBELINE

[III. vi. 21-45]

Plentie, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardnesse ever
 Of Hardnesse is Mother. Hoa? who's heere?
 If any thing that's civill, speake: if savage,
 Take, or lend. Hoa? No answer? Then Ile enter.
 Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
 But feare the Sword like me, hee'l scarsely looke on't.
 Such a Foe, good Heavens. *Exit [to the cave].*

Scena Septima.

30

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You *Polidore* have prov'd best Woodman, and
 Are Master of the Feast: *Cadwall*, and I
 Will play the Cooke, and Servant, 'tis our match:
 The sweat of industry would dry, and dye
 But for the end it workes too. Come, our stomackes
 Will make what's homely, savoury: Wearinesse
 Can snore upon the Flint, when restie Sloth
 Findes the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,
 Poore house, that keep'st thy selfe. 40

Gui. I am throughly weary.*Arvi.* I am weake with toyle, yet strong in appetite.*Gui.* There is cold meat i'th' Cave, we'l brouz on that
 Whil'st what we have kill'd, be Cook'd.*Bel.* [*Looking into the cave*] Stay, come not in:
 But that it eates our victualles, I should thinke
 Heere were a Faiery.*Gui.* What's the matter, Sir?*Bel.* By Jupiter an Angell: or if not
 An earthly Paragon. Behold Divinenesse 50
 No elder then a Boy.30. *Scena Septima: out—Rowz.*

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters harme me not:
Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth
I have stolne nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i'th' Floore. Heere's money for my Meate,
I would have left it on the Boord, so soone
As I had made my Meale; and parted
With Pray'rs for the Provider. 60

Gui. Money? Youth.

Arv. All Gold and Silver rather turne to durt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship durty Gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dyed, had I not made it.

Bel. Whether bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name? 70

Imo. *Fidele* Sir: I have a Kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am false in this offence.

Bel. Prythee (faire youth)
Thinke us no Churles: nor measure our good mindes
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd,
'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheere
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay, and eate it:
Boyes, bid him welcome. 80

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your Groome in honesty:
I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arvi. Ile make't my Comfort

OF CYMBELINE

[III. vi. 72-96]

He is a man, Ile love him as my Brother:
And such a welcome as I'd give to him
(After long absence) such is yours. Most welcome:
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends.

Imo. 'Mongst Friends?

If Brothers: [*Aside*] would it had bin so, that they go
Had bin my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize
Bin lesse, and so more equall ballasting
To thee *Posthumus*.

Bel. He wrings at some distresse.

Gui. Would I could free't.

Arvi. Or I, what ere it be,
What paine it cost, what danger: Gods!

Bel. Hearke Boyes. [*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men
That had a Court no bigger then this Cave, 100
That did attend themselves, and had the vertue
Which their owne Conscience seal'd them: laying by
That nothing-guift of differing Multitudes
Could not out-peere these twaine. Pardon me Gods,
I'd change my sexe to be Companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* false:

Bel. It shall be so:

Boyes wee'l go dresse our Hunt. Faire youth come in;
Discourse is heavy, fasting: when we have supp'd
Wee'l mannerly demand thee of thy Story, 110
So farre as thou wilt speake it.

Gui. Pray draw neere.

Arvi. The Night to'th'Owle,
And Morne to th'Larke lesse welcome.

Imo. Thanks Sir.

Arvi. I pray draw neere. *Exeunt.*

106. *Leonatus*: *Leonatus's*-1 ROWE.

113-14. 1 l.-POPE

Scena Octava.[Scene vii. *Rome. A public place.*]*Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.*

1. *Sen.* This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ;
 That since the common men are now in Action
 'Gainst the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,
 And that the Legions now in Gallia, are
 Full weake to undertake our Warres against
 The false-off Britaines, that we do incite
 The Gentry to this businesse. He creates
Lucius Pro-Consull: and to you the Tribunes 10
 For this immediate Levy, he commands
 His absolute Commission. Long live *Cæsar*.

[1] *Tri.* Is *Lucius* Generall of the Forces?2. *Sen.* I.[1] *Tri.* Remaining now in Gallia?

1. *Sen.* With those Legions
 Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levie
 Must be suppliant: the words of your Commission
 Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
 Of their dispatch. 20

[1] *Tri.* We will discharge our duty. *Exeunt.**Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*[*Wales: near the cave of Belarius.*]*Enter Clotten alone.*

Clot I am neere to th' place where they should meet,
 if *Pisanio* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his Garments

1. *Scena Octava:* out-*Rowe.* 8. *Britaines:* Britons-*HANMER.*
 11. *commands:* commends-*THEOBALD.* 2. *Clotten:* Cloten-3-4*F.*

OF CYMBELINE

[IV. i. 3-ii. 2]

serve me? Why should his Mistris who was made by him that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (saving reverence of the Word) for 'tis saide a Womans fitnessse comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I dare speake it to my selfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man, and his Glasse, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane, the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no lesse young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in Birth, alike conversant in generall services, and more remarkable in single oppositions;¹ yet this imperseverant Thing loves him in my despight. What Mortalitie is? *Posthumus*, thy head (which now is growing uppon thy shoulders) shall within this houre be off, thy Mistris enforced, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and all this done, spurne her home to her Father, who may happily be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my Mother having power of his testinesse, shall turne all into my commendations. My Horse is tyed up safe, out Sword, and to a sore purpose: Fortune put them into my hand: This is the very description of their meeting place and the Fellow dares not deceive me. ¹ *combats Exit.*

Scena Secunda.[*Before the cave of Belarius.*]

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen from the Cave.

Bel. [To Imogen] You are not well: Remain heere in the Cave, |
Wee'l come to you after Hunting.

15. *imperseverant*: *imperceiverant*-DYCE.

21. *bappily*: *haply*-JOHNSON.

Arvi. [*To Imogen*] Brother, stay heere:
Are we not Brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be,
But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sicke, 10

Gui. Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him.

Imo. So sicke I am not, yet I am not well:
But not so Citizen a wanton, as
To seeme to dye, ere sicke: So please you, leave me,
Sticke to your Journall¹ course: the breach of Custome,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort ¹ *daily*
To one not sociable: I am not very sicke,
Since I can reason of it: pray you trust me heere,
Ile rob none but my selfe, and let me dye 20
Stealing so poorely.

Gui. I love thee: I have spoke it,
How much the quantity, the waight as much,
As I do love my Father.

Bel. What? How? how?

Arvi. If it be sinne to say so (Sir) I yoake mee
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's, without reason. The Beere at doore,
And a demand who is't shall dye, I'd say 30
My Father, not this youth.

Bel. [*Aside*] Oh noble straine!
O worthinesse of Nature, breed of Greatnesse!
"Cowards father Cowards, & Base things Syre Bace;
"Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.
I'me not their Father, yet who this should bee,
Doth myracle it selfe, lov'd before mee.
'Tis the ninth houre o'th' Morne.

Arvi. Brother, farewell.

OF CYMBELINE

[IV. ii. 31-51]

Imo. I wish ye sport.

40

Arvi. You health. ——— So please you Sir.

Imo. [*Aside*] These are kinde Creatures.

Gods, what lyes I have heard:

Our Courtiers say, all's savage, but at Court;

Experience, oh thou disproov'st Report.

Th'emperious Seas breeds Monsters; for the Dish,

Poore Tributary Rivers, as sweet Fish:

I am sicke still, heart-sicke; *Pisano*,

Ile now taste of thy Drugge. [*Swallows some.*]

Gui. I could not stirre him:

50

He said he was gentle,¹ but unfortunate;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. ¹ *well born*

Arvi. Thus did he answer me: yet said heereafter,

I might know more.

Bel. To'th' Field, to'th' Field:

Wee'l leave you for this time, go in, and rest.

Arvi. Wee'l not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sicke,

For you must be our Huswife.

Imo. Well, or ill,

60

I am bound to you. *Exit* [*Imogen to the cave*].

Bel. And shal't be ever.

This youth, how ere distrest, appeares he hath had
Good Ancestors.

Arvi. How Angell-like he sings?

Gui. But his neate Cookerie?

Arvi. He cut our Rootes in Charracters,
And sawc'st our Brothes, as *Juno* had bin sicke,
And he her Dieter.

42-3. 1 l.—Rowe.

46. breeds: breed-2-4F.

53. answer: answer-2-4F.

66-7. 2 ll. ending roots, characters—Globe.

67. *Arvi.*: out, continued to *Gui.*—Capell.

Arvi. Nobly he yoakes 70
 A smiling, with a sigh; as if the sighe
 Was that it was, for not being such a Smile:
 The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye
 From so divine a Temple, to commix
 With windes, that Saylor's raile at.

Gui. I do note,
 That greefe and patience rooted in them both,
 Mingle their spurres¹ together. ¹ rootlets of trees

Arvi. Grow patient,
 And let the stinking-Elder (Greefe) untwine 80
 His perishing roote, with the encreasing Vine.

Bel. It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot finde those Runnagates, that Villaine
 Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Those Runnagates?
 Meanes he not us? I partly know him, 'tis
Cloten, the Sonne o'th' Queene. I feare some Ambush:
 I saw him not these many yeares, and yet 89
 I know 'tis he: We are held as Out-Lawes: Hence.

Gui. He is but one: you, and my Brother search
 What Companies are neere: pray you away,
 Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*]

Clot. Soft, what are you
 That flye me thus? Some villaine-Mountainers?
 I have heard of such. What Slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
 More slavish did I ne're, then answering
 A Slave without a knocke.

OF CYMBELINE

[IV. ii. 74-97]

Clot. Thou art a Robber, 100
A Law-breaker, a Villaine: yeeld thee Theefe.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge:
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:
Why I should yeeld to thee?

Clot. Thou Villaine base,
Know'st me not by my Cloathes?

Gui. No, nor thy Taylor, Rascall:
Who is thy Grandfather? He made those cloathes,
Which (as it seemes) make thee. 111

Clot. Thou precious Varlet,
My Taylor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thanke
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some Foole,
I am loath to beate thee.

Clot. Thou injurious Theefe,
Heare but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clot. *Cloten*, thou Villaine. 120

Gui. *Cloten*, thou double Villaine be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further feare,
Nay, to thy meere Confusion, thou shalt know
I am Sonne to'th'Queene.

Gui. I am sorry for't: not seeming
So worthy as thy Birth.

Clot. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I feare: the Wise:
At Fooles I laugh: not feare them. 131

Clot. Dye the death:
When I have slaine thee with my proper hand,

Ile follow those that even now fled hence:
 And on the Gates of *Luds-Towne* set your heads:
 Yeeld Rusticke Mountaineer. *Fight and Exeunt.*

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Companie's abroad?

Arvi. None in the world: you did mistake him sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him, 140
 But Time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of Favour¹
 Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,
 And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute
 'Twas very *Cloten*. ¹*countenance*

Arvi. In this place we left them;

I wish my Brother make good time with him,
 You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
 I meane to man; he had not apprehension
 Of roaring terrors: For defect of judgement 150
 Is oft the cause of Feare.

Enter Guiderius [with Cloten's beaa].

But see thy Brother.

Gui. This *Cloten* was a Foole, an empty purse,
 There was no money in't: Not *Hercules*
 Could have knock'd out his Braines, for he had none:
 Yet I not doing this, the Foole had borne
 My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one *Clotens* head,
 Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report) 161
 Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore
 With his owne single hand heel'd take us in,

150. *defect*: the effect (th'effect)—THEOBALD.

151, 153. 1 l.—ROWE.

Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow
And set them on *Luds-Towne*.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gai. Why, worthy Father, what have we to loose,
But that he swore to take, our Lives? the Law
Protects not us, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant peece of flesh threat us? 170
Play Judge; and Executioner, all himselfe?
For we do feare the Law. What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soule

Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason
He must have some Attendants. Though his Honor
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that
From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzie,
Not absolute madnesse could so farre have rav'd
To bring him heere alone: although perhaps 180
It may be heard at Court, that such as wee
Cave heere, hunt heere, are Out-lawes, and in time
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might breake out, and sweare
Heel'd fetch us in, yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we feare,
If we do feare this Body hath a taile
More perillous then the head.

Arvi. Let Ord'nance

190

Come as the Gods fore-say it: howsoever,
My Brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no minde

To hunt this day: The Boy *Fideles* sickennesse

164. *thanks*: thank—STEEVENS.

176. *Honor*: humour—THEOBALD.

178-9. new l. at Absolute—CAPELL.

Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his owne Sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have tane
His head from him: Ile throw't into the Creeke
Behinde our Roche, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fishes, hee's the Queenes Sonne, *Cloten*,
That's all I reake. *Exit.* 201

Bel. I feare 'twill be reveng'd:
Would (*Polidore*) thou had'st not done't: though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arvi. Would I had done't:
So the Revenge alone pursu'de me: *Polidore*
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would Revenges
That possible strength might meet, wold seek us through
And put us to our answer. 210

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
Wee'l hunt no more to day, nor seeke for danger
Where there's no profit. I prythee to our Roche,
You and *Fidele* play the Cookes: Ile stay
Till hasty *Polidore* returne, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arvi. Poore sicke *Fidele*.
Ile willingly to him, to gaine his colour,
Il'd let a parish of such *Clotens* blood,
And praise my selfe for charity. *Exit.* 220

Bel. Oh thou Goddessse,
Thou divine Nature; thou thy selfe thou blazon'st
In these two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle
As Zephires blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough
(Their Royall blood enchaf'd) as the rud'st winde,

201. reake: reek—POPE.

222. thou: how—POPE.

That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine,
 And make him stoope to th'Vale. 'Tis wonder
 That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To Royalty unlearn'd, Honor untaught, 230
 Civility not seene from other: valour
 That wildely growes in them, but yeelds a crop
 As if it had beene sow'd: yet still it's strange
 What *Clotens* being heere to us portends,
 Or what his death will bring us.

Enter Guiderius.

Gui. Where's my Brother?
 I have sent *Clotens* Clot-pole downe the streame,
 In Embassie to his Mother; his Bodie's hostage
 For his returne. *Solemn Musick.*

Bel. My ingenuous Instrument, 241
 (*Hearke Polidore*) it sounds: but what occasion
 Hath *Cadwal* now to give it motion? *Hearke.*

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he meane?

Since death of my deer'st Mother
 It did not speake before. All solemne things
 Should answer solemne Accidents. The matter?
 Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes, 250
 Is jollity for Apes, and greefe for Boyes.
 Is *Cadwal* mad?

*Enter Arviragus, with Imogen [as] dead, bearing
 her in his Armes.*

Bel. Looke, heere he comes,
 And brings the dire occasion in his Armes,

236. *Guiderius: Guiderius*—2-4F.

241. *ingenuus: ingenious*—Rowe.

246-7. 1 l.—Pope.

Of what we blame him for.

Arvi. The Bird is dead

That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipt from sixteene yeares of Age, to sixty: 260
To have turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Then have scene this.

Gui. Oh sweetest, fayrest Lilly:

My Brother weares thee not the one halfe so well,
As when thou grew'st thy selfe.

Bel. Oh Melancholly,

Who ever yet could sound thy bottome? Finde
The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish care
Might'st easilest harbour in. Thou blessed thing,
Jove knowes what man thou might'st have made: but I,
Thou dyed'st a most rare Boy, of Melancholly. 271
How found you him?

Arvi. Starke, as you see:

Thus smiling, as some Fly had tickled slumber,
Not as deaths dart being laugh'd at: his right Cheeke
Reposing on a Cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arvi. O'th'floore:

His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clowted Brogues from off my feete, whose rudenesse
Answer'd my steps too lowd. 281

Gui. Why, he but sleepes:

If he be gone, hee'l make his Grave, a Bed:
With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee.

Arvi. With fayrest Flowers

Whil'st Sommer lasts, and I live heere, *Fidelle*,
Ile sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lacke

268. care: crare-STEEVENS.

269. *Might'st easilest*: *Might easiliest*-4F.

OF CYMBELINE

[IV. ii. 221-248]

The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primrose, nor
 The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy Veines: no, nor 290
 The leafe of Eglantine, whom not to slander,
 Out-sweetned not thy breath: the Raddocke¹ would
 With Charitable bill (Oh bill sore shaming ¹ *redbreast*
 Those rich-left-heyres, that let their Fathers lye
 Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
 Yea, and furr'd Mosse besides. When Flowres are none
 To winter-ground² thy Coarse——

Gui. Prythee have done, ² *protect from frost*
 And do not play in Wench-like words with that
 Which is so serious. Let us bury him, 300
 And not protract with admiration, what
 Is now due debt. To'th'grave.

Arvi. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.

Arvi. Bee't so:

And let us (*Polidore*) though now our voyces
 Have got the mannish cracke, sing him to'th'ground
 As once to our Mother: use like note, and words,
 Save that *Euriphile*, must be *Fidele*.

Gui. *Cadwall*, 310
 I cannot sing: Ile weepe, and word it with thee;
 For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
 Then Priests, and Phanes that lye.

Arvi. Wee'l speake it then.

Bel. Great greefes I see med'cine the lesse: For *Cloten*
 Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne, Boyes,
 And though he came our Enemy, remember
 He was paid for that: though meane, and mighty rotting
 Together have one dust, yet Reverence
 (That Angell of the world) doth make distinction 320

292. *Raddocke*: ruddock—HANMER.308. *to our*: our—POPE.

Of place 'twene high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Gui. Pray you fetch him hither,
Thersites body is as good as *Ajax*,
When neyther are alive.

Arvi. If you'l go fetch him,
Wee'l say our Song the whil'st: Brother begin.

[*Exit Belarius.*]

Gui. Nay *Cadwall*, we must lay his head to th' East,
My Father hath a reason for't. 330

Arvi. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arvi. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. *Feare no more the beate o' tb' Sun,*
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Tbou thy worldly task hast don,
Home art gon, and tane thy wages.
Golden Lads, and Girles all must,
As Chimney-Sweepers come to dust. 340

Arvi. *Feare no more the frowne o' tb' Great,*
Tbou art past the Tirants stroake,
Care no more to cloath and eate,
To thee the Reede is as the Oake:
The Scepter, Learning, Physicke must,
All follow this and come to dust.

Guid. *Feare no more the Lightning flash.*

Arvi. *Nor tb' all-dreaded Thunderstone.*

Gui. *Feare not Slander, Censure rash.*

Arvi. *Tbou hast finish'd Joy and mone.* 350

Both. *All Lovers young, all Lovers must,*

Consigne to thee and come to dust.

Guid. *No Exorcisor harme thee,*

Arvi. *Nor no witch-craft charme thee.*

Guid. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee.*

Arvi. *Nothing ill come neere thee.*

Both. *Quiet consumation have,
And renowned be thy grave.*

Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: 360
Come lay him downe.

Bel. Heere's a few Flowres, but 'bout midnight more:
The hearbes that have on them cold dew o'th' night
Are strewings fit'st for Graves: upon their Faces.
You were as Flowres, now wither'd: even so
These Herbelets shall, which we upon you strew.
Come on, away, apart upon our knees:
The ground that gave them first, ha's them againe:
Their pleasures here are past, so are their paine. *Exeunt*
[*Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus*].

Imogen awakes. 370

Yes Sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the way?
I thanke you: by yond bush? pray how farre thether?
'Ods pittikins:¹ can it be sixe mile yet? ¹ *God's pity*
I have gone all night: 'Faith, Ile lye downe, and sleepe.
But soft; no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddesses!

[*Seeing the body of Cloten.*]

These Flowres are like the pleasures of the World;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:
For so I thought I was a Cave-keeper,
And Cooke to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing, 380
 Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
 Are sometimes like our Judgements, blinde. Good faith
 I tremble still with feare: but if there be
 Yet left in Heaven, as small a drop of pittie
 As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it.
 The Dreame's heere still: even when I wake it is
 Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
 A headlesse man? The Garments of *Posthumus*?
 I know the shape of's Legge: this is his Hand:
 His Foote Mercuriall: his martiall Thigh 390
 The bawnes of *Hercules*: but his Joviall¹ face ——
 Murther in heaven? How? 'tis gone. *Pisanio*,
 All Curses madded *Hecuba* gave the Greekes,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou ¹ like *Jove*
 Conspir'd with that Irregulous² divell *Cloten*, ² lawless
 Hath heere cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
 Be henceforth tfeacherous. Damn'd *Pisanio*,
 Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd *Pisanio*)
 From this most bravest vessell of the world
 Strooke the maine top! Oh *Posthumus*, alas, 400
 Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on. How should this be, *Pisanio*?
 'Tis he, and *Cloten*: Malice, and Lucre in them
 Have laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The Drugge he gave me, which hee said was precious
 And Cordiall to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to'th'Senses? That confirms it home:
 This is *Pisanio*'s deede, and *Cloten*: Oh!
 Give colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood, 410

396. *Hast*: *Hast-Pope*.409. *Cloten*: *Cloten's-Pope*.

OF CYMBELINE

[IV. ii. 331-354

That we the horrider may seeme to those
Which chance to finde us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!
[*Falls on the body.*]

Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a Sootsayer.

Cap. To them, the Legions garrison'd in Gallia
After your will, have crost the Sea, attending
You heere at Milford-Haven, with your Shippes:
They are heere in readinesse.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd up the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits, 420
That promise Noble Service: and they come
Under the Conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'th'winde.

Luc. This forwardnesse

Makes our hopes faire. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd: bid the Captaines looke too't. Now Sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this warres purpose.

Sooth. Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a vision
(I fast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus: 431
I saw Joves Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
From the spungy South, to this part of the West,
There vanish'd in the Sun-beames, which portends
(Unlesse my sinnes abuse my Divination)
Successe to th'Roman hoast.

Luc. Dreame often so,
And never false. Soft hoa, what truncke is heere?
Without his top? The ruine speakes, that sometime

417. beere in: in-2-4F.

It was a worthy building. How? a Page? 440
 Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:
 For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed
 With the defunct, or sleepe upon the dead.
 Let's see the Boyes face.

Cap. Hee's alive my Lord.

Luc. Hee'l then instruct us of this body: Young one,
 Informe us of thy Fortunes, for it seemes
 They crave to be demanded: who is this
 Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
 That (otherwise then noble Nature did) 450
 Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy interest
 In this sad wracke? How came't? Who is't?
 What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
 Nothing to be were better: This was my Master,
 A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
 That heere by Mountaineers lyes slaine: Alas,
 There is no more such Masters: I may wander
 From East to Occident, cry out for Service,
 Try many, all good: serve truly: never 460
 Finde such another Master.

Luc. 'Lacke, good youth:
 Thou mov'st no lesse with thy complaining, then
 Thy Maister in bleeding: say his name, good Friend.

Imo. Ricbard du Cbamp: [*Aside*] If I do lye, and do
 No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope
 They'l pardon it. Say you Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele Sir. 469

Luc. Thou doo'st approve thy selfe the very same:
 Thy Name well sits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:

456. *Britaine:* Briton—2THEOBALD.

471. *sits:* misprint IF.

OF CYMBELINE

[IV. ii. 382—iii. 3]

Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
 Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
 No lesse belov'd. The Romane Emperors Letters
 Sent by a Consull to me, should not sooner
 Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.

Imo. Ile follow Sir. But first, and't please the Gods,
 Ile hide my Master from the Flies, as deepe
 As these poore Pickaxes can digge: and when 479
 With wild wood-leaves & weeds, I ha' strew'd his grave
 And on it said a Century of prayers
 (Such as I can) twice o're, Ile weepe, and sighe,
 And leaving so his service, follow you,
 So please you entertaine mee.

Luc. I good youth,
 And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,
 The Boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
 Finde out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can,
 And make him with our Pikes and Partizans¹
 A Grave: Come, Arme him: Boy hee's preferr'd 490
 By thee, to us, and he shall be interr'd ¹*balberds*
 As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull; wipe thine eyes,
 Some Falles are meanes the happier to arise. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.[*A room in Cymbeline's palace.*]

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio [and Attendants].

Cym. Again: and hring me word how 'tis with her,
 [Exit an Attendant.]

A Feavour with the absence of her Sonne;
 A madnesse, of which her life's in danger: Heavens,

477. *and't*: an't-2-4F.
 3. *bring*: bring-3-4F.

486. *My Friends*: separate l.-Pork

How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen*,
 The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queene
 Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
 When fearefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone,
 So needfull for this present? It strikes me, past 10
 The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 Dost seeme so ignorant, wee'l enforce it from thee
 By a sharpe Torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
 I humbly set it at your will: But for my Mistris,
 I nothing know where she remains: why gone,
 Nor when she purposes returne. Beseech your Highnes,
 Hold me your loyall Servant.

[1] *Lord.* Good my Liege, 20
 The day that she was missing, he was heere;
 I dare be bound hee's true, and shall performe
 All parts of his subjection loyally. For *Cloten*,
 There wants no diligence in seeking him,
 And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome:
 [*To Pisanio*] Wee'l slip you for a season, but our jeal-
 ousie |
 Do's yet depend.

[1] *Lord.* So please your Majesty,
 The Romaine Legions, all from Gallia drawne, 30
 Are landed on your Coast, with a supply
 Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the Counsaile of my Son and Queen,
 I am amaz'd with matter.

[1] *Lord.* Good my Liege,
 Your preparation can affront no lesse
 Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're
 ready: |

OF CYMBELINE

[IV. iii. 31-iv. 7

The want is, but to put those Powres¹ in motion,
That long to move. ^{1 forces}

Cym. I thanke you: let's withdraw ⁴⁰
And meete the Time, as it seekes us. We feare not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We greeve at chances heere. Away. *Exeunt*

[*all but Pisanio*].

Pisa. I heard no Letter from my Master, since
I wrote him *Imogen* was slaine. 'Tis strange:
Nor heare I from my Mistris, who did promise
To yeeld me often tydings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloten*, but remaine
Perplext in all. The Heavens still must worke: ⁴⁹
Wherein I am false, I am honest: not true, to be true.
These present warres shall finde I love my Country,
Even to the note o'th' King, or Ile fall in them:
All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,
Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

[*Wales: before the cave of Belarius.*]

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, & Arviragus.

Gui. The noyse is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arvi. What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it
From Action, and Adventure.

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way the Romaines
Must, or for Britaines slay us or receive us
For barbarous and unnaturall Revolts ¹⁰
During their use, and slay us after.

5. *we finde: find we-2-4F.*

Bel. Sonnes,
 Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there secure u..
 To the Kings party there's no going: newnesse
 Of *Clotens* death (we being not knowne, not muster'd
 Among the Bands) may drive us to a render¹
 Where we have liv'd; and so extort from's that
 Which we have done, whose answer would be death
 Drawne on with Torture. ^{1 account}

Gui. This is (Sir) a doubt 20
 In such a time, nothing becomming you,
 Nor satisfying us.

Arvi. It is not likely,
 That when they heare their Roman horses neigh,
 Behold their quarter'd Fires; have both their eyes
 Aud eares so cloyd importantly as now,
 That they will waste their time upon our note,
 To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am knowne 30
 Of many in the Army: Many yeeres
 (Though *Cloten* then but young) you see, not wore him
 From my remembrance. And besides, the King
 Hath not deserv'd my Service, nor your Loves,
 Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding;
 The certainty of this heard life, aye hopelesse
 To have the courtesie your Cradle promis'd,
 But to be still hot Summers Tanlings, and
 The shrinking Slaves of Winter.

Gui. Then be so, 40
 Better to cease to be. Pray Sir, to'th' Army:
 I, and my Brother are not knowne; your selfe
 So out of thought, and thereto so ore-growne,
 Cannot be question'd.

13. u.: us-2-4F.

26. Aud: And-2-4F.

24. *their*: the-Rowz.35. *beard*: hard-2-4F.

Arvi. By this Sunne that shines
 Ile thither: What thing is't, that I never
 Did see man dye, scarce ever look'd on blood,
 But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison?
 Never bestrid a Horse save one, that had
 A Rider like my selfe, who ne're wore Rowell,
 Nor Iron on his heele? I am asham'd 50
 To looke upon the holy Sunne, to have
 The benefit of his blest Beames, remaining
 So long a poore unknowne.

Gai. By heavens Ile go,
 If you will blesse me Sir, and give me leave,
 Ile take the better care: but if you will not,
 The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
 The hands of Romaines.

Arvi. So say I, Amen.

Bel. No reason I (since of your lives you set 60
 So slight a vaeuation) should reserve
 My crack'd one to more care. Have with you Boyes:
 If in your Country warres you chance to dye,
 That is my Bed too (Lads) and there Ile lye.
 Lead, lead; [*Aside*] the time seems long, their blood
 thinks scorn |
 Till it flye out, and shew them Princes borne. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

[*Britain. The Roman camp.*]

Enter Posthumus alone [with a bloody handkerchief].

Post. Yea bloody cloth, Ile keep thee: for I am wisht
 Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,

61. *vaeuation*: valuation-2-4F.

3. *I am wisht*: I wish'd-POPE.

If each of you should take this course, how many
 Must murder Wives much better then themselves
 For wrying¹ but a little? Oh *Pisanio*, ^{1*swerving*}
 Every good Servant do's not all Commands:
 No Bond, but to do just ones. Gods, if you
 Should have 'tane vengeance on my faults, I never 10
 Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved
 The noble *Imogen*, to repent, and strooke
 Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,
 You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love
 To have them fall no more: you some permit
 To second illes with illes, each elder worse,
 And make them dread it, to the dooers thrift.
 But *Imogen* is your owne, do your best willés,
 And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
 Among th'Italian Gentry, and to fight 20
 Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough
 That (Britaine) I have kill'd thy Mistris: Peace,
 Ile give no wound to thee: therefore good Heavens,
 Heare patiently my purpose. Ile disrobe me
 Of these Italian weedes, and suite my selfe
 As do's a *Britaine* Pezant: so Ile fight
 Against the part I come with: so Ile dye
 For thee (O *Imogen*) even for whom my life
 Is every breath, a death: and thus, unknowne,
 Pittied, nor hated, to the face of perill 30
 My selfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, then my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o'th' *Leonati* in me:
 To shame the guize o'th' world, I will begin,
 The fashion lesse without, and more within. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

[*Field of battle between the British and Roman camps.*]

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Romane Army at one doore:
and the Britaine Army at another: Leonatus Posthumus
following like a poore Souldier. They march over, and goe
out. Then enter againe in Skirmish Iachimo and Posthu-
mus: he vanquisbeth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then
leaves him.*

Iac. The heavinesse and guilt within my bosome,
Takes off my manhood: I have belyed a Lady,
The Princessse of this Country; and the ayre on't 10
Revengingly enfeeble me, or could this Carle,¹
A very drudge of Natures, have subdu'de me ¹*churl*
In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honors borne
As I weare mine) are titles but of scorne.
If that thy Gentry (Britaine) go before
This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are Goddes. *Exit.*

*The Battaille continues, the Britaines fly, Cymbe-
line is | taken: Then enter to his rescue, Bellarius,
Guiderius, | and Arviragus.* 20

Bel. Stand, stand, we have th' advantage of the ground,
The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowts us, but
The villany of our feares.

Gui. Arvi. Stand, stand, and fight.

*Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britaines. They Rescue
Cymbeline, and Exeunt.*

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away boy from the Troopes, and save thy selfe:
For friends kil friends, and the disorder's such

3. *Britaine: British—CAPELL.*

As warre were hood-wink'd. 30

Iac. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

[*Another part of the field.*]

Enter Posthumus, and a Britaine Lord.

Lor. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did,

Though you it seemes come from the Fliers?

Lo, I did.

Post. No blame be to you Sir, for all was lost,
But that the Heavens fought: the King himselfe
Of his wings destitute, the Army broken,
And but the backes of Britaines seene; all flying 10
Through a strait Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring: having worke
More plentifull, then Tooles to doo't: strooke downe
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Meerely through feare, that the strait passe was damm'd
With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards living
To dye with length'ned shame.

Lo. Where was this Lane?

Post. Close by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,
Which gave advantage to an ancient Soldiour 20
(An honest one I warrant) who deserv'd 1 a game
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run
The Country base, 1 then to commit such slaughter,

2. *Britaine: British—POPE.*

OF CYMBELINE

[V. iii. 21-51]

With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayrer
 Then those for preservation cas'd, or shame)
 Made good the passage, cryed to those that fled.
 Our *Britaines* hearts dye flying, not our men,
 To darknesse fleete soules that flye backwards; stand, 30
 Or we are Romanes, and will give you that
 Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
 But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, stand. These three,
 Three thousand confident, in acte as many:
 For three performers are the File, when all
 The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,
 Accomodated by the Place; more Charming
 With their owne Noblenesse, which could have turn'd
 A Distaffe, to a Lance, guilded pale lookes;
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward
 But by example (Oh a sinne in Warre, 41
 Damn'd in the first beginners) gan to looke
 The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
 Upon the Pikes o'th'Hunters. Then beganne
 A stop i'th'Chaser; a Retyre: Anon
 A Rowt, confusion thicke: forthwith they flye
 Chickens, the way which they stopt Eagles: Slaves
 The strides the Victors made: and now our Cowards
 Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
 The life o'th'need: having found the backe doore open
 Of the unguarded hearts: heavens, how they wound, 51
 Some slaine before some dying; some their Friends
 Ore-borne i'th'former wave, ten chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
 Those that would dye, or ere resist, are growne
 The mortall bugs¹ o'th'Field. ^{1 bugbears}

Lord. This was strange chance:

29. *bearts*: *harts*—2POPE.47. *stoop*: *stoop'd*—2ROWE.48. *the*: *they*—THEOBALD.

A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you heare, 60
Then to worke any. Will you Rime upon't,
And vent it for a Mock'rie? Heere is one:

*"Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,
"Preserv'd the Britaines, was the Romanes bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir.

Post. Lacke, to what end?

Who dares not stand his Foe, Ile be his Friend:

For if hee'l do, as he is made to doo,

I know hee'l quickly flye my friendship too.

You have put me into Rime.

Lord. Farewell, you're angry. *Exit.* 70

Post. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble misery
To be i'th' Field, and aske what newes of me:

To day, how many would have given their Honours

To have sav'd their Carkasses? Tooke heele to doo't,

And yet dyed too. I, in mine owne woe charm'd

Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane,

Nor feele him where he strooke. Being an ugly Monster,

'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,

Sweet words; or hath moe ministers then we 80

That draw his knives i'th' War. Well I will finde him:

For being now a Favourer to the Britaine,

No more a Britaine, I have resum'd againe

The part I came in. Fight I will no more,

But yeeld me to the veriest Hinde, that shall

Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is

Heere made by'th' Romane; great the Answer¹ be

Britaines must take. For me, my Ransome's death,

On eyther side I come to spend my breath; ¹retaliation

Which neyther heere Ile keepe, nor beare agen, 90

But end it by some meanes for *Imogen*.

Enter two [British] Captaines, and Soldiers.

1 [Cap.] Great Jupiter be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken,
'Tis thought the old man, and his sonnes, were Angels.

2 [Cap.] There was a fourth man, in a silly¹ habit,
That gave th'Affront with them. ^{1 rustic}

1 [Cap.] So 'tis reported:
But none of'em can be found. Stand, who's there?

Post. A Roman,
Who had not now beene drooping heere, if Seconds
Had answer'd him. 101

2 [Cap.] Lay hands on him: a Dogge,
A legge of Rome shall not returne to tell
What Crows have peckt them here: he brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to'th' King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisano, [Soldiers, Attendants] and [Romane Captives. The Captaines present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler. [Then exeunt omnes.]

Scena Quarta.

[A British prison.]

Enter Posthumus, and [two] Gaoler[s].

[1] *Gao.* You shall not now be stolne,
You have lockes upon you:
So graze, as you finde Pasture.

2. *Gao.* I, or a stomacke. *[Exeunt Gaolers.]*

Post. Most welcome bondage; for thou art a way
(I thinke) to liberty: yet am I better

Then one that's sicke o'th' Gowt, since he had rather
 Groane so in perpetuity, then be cur'd 10
 By'th'sure Physitian, Death; who is the key
 T'unbarre these Lockes. My Conscience, thou art fetter'd
 More then my shanks, & wrists: you good Gods give me
 The penitent Instrument to picke that Bolt,
 Then free for ever. Is't enough I am sorry?
 So Children temporall Fathers do appease;
 Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,
 I cannot do it better then in Gyves,
 Desir'd, more then constrain'd, to satisfie
 If of my Freedome 'tis the maine part, take 20
 No stricter render of me, then my All.
 I know you are more clement then vilde men,
 Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
 A sixt, a tenth, letting them thrive againe
 On their abatement; that's not my desire.
 For *Imogens* deere life, take mine, and though
 'Tis not so deere, yet 'tis a life; you coyn'd it,
 'Twene man, and man, they waigh not every stampe:
 Though light, take Peeces for the figures sake,
 (You rather) mine being yours: and so great Powres,
 If you will take this Audit, take this life, 31
 And cancell these cold Bonds. Oh *Imogen*,
 Ile speake to thee in silence. [Sleeps.]

*Solemne Musicke. Enter (as in an Apparation) Sicillius
 Leo- | natus, Father to Posthumus, an old man, attyred
 like a war- | riour, leading in his hand an ancient Ma-
 tron (his wife, & | Mother to Posthumus) with Mu-
 sicke before them. Then. | after other Musicke, follows
 the two young Leonati (Bro- | thers to Posthumus)*

34. Apparation: apparition-2-4F.

38. follows: follow-2Rowz.

OF CYMBELINE

[V. iv. 30-59]

*with wounds as they aied in the warrs. | They circle
Posthumus round as he lies sleeping. |* 40

Sicil. No more thou Thunder-Master
shew thy sight, on Mortall Flies:
With Mars fall out with *Juno* chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Revenges.

Hath my poore Boy done ought but well,
whose face I never saw:

I dy'de whil'st in the Wombe he staide,
attending Natures Law.

Whose Father then (as men report,
thou Orphanes Father art) 50

Thou should'st have bin, and sheelded him,
from this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. *Lucina* lent not me her ayde,
but tooke me in my Throwes,
That from me was *Posthumus* ript,
came crying 'mong'st his Foes.

A thing of pittie.

Sicil. Great Nature like his Ancestrie,
moulded the stuffe so faire:
That he d serv'd the praise o'th' World, 60
as great *Sicilius* heyre.

1. *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
in Britaine where was hee

That could stand up his paralell?

Or fruitfull object bee?

In eye of *Imogen*, that best could deeme
his dignitie.

Mo. With Marriage wherefore was he mockt
to be exil'd, and throwne

41-3. 4 ll. ending show, flies, chide, adulteries—THEOBALD.

60. *d serv'd*: deserved—2-4F.

66-7. 2 ll. ending best, dignity—2-4F.

From *Leonati* Seate, and cast from her, 70
his deerest one:

Sweete *Imogen*?

Sic. Why did you suffer *Iachimo*, slight thing of Italy,
To taint his Nobler hart & braine, with needlesse jealousy,
And to become the geeke¹ and scorne o' th' others vilany?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller Seats we came, 1 *fool*
our Parents, and us twaine,
That striking in our Countries cause,
fell bravely, and were slaine,

Our Fealty, & *Tenantius* right, with Honor to maintaine.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath 81
to *Cymbeline* perform'd:

Then Jupiter, thou King of Gods, why hast thou thus
adjourn'd |

The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolours turn'd?

Sicil. Thy Christall window ope; looke,
looke out, no longer exercise

Upon a valiant Race, thy harsh, and potent injuries:

Moth. Since (Jupiter) our Son is good,
take off his miseries.

Sicil. Peepe through thy Marble Mansion, helpe,
or we poore Ghosts will cry 91

To th' shining Synod of the rest, against thy Deity.

Brothers. Helpe (Jupiter) or we appeale,
and from thy justice flye.

*Jupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon
an Eagle: hee throwes a Thunder-bolt. The
Ghoses fall on | their knees.*

70-1. 2 ll. ending cast, one-2-4F.

73-5. 6 ll. ending *Iachimo*, Italy, brain, jealousy, scorn, vil-
lany-4F. 80. 2 ll. ending right, maintain-4F.

83-7. 8 ll. ending gods, adjourn'd, due, turn'd, out, exercise,
harsh, injuries-4F.

85. looke: out-2-4F.

92. 2 ll. ending rest, deity-4F.

Jupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
 Offend our hearing: hush. How dare you Ghostes
 Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know) 100
 Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.
 Poore shadowes of Elizium, hence, and rest
 Upon your never-withering bankes of Flowres.
 Be not with mortall accidents opprest,
 No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
 Whom best I love, I crosse; to make my guift
 The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
 Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will uplift:
 His Comforts thrive, his Trials well are spent:
 Our Joviall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in 110
 Our Temple was he married: Rise, and fade,
 He shall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,
 And happier much by his Affliction made.
 This Tablet lay upon his Brest, wherein
 Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine,
 And so away: no farther with your dinne
 Expresse Impatience, least you stirre up mine:
 Mount Eagle, to my Palace Christalline. *Ascends*
Sicil. He came in Thunder, his Celestiall breath
 Was sulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle 120
 Stoop'd, as to foote us: his Ascension is
 More sweet then our blest Fields: his Royall Bird
 Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,
 As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thanks Jupiter.

Sic. The Marble Pavement clozes, he is enter'd
 His radiant Roofe: Away, and to be blest
 Let us with care performe his great behest.

[*The Ghosts*] *Vanish* |

Post. [*Waking*] Sleepe, thou hast bin a Grandsire,
 and begot |

A Father to me: and thou hast created 130
 A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh scorne)
 Gone, they went hence so soone as they were borne:
 And so I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend
 On Greatnesse, Favour; Dreame as I have done,
 Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I swerve:
 Many Dreame not to finde, neither deserve,
 And yet are steep'd in Favours; so am I
 That have this Golden chance, and know not why:
 What Fayeries haunt this ground? A Book? Oh rare one,
 Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment 140
 Nobler then that it covers. Let thy effects
 So follow, to be most unlike our Courtiers,
 As good, as promise.

Reades.

*When as a Lyons whelpe, shall to himselfe unknown,
 with- | out seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece
 of tender | Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be
 lopt branches, | which being dead many yeares, shall
 after revive, bee joynted to | the old Stocke, and freshly
 grow, then shall Posthumus end his | miseries, Britaine
 be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plen- | tie. 151*

'Tis still a Dreame: or else such stuffe as Madmen
 Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing,
 Or senselesse speaking, or a speaking such
 As sense cannot untye. Be what it is,
 The Action of my life is like it, which Ile keepe
 If but for simpathy.

Enter Gaoler[s].

[1] *Gao.* Come Sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago. 160

130. *best:* hast-2-4F.

156-7. new l. at I'll-Johnson.

[1] *Gao.* Hanging is the word, Sir, if you bee readie for | that, you are well Cook'd.

Post. So if I prove a good repast to the Spectators, the dish payes the shot. 164

[1] *Gao.* A heavy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort | is you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more | Taverne Bills, which are often the sadnesse of parting, as | the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of | meate, depart reeling with too much drinke: sorrie that | you have payed¹ too much, and sorry that you are payed | too much: Purse and Braine, both empty: the Brain the | heavier, for being too light; the Purse too light, being | drawne of heavinesse. Oh, of this contradiction you shall | now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it summes | up thousands in a trice: you have no true Debitor, and | Creditor but it: of what's past, is, and to come, the dis- | charge: your necke (Sis) is Pen, Booke, and Counters; so | the Acquittance followes. | ¹ *punished*

Post. I am merrier to dye, then thou art to live. 179

[1] *Gao.* Indeed Sir, he that sleepes, feesles not the Tooth- | Ache: but a man that were to sleepe your sleepe, and a | Hangman to helpe him to bed, I think he would change | places with his Officer: for, look you Sir, you know not | which way you shall go.

Post. Yes indeed do I, fellow. 185

[1] *Gao.* Your death has eyes in's head then: I have not | scene him so pictur'd: you must either bee directed by | some that take upon them to know, or to take upon your | selfe that which I am sure you do not know: or jump² the | after-enquiry on your owne perill: and how you shall | speed in your journies end, I thinke you'll never returne | to tell one. ² *risk* 192

Post. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as winke, and will not use them.

[1] *Gao.* What an infinite mocke is this, that a man shold | have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness: I | am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to the King. 201

Post. Thou bring'st good newes, I am call'd to bee made free.

[1] *Gao.* Ile be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer then a Gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt all but the First Gaoler.*] 206

[1] *Gao.* Unlesse a man would marry a Gallowes, & be- | get yong Gibbets, I never saw one so prone: I yet on my | Conscience, there are verier Knaves desire to live, for all | he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye | against their willes; so should I, if I were one. I would | we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there | were desolation of Gaolers and Gallowes: I speake a- | gainst my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment | in't. ¹*willing* *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

[*Cymbeline's tent.*]

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Lords [Officers and Attendants].

Cym. Stand by my side you, whom the Gods have made Preservers of my Throne: woe is my heart,
That the poore Souldier that so richly fought,

OF CYMBELINE

[V. v. 4-26]

Whose ragges, sham'd gilded Armes, whose naked brest
Stept before Targes¹ of prooffe, cannot be found:

He shall be happy that can finde him, if ^{1 shields}
Onr Grace can make him so. 10

Bel. I never saw
Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that promist nought
But beggery, and poore looks.

Cym. No tydings of him?

Pisa. He hath bin search'd among the dead, & living;
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my greefe, I am
The heyre of his Reward, [*To Belarius, Guiderius, and
Arviragus*] which I will adde |
To you (the Liver, Heart, and Braine of Britaine) 20
By whom (I grant) she lives. 'Tis now the time
To aske of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neyther true, nor modest,
Unlesse I adde, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise my Knights o'th' Battell, I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With Dignities becomming your estates. 30

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's businesse in these faces: why so sadly
Greet you our Victory? you looke like Romaines,
And not o'th' Court of Britaine.

Corn. Hayle great King,
To sowre your happinesse, I must report

10. *Onr:* Our-2-4F.

The Queene is dead.

Cym. Who worse then a Physitian
Would this report become? But I consider,
By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death 40
Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which (being cruell to the world) concluded
Most cruell to her selfe. What she confest,
I will report, so please you. These her Women
Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheekes
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prythee say.

Cor. First, she confest she never lov'd you: onely
Affected Greatnesse got by you: not you: 50
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Beleeve her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Corn. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confesse
Was as a Scorpion to her sight, whose life
(But that her flight prevented it) she had
Tane off by poyson. 60

Cym. O most delicate Fiend!
Who is't can reade a Woman? Is there more?

Corn. More Sir, and worse. She did confesse she had
For you a mortall Minerall, which being tooke,
Should by the minute feede on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
Orecome you with her shew; and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft, to worke
Her Sonne into th'adoption of the Crowne: 70

OF CYMBELINE

[V. v. 57-82

But fayling of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shamelesse desperate, open'd (in despight
Of Heaven, and Men) her purposes: repented
The evils she hatch'd, were not effected: so
Dispayring, dyed.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

La. We did, so please your Highnesse.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautifull:
Mine eares that heare her flattery, nor my heart, 80
That thought her like her seeming. It had beene vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo [the Soothsayer], and other Roman prisoners [guarded], | Leonatus [Posthumus] behind, and Imogen. |

Thou comm'st not *Caius* now for Tribute, that
The Britaines have rac'd out, though with the losse
Of many a bold one: whose Kinsmen have made suite
That their good soules may be appeas'd, with slaughter
Of you their Captives, which our selfe have granted, 91
So thinke of your estate.

Luc. Consider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We should not when the blood was cool, have threatend
Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransome, let it come: Sufficeth,
A Roman, with a Romans heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to thinke on't: and so much 100

80. *bearc:* heard-3-4F.

86. *Leonatus:* out-CAPELL.

For my peculiar care. This one thing onely
 I will entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne)
 Let him be ransom'd: Never Master had
 A Page so kinde, so duteous, diligent,
 So tender over his occasions, true,
 So feate,¹ so Nurse-like: let his vertue joyne
 With my request, which Ile make bold, your Highnesse
 Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme,
 Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him (Sir)
 And spare no blood beside. ^{1 dexterous} 110

Cym. I have surely seene him:
 His favour is familiar to me: Boy,
 Thou hast look'd thy selfe into my grace,
 And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,
 To say, live boy: ne're thanke thy Master, live;
 And aske of *Cymbeline* what Boone thou wilt,
 Fitting my bounty, and thy state, Ile give it:
 Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner
 The Noblest tane.

Imo. I humbly thanke your Highnesse. 120

Luc. I do not bid thee begge my life, good Lad,
 And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alacke,
 There's other worke in hand: I see a thing
 Bitter to me, as death: your life, good Master,
 Must shuffle for it selfe.

Luc. The Boy disdaines me,
 He leaves me, scornes me: briefly dye their joyes,
 That place them on the truth of Gyrls, and Boyes.
 Why stands he so perplext? 130

Cym. What would'st thou Boy?
 I love thee more, and more: thinke more and more
 What's best to aske. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak
 Wilt have him live? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

OF CYMBELINE

[V. v. 112-133]

Imo. He is a Romane, no more kin to me,
Then I to your Highnesse, who being born your vassaile
Am something neerer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. Ile tell you (Sir) in private, if you please
To give me hearing. 140

Cym. I, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth: my Page
Ile be thy Master: walke with me: speake freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*]

Bel. Is not this Boy reviv'd from death?

Arvi. One Sand another
Not more resembles that sweet Rosie Lad:
Who dyed, and was *Fidele*: what thinke you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive. 150

Bel. Peace, peace, see further: he eyes us not, forbear
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we see him dead.

Bel. Be silent: let's see further.

Pisa. [Aside] It is my Mistris:
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side,
Make thy demand alowd. [*To Iachimo*] Sir, step you
forth, | 160

Give answer to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by our Greatnesse, and the grace of it
(Which is our Honor) bitter torture shall

Winnow the truth from falshood. One speake to him.

Imo. My boone is, that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this Ring.

Post. [*Aside*] What's that to him?

Cym. That Diamond upon your Finger, say
How came it yours?

Iacb. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken, that
Which to be spoke, wou'd torture thee. 171

Cym. How? me?

Iacb. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceale. By Villany
I got this Ring: 'twas *Leonatus* Jewell,
Whom thou did'st banish: and which more may greeve
thee, |

As it doth me: a Nobler Sir, ne're liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iacb. That Paragon, thy daughter, 180
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quaile to remember. Give me leave, I faint.

Cym. My Daughter? what of hir? Renew thy strength
I had rather thou should'st live, while Nature will,
Then dye ere I heare more: strive man, and speake.

Iacb. Upon a time, unhappy was the clocke
That strooke the houre: it was in Rome, accurst
The Mansion where: 'twas at a Feast, oh would
Our Viands had bin poyson'd (or at least
Those which I heav'd to head:) the good *Posthumus*,
(What should I say? he was too good to be 191
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Among'st the rar'st of good ones) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our Loves of Italy

OF CYMBELINE

[V. v. 162-191]

For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
 Of him that best could speake: for Feature,¹ laming
 The Shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Minerva*,
 Postures, beyond breefe Nature. For Condition,
 A shop of all the qualities, that man ¹*shape*
 Loves woman for, besides that hooke of Wiving, 200
 Fairenesse, which strikes the eye.

Cym. I stand on fire. Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soone I shall,
 Unlesse thou would'st greeve quickly. This *Posthumus*,
 Most like a Noble Lord, in love, and one
 That had a Royall Lover, tooke his hint,
 And (not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
 He was as calme as vertue) he began
 His Mistris picture, which, by his tongue, being made,
 And then a minde put in't, either our bragges 210
 Were crak'd of Kitchen-Trulles, or his description
 Prov'd us unspeaking sottes.² ²*fools*

Cym. Nay, nay, to'th'purpose.

Iach. Your daughters Chastity, (there it beginnes)
 He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreames,
 And she alone, were cold: Whereat, I wretch
 Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
 Peecces of Gold, 'gainst this, which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger) to attaine
 In suite the place of's bed, and winne this Ring 220
 By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)
 No lesser of her Honour confident
 Then I did truly finde her, stakes this Ring,
 And would so, had it beene a Carbuncle
 Of Phœbus Wheele; and might so safely, had it
 Bin all the worth of's Carre. Away to Britaine

198. *Nature.* For: nature; for-Rowe.

202. new l. at Come-Pope.

Poste I in this designe: Well may you (Sir)
 Remember me at Court, where I was taught
 Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference 229
 'Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quench'd
 Of hope, not longing; mine Italian braine,
 Gan in your duller Britaine operare
 Most vildely: for my vantage excellent.
 And to be breefe, my practise so prevayl'd
 That I return'd with simular¹ prooffe enough,
 To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad, ¹counterfeit
 By wounding his beleefe in her Renowne,
 With Tokens thus, and thus: averring notes
 Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
 (Oh cunning how I got) nay some markes 240
 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 But thinke her bond of Chastity quite crack'd,
 I having 'tane the forfeyt. Whereupon,
 Me thinks I see him now.

Post. [*Advancing*] I so thou do'st,
 Italian Fiend. Aye me, most credulous Foole,
 Egregious murtherer, Theefe, any thing
 That's due to all the Villaines past, in being
 To come. Oh give me Cord, or knife, or poyson,
 Some upright Justicer. Thou King, send out 250
 For Torturors ingenious: it is I
 That all th'abhorred things o'th'earth amend
 By being worse then they. I am *Posthumus*,
 That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lye,
 That caus'd a lesser villaine then my selfe,
 A sacrilegious Theefe to doo't. The Temple
 Of Vertue was she; yea, and she her selfe.
 Spit, and throw stones, cast myre upon me, set

232. *operare*: operate-2-4F.240. *got*: got it-2-4F.

OF CYMBELINE

[V. v. 223-246]

The dogges o'th'street to bay me: every villaine
Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and 260
Be villany lesse then 'twas. Oh *Imogen*!
My Queene, my life, my wife: oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, Imogen.

Imo. Peace my Lord, heare, heare.

Post. Shall's have a play of this?

Thou scornfull Page, there lye thy part.

[*Striking her: she falls.*]

Pis. Oh Gentlemen, helpe,
Mine and your Mistris: Oh my Lord *Posthumus*,
You ne're kill'd *Imogen* till now: helpe, helpe,
Mine honour'd Lady. 270

Cym. Does the world go round?

Posth. How comes these staggers on mee?

Pisa. Wake my Mistris.

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do meane to strike me
To death, with mortall joy.

Pisa. How fares my Mistris?

Imo. Oh get thee from my sight,
Thou gav'st me poyson: dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen*. 280

Pisæ. Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you, was not thought by mee
A precious thing, I had it from the Queene.

Cym. New matter still.

Imo. It poyson'd me.

Corn. Oh Gods!

I left out one thing which the Queene confest,
Which must approve thee honest. If *Pasanio*
Have (said she) given his Mistris that Confection

265-6. new l. at There—HANMER.

281. *Lady*: separate l.—MALONE. 288. *Pasanio*: *Pisanio*—2-4F.

Which I gave him for Cordiall, she is serv'd, 290
As I would serve a Rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius*?

Corn. The Queene (Sir) very oft importun'd me
To temper¹ poysons for her, still pretending ^{1 mix}
The satisfaction of her knowledge, onely
In killing Creatures vilde, as Cats and Dogges
Of no esteeme. I dreading, that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certaine stuffe, which being tane, would cease
The present powre of life, but in short time, 300
All Offices of Nature, should againe
Do their due Functions. Have you tane of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My Boyes, there was our error.

Gui. This is sure *Fidele*.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro you?
Thinke that you are upon a Rocke, and now
Throw me againe. [*Embracing him.*]

Post. Hang there like fruite, my soule,
Till the Tree dye. 310

Cym. How now, my Flesh? my Childe?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this Act?
Wilt thou not speake to me?

Imo. [*Kneeling*] Your blessing, Sir.

Bel. [*To Guiderius and Arviragus*] Though you
did love this youth, I blame ye not, |
You had a motive for't.

Cym. My teares that fall
Prove holy-water on thee; *Imogen*,
Thy Mothers dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my Lord. 320

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet heere so strangely: but her Sonne
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pisa. My Lord,
Now feare is from me, Ile speake troth. Lord *Cloten*
Upon my Ladies missing, came to me
With his Sword drawne, foam'd at the mouth, and swore
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned Letter of my Masters 330
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seeke her on the Mountaines neere to Milford,
Where in a frenzie, in my Masters Garments
(Which he inforc'd from me) away he postes
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My Ladies honor, what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the Story: I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend.¹ ¹*forbid* 339
I would not thy good deeds, should from my lips
Plucke a hard sentence: Prythee valiant youth
Deny't againe.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Gui. A most incivill one. The wrongs he did mee
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did provoke me
With Language that would make me spurne the Sea,
If it could so roare to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not standing heere
To tell this tale of mine. 350

Cym. I am sorrow for thee:
By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and must

338. new l. at 1-POPE.

351. sorrow: sorry-3-4F.

Endure our Law: Thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headlesse man I thought had bin my Lord

Cym. Binde the Offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King.

This man is better then the man he slew,

As well descended as thy selfe, and hath

More of thee merited, then a Band of *Clotens* 360

Had ever scarre for. [*To the Guara*] Let his Armes
alone, |

They were not borne for bondage.

Cym. Why old Soldier:

Wilt thou undoo the worth thou art unpaid for

By tasting of our wrath? How of descent

As good as we?

Arvi. In that he spake too farre.

Cym. And thou shalt dye for't.

Bel. We will dye all three,

But I will prove that two one's are as good 370

As I have given out him. My Sonnes, I must

For mine owne part, unfold a dangerous speech,

Though haply well for you.

Arvi. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave

Thou hadd'st (great King) a Subject, who

Was call'd *Belarius*.

Cym. What of him? He is a banish'd Traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath 380

Assum'd this age: indeed a banish'd man,

I know not how, a Traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,

354. new l. at I-POPE.

370. one's: on's-24F.

379. new l. at A-CAPELL.

OF CYMBELINE

[V. v. 321-349]

The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot;

First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sonnes,

And let it be confiscate all, so soone

As I have receyv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my Sonnes? 389

Bel. I am too blunt, and sawcy: heere's my knee:

Ere I arise, I will preferre my Sonnes,

Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,

These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,

And thinke they are my Sonnes, are none of mine,

They are the yssue of your Loynes, my Liege,

And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my Issue.

Bel. So sure as you, your Fathers: I (old *Morgan*)

Am that *Belarius*, whom you sometime banish'd: 399

Your pleasure was my neere offence, my punishment

It selfe, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,

Was all the harme I did. These gentle Princes

(For such, and so they are) these twenty yeares

Have I train'd up; those Arts they have, as I

Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)

As your Highnesse knowes: Their Nurse *Euriphile*

(Whom for the Theft I wedded) stole these Children

Upon my Banishment: I moov'd her too't,

Having receyv'd the punishment before

For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyaltie, 410

Excited me to Treason. Their deere losse,

The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd

Unto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,

Heere are your Sonnes againe, and I must loose

Two of the sweet'st Companions in the World.

The benediction of these covering Heavens
Fall on their heads, like dew, for they are worthie
To in-lay Heaven with Starres.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st:
The Service that you three have done, is more 420
Unlike, then this thou tell'st. I lost my Children,
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A payre of worthier Sonnes.

Bel. Be pleas'd awhile;
This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,
Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
This Gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Arviragus*.
Your yonger Princely Son, he Sir, was lapt
In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th'hand 429
Of his Queene Mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.

Cym. *Guiderius* had
Upon his necke a Mole, a sanguine Starre,
It was a marke of wonder.

Bel. This is he,
Who hath upon him still that naturall stampe:
It was wise Natures end, in the donation
To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
A Mother to the byrth of three? Nere Mother 440
Rejoyc'd deliverance more: Blest, pray you be,
That after this strange starting from your Orbes,
You may reigne in them now: Oh *Imogen*,
Thou hast lost by this a Kingdome.

Imo. No, my Lord:
I have got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Have we thus met? Oh never say heereafter

OF CYMBELINE

[V. v. 376-402]

But I am truest speaker. You call'd me Brother
 When I was but your Sister: I you Brothers,
 When we were so indeed. 450

Cym. Did you ere meete?

Arvi. I my good Lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd,
 Continew'd so, untill we thought he dyed.

Corn. By the Queenes Dramme she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!

When shall I heare all through? This fierce abridgment,
 Hath to it Circumstantiall branches, which
 Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?
 And when came you to serve our Romane Captive? 460
 How parted with your Brother? How first met them?
 Why fled you from the Court? And whether these?
 And your three motives to the Battaile? with
 I know not how much more should be demanded,
 And all the other by-dependances
 From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place
 Will serve our long Interrogatories. See,

Posthumus Anchors upon *Imogen*;

And she (like harmlesse Lightning) throwes her eye
 On him: her Brothers, Me: her Master hitting 470
 Each object with a Joy: the Counter-change
 Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
 And smoake the Temple with our Sacrifices.
 [*To Belarius*] Thou art my Brother, so wee'l hold
 thee ever. |

Imo. You are my Father too, and did releve me:
 To see this gracious season.

Cym. All ore-joy'd
 Save these in bonds, let them be joyfull too,

450. *we: ye*-2Rowz.

461. *Brother: brothers*-2Rowz

467. *Interrogatories: inter'gatories*-MALONE.

For they shall taste our Comfort. 479

Imo. My good Master, I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you.

Cym. The forlorne Souldier, that no Nobly fought
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.

Post. I am Sir

The Souldier that did company these three
In poore beseeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speake *Iachimo*, I had you downe, and might
Have made you finish. 490

Iach. [*Kneeling*] I am downe againe:
But now my heaue Conscience sinkes my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you
Which I so often owe: but your Ring first,
And heere the Bracelet of the truest Princesse
That ever swore her Faith.

Post. Kneele not to me:

The powre that I have on you, is to spare you:
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live
And deale with others better. 500

Cym. Nobly doom'd:

Wee'l learne our Freenesse of a Sonne-in-Law:
Pardon's the word to all.

Arvi. You holpe¹ us Sir, ^{1 helped}
As you did meane indeed to be our Brother,
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your Servant Princes. Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Sooth-sayer: As I slept, me thought
Great Jupiter upon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shewes 510

480. new l. at I-POPE.

482. No: So-2-4F.

510. *sprightly*: *spritely*-STEEVENS (1793).

OF CYMBELINE

[V. v. 429-456]

Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Labell on my bosome; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardnesse, that I can
Make no Collection¹ of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction. ¹ inference

Luc. Philarmonus.

Sooth. Heere, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

[*Sooth.*] *Reades.*

519

*When as a Lyons whelpe, shall to himselfe unknown,
with- | out seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece
of tender | Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall
be lopt branches, | which being dead many yeares, shall
after revive, bee joynted to | the old Stocke, and freshly
grow, then shall Posthumus end his | miseries, Britaine
be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plen- | tie.*

Thou *Leonatus* art the Lyons Whelpe,
The fit and apt Construction of thy name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much:
[*To Cymbeline*] The peece of tender Ayre, thy vertu-
ous Daughter, | 530
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
We terme it *Mulier*; which *Mulier* I divine
Is this most constant Wife, who even now
Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
Unknowne to you unsought, were clipt about
With this most tender Aire.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royall *Cymbeline*
Personates thee: And thy lopt Branches, point
Thy two Sonnes forth: who by *Belarius* stolne 540
For many yeares thought dead, are now reviv'd

To the Majesticke Cedar joyn'd; whose Issue
Promises Britaine, Peace and Plenty.

Cym. Well,

My Peace we will begin: And *Caius Lucius*,
Although the Victor, we submit to *Cæsar*,
And to the Romane Empire; promising
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queene,
Whom heavens in Justice both on her, and hers, 550
Have laid most heavy hand.

South. The fingers of the Powres above, do tune
The harmony of this Peace: the Vision
Which I made knowne to *Lucius* ere the stroke
Of yet this scarce-cold-Battaile, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the Romaine Eagle
From South to West, on wing soaring aloft
Lessen'd her selfe, and in the Beames o'th'Sun
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle
Th'Imperiall *Cæsar*, should againe unite 560
His Favour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which shines heere in the West.

Cym. Laud we the Gods,

And let our crooked Smoakes climbe to their Nostrils
From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace
To all our Subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman, and a Brittain Ensigne wave
Friendly together: so through *Luds-Towne* march,
And in the Temple of great Jupiter
Our Peace wee'l ratific: Seale it with Feasts. 570
Set on there: Never was a Warre did cease
(Ere bloodie hands were wash'd) with such a Peace.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

555. yet this: this yet-3-4F.

THE WINTERS TALE

W.T.I.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEONTES, *king of Sicilia.*

MAMILIUS, *young prince of Sicilia.*

CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMENES, } *Four Lords of Sicilia.*
DION,

POLIXENES, *king of Bobemia.*

FLORIZEL, *prince of Bobemia.*

ARCHIDAMUS, *a Lord of Bobemia.*

Old Shepherd, *reputed father of Perdita.*

Clown, *his son.*

AUTOLYCUS, *a rogue.*

A Mariner.

A Gaoler.

HERMIONE, *queen to Leontes.*

PERDITA, *daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

PAULINA, *wife to Antigonus.*

EMILIA, *a lady attending on Hermione.*

MOPSA, }
DORCAS, } *Shepherdesses.*

Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers and
Servants, Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Time, as Chorus.

SCENE: *Partly in Sicilia, and partly in Bobemia.*]



**Monument to Shakespeare, Stratford-on-Avon, donated by Lord Ronald Gower.
It is Lord Gower's own work and a valuable tribute to the poet's memory**

THE WINTERS TALE



Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[Antechamber in Leontes' palace.]

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch.

IF you shall chance (*Camillo*) to visit *Bobemia*, on the like occasion whereon my services are now | on-foot, you shall see (as I have said) great dif- | ference betwixt our *Bobemia*, and your *Sicilia*. |

Cam. I thinke, this comming Summer, the King of *Sicilia* meanes to pay *Bobemia* the Visitation, which hee justly owes him. 10

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment shall shame us: we will be justified in our Loves: for indeed —

Cam. 'Beseech you —

Arch. Verely I speake it in the freedome of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say—Wee will give you sleepee Drinkes, that your Sences (un-intelligent of our insufficiency) may, though they cannot prayse us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deale to deare, for what's given freely. 21

Arch. 'Beleeve me, I speake as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honestie puts it to utterance.

Cam. *Sicilia* cannot shew himselfe over-kind to *Bohemia*: They were trayn'd together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but braunch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Necessities, made seperation of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Personall) hath been Royally attorneyed¹ with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, loving Embassies, that they have seem'd to be together, though absent: shooke hands, as over a Vast;² and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed Winds. The Heavens continue their Loves. ¹*performed by proxy*

Arch. I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter; to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius*: it is a Gentleman of the greatest Promise, that ever came into my Note. ²*gulf*

Cam. I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child; one, that (indeed) Physicks the Subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on Crutches ere he was borne, desire yet their life, to see him a Man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die? 43

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse, why they should | desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would desire to live on Crutches till he had one. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

[*A room of state in the same.*]

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo [and Attendants]. |

Pol. Nine Changes of the Watry-Starre hath been
The Shepheards Note, since we have left our Throne
30. baib: have-2-4F.

THE WINTERS TALE

[I. ii. 3-29

Without a Burthen: Time as long againe
 Would be fill'd up (my Brother) with our Thanks,
 And yet we should, for perpetuities,
 Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher
 (Yet standing in rich place) I multiply
 With one we thanke you, many thousands moe, 10
 That goe before it.

Leo. Stay your Thanks a while,
 And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:
 I am question'd by my feares, of what may chance,
 Or breed upon our absence, that may blow
 No sneaping¹ Winds at home, to make us say, ¹*nipping*
 This is put forth too truly: besides, I have stay'd
 To tyre your Royaltie.

Leo. We are tougher (Brother) 20
 Then you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One Seve'night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to morrow.

Leo. Wee'le part the time betweene's then: and in that
 Ile no gaine-saying.

Pol. Presse me not ('beseech you) so:
 There is no Tongue that moves; none, none i'th' World
 So soone as yours, could win me: so it should now,
 Were there necessitie in your request, although 30
 'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires
 Doe even drag me home-ward: which to hinder,
 Were (in your Love) a Whip to me; my stay,
 To you a Charge, and Trouble: to save both,
 Farewell (our Brother.)

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queene? speake you.

Her. I had thought (Sir) to have held my peace, untill
 You had drawne Oathes from him, not to stay: you (Sir)

Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
 All in *Bobemia's* well: this satisfaction, 40
 The by-gone-day proclaym'd, say this to him,
 He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, *Hermione*.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strong:
 But let him say so then, and let him goe;
 But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
 Wee'l thwack him hence with Distaffes.
 Yet of your Royall presence, Ile adventure
 The borrow of a Weeke. When at *Bobemia*
 You take my Lord, Ile give him my Commission, 50
 To let him there a Moneth, behind the Gest ¹ ^{1 period}
 Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good-deed)² *Leontes*,² ^{indeed}
 I love thee not a Jarre ³ o'th'Clock, behind ^{3 tick}
 What Lady she her Lord. You'le stay?

Pol. No, Madame.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not verely.

Her. Verely?

You put me off with limber Vowes: but I,
 Though you would seek t'unsphere the Stars with Oaths,
 Should yet say, Sir, no going: Verely 61
 You shall not goe; a Ladyes Verely ' is
 As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?
 Force me to keepe you as a Prisoner,
 Not like a Guest: so you shall pay your Fees
 When you depart, and save your Thanks. How say you?
 My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dread Verely,
 One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your Guest then, Madame:

To be your Prisoner, should import offending; 70

THE WINTERS TALE

[I. ii. 58-85

Which is for me, lesse easie to commit,
Then you to punish.

Her. Not your Gaoler then,
But your kind Hostesse. Come, Ile question you
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes:
You were pretty Lordings then?

Pol. We were (faire Queene)
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be Boy eternall. 80

Her. Was not my Lord
The veryer Wag o'th'two?

Pol. We were as twyn'd Lambs, that did frisk i'th' Sun,
And bleat the one at th'other: what we chang'd,
Was Innocence, for Innocence: we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weake Spirits ne're been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly, not guilty; the Imposition clear'd, 90
Hereditarie ours.

Her. By this we gather
You have tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred Lady,
Temptations have since then been borne to's: for
In those unfledg'd dayes, was my Wife a Girle;
Your precious selfe had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young Play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot:
Of this make no conclusion, least you say 100
Your Queene and I are Devils: yet goe on,
Th'offences we have made you doe, wee'le answer,
If you first sinn'd with us: and that with us
You did continue fault; and that you slipt not

With any, but with us.

Leo. Is he wooon yet?

Her. Hee'le stay (my Lord.)

Leo. At my request, he would not:

Hermione (my dearest) thou never spoak'st
To better purpose. 110

Her. Never?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't before?
I prethee tell me: cram's with prayse, and make's
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tonguelesse,
Slaughters a thousand, wayting upon that.
Our prayses are our Wages. You may ride's
With one soft Kisse a thousand Furlongs, ere
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th'Goale:
My last good deed, was to entreat his stay. 120
What was my first? it ha's an elder Sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were *Grace*.
But once before I spoke to th'purpose? when?
Nay, let me have't: I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed Moneths had sowr'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:
A clap thy selfe my Love; then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. 'Tis *Grace* indeed. 130
Why lo-you now; I have spoke to th' purpose twice:
The one, for ever earn'd a Royall Husband;
Th'other, for some while a Friend.

Leo. [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot:
To mingle friendship farre, is mingling bloods.
I have *Tremor Cordis* on me: my heart daunces,

THE WINTERS TALE

[I. ii. 111-137

But not for joy; not joy. This Entertainment
 May a free face put on: derive a Libertie
 From Heartinesse, from Bountie, fertile Bosome,
 And well become the Agent: 't may; I graunt: 140
 But to be padling Palmes, and pinching Fingers,
 As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles
 As in a Looking-Glasse; and then to sigh, as 'twere
 The Mort¹ o'th' Deere: oh, that is entertainment
 My Bosome likes not, nor my Browes. *Mamillius*,
 Art thou my Boy? ^{1 death}

Mam. I, my good Lord.

Leo. I' fecks: ^{2 in fact}
 Why that's my Bawcock: ³ what? has't smutch'd thy
 Nose? | ^{3 fine fellow}
 They say it is a Coppy out of mine. Come Captaine,
 We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, Captaine: 151
 And yet the Steere, the Heycfer, and the Calfe,
 Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling ⁴
 Upon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)
 Art thou my Calfe? ^{4 playing on the virginal}

Mam. Yes, if you will (my Lord.)

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, ⁵ & the shoots that I
 have | ^{5 head}

To be full, like me: yet they say we are
 Almost as like as Egges; Women say so,
 (That will say any thing.) But were they false 160
 As o're-dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; false
 As Dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes ^{6 sky-blue}
 No borne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
 To say this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)
 Looke on me with your Welkin ⁶ eye: sweet Villaine,
 Most dear'st, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be

152. *Heycfer*: heifer-3-4F.

166. *Dam*,: Dam?-CAMBRIDGE.

Affection? thy Intention stabs the Center.
 Thou do'st make possible things not so held,
 Communicat'st with Dreames (how can this be?)
 With what's unrell: thou coactive art, 170
 And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
 Thou may'st co-joyne with something, and thou do'st,
 (And that beyond Commission) and I find it,
 (And that to the infection of my Braines,
 And hardning of my Browes.)

Pol. What meanes *Sicilia*?

Her. He something seemes unsetled.

Pol. How? my Lord?

Leo. What cheere? how is't with you, best Brother?

Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much distraction:
 Are you mov'd (my Lord?) 181

Leo. No, in good earnest.

How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly?
 It's tendernes? and make it selfe a Pastime
 To harder bosomes? Looking on the Lynes
 Of my Boyes face, me thoughts I did requoyle
 Twentie three yeeres, and saw my selfe un-breech'd,
 In my greene Velvet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,
 Least it should bite it's Master, and so prove
 (As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous: 190
 How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernell,
 This Squash, this Gentleman. Mine honest Friend,
 Will you take Egges for Money?

Mam. No (my Lord) Ile fight.

Leo. You will: why happy man be's dole.¹ My Brother
 Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we
 Doe seeme to be of ours? ^{1 portion}

166-7. *may't be Affection?*: *may't be?*—*Affection!*—STEEVENS
 (1778). 178-80. 2 ll. ending look, distraction—THEOBALD.
 190. *do's*: *do*—ROWE.

THE WINTERS TALE

[I. ii. 165-195]

Pol. If at home (Sir)
He's all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my sworne Friend, and then mine Enemy; 200
My Parasite, my Souldier: States-man; all:
He makes a Julyes day, short as December,
And with his varying child-nesse, cures in me
Thoughts, that would thicke my blood.

Leo. So stands this Squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walke (my Lord)
And leave you to your graver steps. *Hermione,*
How thou lov'st us, shew in our Brothers welcome;
Let what is deare in Sicily, be cheape:
Next to thy selfe, and my young Rover, he's 210
Apparant¹ to my heart. ¹ *beir apparent*

Her. If you would seeke us,
We are yours i'th'Garden: shall's attend you there?

Leo. To your ownebents dispose you: you'le be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: [*Aside*] I am angling now,
(Though you perceiv me not how I give Lyne)
Goe too, goe too.

How she holds up the Neb² the Byll to him?
And armes her with the boldnesse of a Wife ² *beak*
To her allowing Husband. [*Exeunt Polixenes, Her-*
mione, and Attendants.] Gone already, | 220
Ynch-thick, knee-deepe; ore head and eares a fork'd³ one.
Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother playes, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue ³ *borned*
Will hisse me to my Grave: Contempt and Clamor
Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there have been
(Or I am much deceiv'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (even at this present,
Now, while I speake this) holds his Wife by th'Arme,
That little thinkes she ha's been sluy'd in's absence,
And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbor (by 230

Sir *Smile*, his Neighbor:) nay, there's comfort in't,
 Whiles other men have Gates, and those Gates open'd
 (As mine) against their will. Should all despaire
 That have revolted Wives, the tenth of Mankind
 Would hang themselves. Physick for't, there's none:
 It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike

Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powrefull: thinke it:
 From East, West, North, and South, be it concluded,
 No Barricado for a Belly. Know't,

It will let in and out the Enemy, 240

With bag and baggage: many thousand on's

Have the Disease, and feele't not. How now Boy?

Mam. I am like you say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.

What? *Camillo* there?

Cam. I, my good Lord.

Leo. Goe play (*Mamillius*) thou'rt an honest man:

[*Exit Mamillius.*]

Camillo, this great Sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold,
 When you cast out, it still came home. 250

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your Petitions, made
 His Businesse more materiall.

Leo. Didst perceive it?

[*Aside*] They're here with me already; whisp'ring,
 rounding: |

Sicilia is a so-forth: 'tis farre gone,

When I shall gust¹ it last. How cam't (*Camillo*)

That he did stay? ^{1 taste}

Cam. At the good Queenes entreatie.

Leo. At the Queenes be't: Good should be pertinent,

243. you say: you they say-2-4F.

THE WINTERS TALE

[I. ii. 222-250]

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken 261

By any understanding Pate but thine?

For thy Conceit is soaking, will draw in

More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is't,

But of the finer Natures? by some Severalls

Of Head-peece extraordinarie? Lower Messes

Perchance are to this Businesse purblind? say.

Cam. Businesse, my Lord? I thinke most understand

Bohemia stayes here longer.

Leo. Ha?

270

Cam. Stayes here longer.

Leo. I, but why?

Cam. To satisfie your Highnesse, and the Entreaties

Of our most gracious Mistresse.

Leo. Satisfie?

Th'entreaties of your Mistresse? Satisfie?

Let that suffice. I have trusted thee (*Camillo*)

With all the neerest things to my heart, as well

My Chamber-Councels, wherein (Priest-like) thou

Hast cieans'd my Bosome. I, from thee departed 280

Thy Penitent reform'd: but we have been

Deceiv'd in thy Integritie, deceiv'd

In that which seemes so.

Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)

Leo. To bide upon't: thou art not honest: or

If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a Coward,

Which hoxes¹ honestie behind, restrayning

From Course requir'd. or else thou must be counted

A Servant, grafted in my serious Trust, ¹*hamstrings*

And therein negligent: or else a Foole, 290

That seest a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne,

And tak'st it all for jeast.

Cam. My gracious Lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearefull,

In every one of these, no man is free,
 But that his negligence, his folly, feare,
 Among the infinite doings of the World,
 Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.)
 If ever I were wilfull-negligent,
 It was my folly: if industriously 300
 I play'd the Foole, it was my negligence,
 Not weighing well the end: if ever fearefull
 To doe a thing, where I the issue doubted,
 Whereof the execution did cry out
 Against the non-performance, 'twas a feare
 Which oft infects the wisest: these (my Lord)
 Are such allow'd Infirmities, that honestie
 Is never free of. But beseech your Grace
 Be plainer with me, let me know my Trespas
 By it's owne visage; if I then deny it, 310
 'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha' not you seene *Camillo*?

(But that's past doubt: you have, or your eye-glasse
 Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?
 (For to a Vision so apparant, Rumor
 Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation
 Resides not in that man, that do's not thinke)
 My Wife is slipperie? If thou wilt confesse,
 Or else be impudently negative,
 To have nor Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought, then say
 My Wife's a Holy-Horse, deserves a Name 321
 As ranke as any Fiaw-Wench, that puts to
 Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to heare
 My Sovereigne Mistresse clouded so, without
 My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,

298. *puts forth in*: puts forth. IN-THEOBALD.

321. *Holy-Horse*: hobby-horse-2ROWE.

THE WINTERS TALE

[I. ii. 282-308

You never spoke what did become you lesse
Then this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deepe as that, though true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing? 330

Is leaning Cheeke to Cheeke? is meating Noses?
Kissing with in-side Lip? stopping the Cariere
Of Laughter, with a sigh? (a Note infallible
Of breaking Honestie) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing Clocks more swift?
Houres, Minutes? Noone, Mid-night? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web,¹ but theirs; theirs onely,
That would unseene be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing,
The covering Skie is nothing, *Bobemia* nothing, 340
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing have these Nothings,
If this be nothing. ¹ *cataract*

Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd Opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam No, no, my Lord.

Leo. It is: you lye, you lye:

I say thou lyeest *Camillo*, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a grosse Lowt, a mindlesse Slave, 350
Or else a hovering Temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evill,
Inclining to them both: were my Wives Liver
Infected (as her life) she would not live
The running of one Glasse

Cam. Who do's infect her?

Leo. Why he that weares her like her Medull, hanging
About his neck (*Bobemia*) who, if I

332. *Cariere*: career-2Rowz.

357. *Medull*: medal-Rowz.

Had Servants true about me, that bare eyes
 To see alike mine Honor, as their Profits, 360
 (Their owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that
 Which should undoe more doing: I and thou
 His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme
 Have Bench'd, and rear'd to Worship, who may'st see
 Plainely, as Heaven sees Earth, and Earth sees Heaven,
 How I am gall'd, might'st be-spice a Cup,
 To give mine Enemy a lasting Winke:
 Which Draught to me, were cordiall.

Cam. Sir (my Lord)

I could doe this, and that with no rash¹ Potion, 370
 But with a lingring Dram, that should not worke
 Maliciously, like Poyson: But I cannot ^{1 quick}
 Beleeve this Crack to be in my dread Mistresse
 (So soveraignely being Honorable.)
 I have lov'd thee,

Leo Make that thy question, and goe rot:

Do'st thinke I am so muddy, so unsettled,
 To appoint my selfe in this vexation?
 Sully the puritie and whitenesse of my Sheetes
 (Which to preserve, is Sleepe; which being spotted,
 Is Goades, Thornes, Nettles, Tayles of Waspses) 381
 Give scandall to the blood o'th'Prince, my Sonne,
 (Who I doe thinke is mine, and love as mine)
 Without ripe moving to't? Would I doe this?
 Could man so blench?

Cam. I must beleeve you (Sir)

I doe, and will fetch off *Bobemia* for't:
 Provided, that when hee's remov'd, your Highnesse
 Will take againe your Queene, as yours at first, 389
 Even for your Sonnes sake, and threby for sealing

THE WINTERS TALE

[I. ii. 338-366

The Injurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes
Knowne, and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou do'st advise me,
Even so as I mine owne course have set downe:
Ile give no blemish to her Honor, none.

Cam. My Lord,
Goe then; and with a countenance as cleare
As Friendship weares at Feasts, keepe with *Bobemia*,
And with your Queene: I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he have wholesome Beveridge, 400
Account me not your Servant.

Leo. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one halfe of my heart;
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine owne.

Cam. Ile do't, my Lord.

Leo. I wil seeme friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. *Exit*

Cam. O miserable Lady. But for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poysoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Master; one, 410
Who in Rebellion with himselfe, will have
All that are his, so too. . To doe this deed,
Promotion followes: If I could find example
Of thousand's that had struck anynted Kings,
And flourish'd after, Il'd not do't: But since
Nor Brasse, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares not one,
Let Villanie it selfe forswear't. I must
Forsake the Court: to do't, or no, is certaine
To me a breake-neck. Happy Starre raigne now,
Here comes *Bobemia*. *Enter Polixenes.* 420

Pol. This is strange: Me thinks
My favor here begins to warpe. Not speake?
Good day *Camillo*.

Cam. Hayle most Royall Sir.

Pol. What is the Newes i' th' Court?

Cam. None rare (my Lord.)

Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some Province, and a Region
Lov'd, as he loves himselfe: even now I met him
With customarie complement, when hee 430
Wafting¹ his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A Lippe of much contempt, speedes from me, and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners. ^{1 turning}

Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)

Pol. How, dare not? doe not? doe you know, and dare
not? |

Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to your selfe, what you doe know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror, 440
Which shewes me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A partie in this alteration, finding
My selfe thus alter'd with't.

Cam. There is a sicknesse
Which puts some of us in distemper, but
I cannot name the Disease, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the Basilisque.
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so: *Camillo*, 451
As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto
Clerke-like experienc'd, which no lesse adorne
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
In whose successe² we are gentle: I beseech you,
If you know ought which do's behove my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not ^{2 succession}

THE WINTERS TALE

[I. ii. 397-424

In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A Sicknesse caught of me, and yet I well? 460
I must be answer'd. Do'st thou heare *Camillo*,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which Honor do's acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidencie thou do'st ghesse of harme
Is creeping toward me; how farre off, how neere,
Which way to be prevented, if to be:
If not, how best to beare it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him 470
That I thinke Honorable: therefore marke my counsaile,
Which must be ev'n as swiftly followed, as
I meane to utter it; or both your selfe, and me,
Cry lost, and so good night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo*.

Cam. I am appointed him to murther you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo*?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what? 479

Cam. He thinkes, nay with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or beene an Instrument
To vice¹ you to't, that you have toucht his Queene
Forbiddenly. ^{1 screw}

Pol. Oh then, my best blood turne
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the Best:
Turne then my freshest Reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest Nosthrill
Where I arrive, and my approach be shun'd,
Nay hated too, worse then the great'st Infection 490
That ere was heard, or read.

Cam. Swear¹ his thought over ¹ *outswear*
 By each particular Starre in Heaven, and
 By all their Influences; you may as well
 Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,
 As (or by Oath) remove, or (Counsaille) shake
 The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundation
 Is pyl'd upon his Faith, and will continue
 The standing of his Body.

Pol. How should this grow? 500

Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
 Avoid what's growne, then question how 'tis borne.
 If therefore you dare trust my honestie,
 That lyes enclosed in this Trunke, which you
 Shall beare along impawnd, away to Night,
 Your Followers I will whisper to the Businesse,
 And will by twoes, and threes, at severall Posternes,
 Cleare them o'th'Citie: For my selfe, Ile put
 My fortunes to your service (which are here
 By this discoverie lost.) Be not uncertaine, 510
 For by the honor of my Parents, I
 Have uttred Truth: which if you seeke to prove,
 I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,
 Then one condemnd by the Kings owne mouth:
 Thereon his Execution sworne.

Pol. I doe beleeeve thee:
 I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand,
 Be Pilot to me, and thy places shall
 Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
 My people did expect my hence departure 520
 Two dayes agoe. This Jealousie
 Is for a precious Creature: as shee's rare,
 Must it be great; and, as his Person's mightie,

THE WINTERS TALE [I. ii. 453-II. i. 11

Must it be violent: and, as he do's conceive,
 He is dishonor'd by a man, which ever
 Profess'd to him: why his Revenges must
 In that be made more bitter. Feare ore-shades me:
 Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort
 The gracious Queene, part of his Theame; but nothing
 Of his ill-ta'ne suspicion. Come *Camillo*, 530
 I will respect thee as a Father, if
 Thou bear'st my life off, hence: Let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authoritie to command
 The Keyes of all the Posternes: Please your Highnesse
 To take the urgent houre. Come Sir, away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

[*A room in Leontes' palace.*]

*Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leontes,
 Antigonus, Lords.*

Her. Take the Boy to you: he so troubles me,
 'Tis past enduring.

[1.] *Lady.* Come (my gracious Lord)
 Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, Ile none of you.

[1.] *Lady.* Why (my sweet Lord?) 9

Mam. You'le kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if
 I were a Baby still. I love you better.

2. *Lady.* And why so (my Lord?)

Mam. Not for because

Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they say
 Become some Women best, so that there be not
 Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,
 Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)

2-3. *Leontes, Antigonus, Lords: out-Rown.*

2. *Lady.* Who taught 'this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now,
What colour are your eye-browes? 20

[1.] *Lady.* Blew (my Lord.)

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have scene a Ladies Nose
That ha's beene blew, but not her eye-browes.

[1.] *Lady.* Harke ye,
The Queene (your Mother) rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new Prince
One of these dayes, and then youl'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2. *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.) 30

Her. What wisdoms stirs amongst you? Come Sir, now
I am for you againe: 'Pray you sit by us,
And tell's a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shal't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad Tale's best for Winter:
I have one of Sprights; and Goblins.

Her. Let's have that (good Sir.)
Come-on, sit downe, come-on, and doe your best, 39
To fright me with your Sprights: you're powrefull at it.

Mam. There was a man.

Her. Nay, come sit downe: then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it softly,
Yond Crickets shall not heare it.

Her. Come on then, and giv't me in mine eare.

[Enter Leontes, with Antigonus, Lords, and others.]

Leon. Was hee met there? his Traine? *Camillo* with
him?

18. *taught 'this*: taught you this—Rowe. 36-7. new l. at Of-Dyce.
44-5. 2 ll. ending then, ear—Capell. 46-7. verse—Rowe.

THE WINTERS TALE

[II. i. 34-62

[1.] *Lord.* Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, never
Saw I men scowre so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their Ships. 50

Leo. How blest am I
In my just Censure? in my true Opinion?
Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd,
In being so blest? There may be in the Cup
A Spider steep'd, and one may drinke; depart.
And yet partake no venome: (for his knowledge
Is not infected) but if one present
Th'abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make knowne
How he hath drunke, he cracks his gorge, his sides 59
With violent Hefts:¹ I have drunke, and seene the Spider.
Camillo was his helpe in this, his Pandar: ¹ *beavings*
There is a Plot against my Life, my Crowne;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false Villaine,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He ha's discover'd my Designe, and I
Remaine a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Trick
For them to play at will: how came the Posternes
So easily open?

[1.] *Lord.* By his great authority,
Which often hath no lesse prevail'd, then so, 70
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.
Give me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he do's beare some signes of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? Sport?

Leo. Beare the Boy hence, he shall not come about
her |

Away with him, and let her sport her selfe
With that shee's big-with, for 'tis *Polixenes*
Ha's made thee swell thus. 80

Her. But Il'd say he had not;
 And Ile be sworne you would beleeve my saying,
 How e're you leane to th'Nay-ward.¹ ¹ *denial*

Leo. You (my Lords)
 Looke on her, marke her well: be but about
 To say she is a goodly Lady, and
 The justice of your hearts will thereto adde
 'Tis pittie shee's not honest: Honorable;
 Prayse her but for this her without-dore-Forme, 89
 (Which on my faith deserves high speech) and straight
 The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (these Petty-brands
 That Calumnies doth use; Oh, I am out,
 That Mercy do's, for Calumnies will feare
 Vertue it selfe) these Shrugs, these Hum's, and Ha's,
 When you have said shee's goodly, come betweene,
 Ere you can say shee's honest: But be't knowne
 (From him that ha's most cause to grieve it should be)
 Shee's an Adultresse.

Her. Should a Villaine say so,
 (The most replenish'd Villaine in the World) 100
 He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord)
 Doe but mistake. ² *confederate*

Leo. You have mistooke (my Lady)
Polixenes for *Leontes*: O thou Thing,
 (Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place,
 Least Barbarisme (making me the precedent)
 Should a like Language use to all degrees,
 And mannerly distinguishment leave out,
 Betwixt the Prince and Begger:) I have said
 Shee's an Adultresse, I have said with whom: 110
 More; shee's a Traytor, and *Camillo* is
 A Federarie² with her, and one that knowes

86. *sbc*: she-2-4F.

THE WINTERS TALE

[II. i. 91-117

What she should shame to know her selfe,
But with her most vild Principall: that shee's
A Bed-swarver, even as bad as those
That Vulgars give bold'st Titles; I, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No (by my life)

Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that 120
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my Lord,
You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say
You did mistake.

Leo. No: if I mistake

In those Foundations which I build upon,
The Centre is not bigge enough to beare
A Schoole-Boyes Top. Away with her, to Prison:
He who shall speake for her, is a farre-off guiltie,
But that he speakes.

Her. There's some ill Planet raignes: 130

I must be patient, till the Heavens looke
With an aspect more favorable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex
Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew
Perchance shall dry your pitties: but I have
That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes
Worse then Teares drowne:' beseech you all (my Lords)
With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The Kings will be perform'd. 140

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech you
Highnes |
My Women may be with me, for you see

My plight requires it. Doe not weepe (good Fooles)
 There is no cause: When you shall know your Mistris
 Ha's deserv'd Prison, then abound in Teares,
 As I come out; this Action I now goe on,
 Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)
 I never wish'd to see you sorry, now
 I trust I shall: my Women come, you have leave. 150
Leo. Goe, doe our bidding: hence.

[*Exit Queen, guarded; with Ladies.*]

[1.] *Lord.* Beseech your Highnesse call the Queene
 againe. |

Antig. Be certaine what you do (Sir) least your Jus-
 tice |.

Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer,
 Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne.

[1.] *Lord.* For her (my Lord)
 I dare my life lay downe, and will do't (Sir)
 Please you t'accept it, that the Queene is spotlesse
 I'th'eyes of Heaven, and to you (I meane
 In this, which you accuse her.) 160

Antig. If it prove
 Shee's otherwise, Ile keepe my Stables where
 I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:
 Then when I feele, and see her, no farther trust her:
 For every ynch of Woman in the World,
 I, every dram of Womans flesh is false,
 If she be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

[1.] *Lord.* Good my Lord. 169

Antig. It is for you we speake, not for our selves:
 You are abus'd, and by some putter on,¹ ¹ *instigator*
 That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,
 I would Land-damne him: be she honor-flaw'd,
 I have three daughters: the eldest is eleven;

THE WINTERS TALE

[II. i. 145-171

The second, and the third, nine: and some five:
If this prove true, they'l pay for't. By mine Honor
Ile gell'd em all: fourteene they shall not see
To bring false generations :¹ they are co-heyres,
And I had rather glib ² my selfe, then they ¹ *children*
Should not produce faire issue. ² *geld* 180

Leo. Cease, no more:

You smell this businesse with a sence as cold
As is a dead-mans nose: but I do see't, and feel't,
As you feele doing thus: and see withall
The Instruments that feele.

Antig. If it be so,

We neede no grave to burie honesty,
There's not a graine of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy-earth.

Leo. What? lacke I credit? 190

[1.] *Lord.* I had rather you did lacke then I (my Lord)

Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her Honor true, then your suspicion
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why what neede we

Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forcefull instigation? Our prerogative
Cals not your Counsailes, but our naturall goodnesse
Imparts this: which, if you, or stupified,
Or seeming so, in skill, cannot, or will not 200
Rellish a truth, like us: informe your selves,
We neede no more of your advice: the matter,
The losse, the gaine, the ord'ring on't,
Is all properly ours.

Antig. And I wish (my Liege)

You had onely in your silent judgement tride it,

203-5. 2 ll. ending all, *LIEGE-THEOBALD.*

Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wer't borne a foole: *Camillo's* flight 210
Added to their Familiarity

(Which was as grosse, as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight onely, nought for approbation
But onely seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to'th deed) doth push-on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation

(For in an Acte of this importance, 'twere
Most pittous to be wilde) I hane dispatch'd in post,
To sacred *Delphos*, to *Appollo's* Temple,
Cleomines and *Dion*, whom you know 220

Of stuff'd-sufficiency: Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all, whose spirituall counsaile had
Shall stop, or spurre me. Have I done well?

[1.] *Lord.* Well done (my Lord.)

Leo. Though I am satisfide, and neede no more
Then what I know, yet shall the Oracle
Give rest to th'mindes of others; such as he
Whose ignorant credulitie, will not
Come up to th'truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person, she should be confinde, 230
Least that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to performe. Come follow us,
We are to speake in publique: for this businesse
Will raise us all.

Antig. [*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth, were knowne. *Exeunt*

218. *bane* : have-2-4F.

220. *Cleomines*: Cleomenes, and so throughout-CAPELL.

THE WINTERS TALE

[II. ii. 1-19]

Scena Secunda.

[*A prison.*]

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman [and Attendants], Gaoler, Emilia. |

Paul. The Keeper of the prison, call to him:
Let him have knowledge who I am. [*Exit Gent.*] Good
Lady, |

No Court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison? [*Re-enter Gentleman
with the Gaoler.*] Now good Sir, |
You know me, do you not?

Gao. For a worthy Lady,
And one, who much I honour.

Pau. Pray you then, 10
Conduct me to the Queene.

Gao. I may not (Madam)
To the contrary I have expresse commandment.

Pau. Here's a-do, to locke up honesty & honour from
Th'accesse of gentle visitors. Is't lawfull pray you
To see her Women? Any of them? *Emilia?*

Gao. So please you (Madam)
To put a-part these your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

Pau. I pray now call her: 20
With-draw your selves.

[*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.*]

Gao. And Madam,
I must be present at your Conference.

Pau. Well: be't so: prethee. [*Exit Gaoler.*]
Heere's such a-doe, to make no staine, a staine,

2. *Gaoler, Emilia:* out—HANMER.

9. *who:* whom—2-4F.

14. *Here's a-do:* separate l.—HANMER.

As passes colouring. [*Re-enter Gaoler with Emilia.*]
 Deare Gentlewoman,
 How fares our gtacious Lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorne
 May hold together: On her frights, and greefes
 (Which never tender Lady hath borne greater) 30
 She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Pau. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
 Lusty, and like to live: the Queene receives
 Much comfort in't: Sayes, my poore prisoner,
 I am innocent as you,

Pau. I dare be sworne:
 These dangerous, unsafe Lunes¹ i'th' King, beshrewthem:
 He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
 Becomes a woman best. Ile take't upon me, 40
 If I prove hony-mouth'd, let my tongue blister.
 And never to my red-look'd Anger bee ¹ *mad freaks*
 The Trumpet any more: pray you (*Emilia*)
 Commend my best obedience to the Queene,
 If she dares trust me with her little babe,
 I'll shew't the King, and undertake to bee
 Her Advocate to th'lowd'st. We do not know
 How he may soften at the sight o'th' Childe:
 The silence often of pure innocence
 Perswades, when speaking failes. 50

Emil. Most worthy Madam,
 your honor, and your goodnesse is so evident,
 That your free undertaking cannot misse
 A thriving yssue: there is no Lady living
 So meete for this great errand; please your Ladiship
 To visit the next roome, Ile presenrly

27. *gtacious*: gracious-2-4F. 56. *presenrly*: presently-2-4F.

THE WINTERS TALE

[II. ii. 48–iii. 4

Acquaint the Queene of your most noble offer,
Who, but to day hammered of this designe,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour
Least she should be deny'd. 60

Paul. Tell her (*Emilia*)
Ile use that tongue I have: If wit flow from't
As boldnesse from my bosome, le't not be doubted
I shall do good,

Emil. Now be you blest for it.
Ile to the Queene: please you come something neerer.

Gao. Madam, if't please the Queene to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incurre, to passe it,
Having no warrant.

Pau. You neede not feare it (sir) 70
This Childe was prisoner to the wombe, and is
By Law and processe of great Nature, thence
Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a partie to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(If any be) the trespasse of the Queene.

Gao. I do beleeeve it.
Paul. Do not you feare: upon mine honor, I
Will stand betwixt you, and danger. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

[*A room in Leontes' palace.*]

*Enter Leontes, Servants, Paulina, Antigonus,
and Lords.*

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weaknesse
To beare the matter thus: meere weaknesse, if
The cause were not in being: part o'th cause,
She, th'Adultresse: for the harlot-King

2. *Paulina:* out-Rowe.

Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke ¹
 And levell of my braine: plot-prooffe: but shee,
 I can hooke to me: say that she were gone, 10
 Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
 Might come to me againe. Whose there?

[1.] Ser. My Lord. ^{1 bull's-eye of target}

Leo. How do's the boy?

[1.] Ser. He tooke good rest to night: 'tis hop'd
 His sicknesse is discharg'd.

Leo. To see his Noblenesse,
 Conceyving the dishonour of his Mother.
 He straight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,
 Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himselfe: 20
 Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,
 And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely: goe,
 See how he fares: [*Exit Serv.*] Fie, fie, no thought
 of him, |

The very thought of my Revenges that way
 Recoyle upon me: in himselfe too mightie,
 And in his parties, his Alliance; Let him be,
 Untill a time may serve. For present vengeance
 Take it on her: *Camillo*, and *Polixenes*
 Laugh at me: make their pastime at my sorrow:
 They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor 30
 Shall she, within my powre.

Enter Paulina [with a child].

[1.] Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be second to me:
 Feare you his tyrannous passion more (alas)
 Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent soule,
 More free, then he is jealous.

15-16. new l. at 'Tis hoped-STEEVENS (1793).

THE WINTERS TALE

[II. iii. 30-53]

Antig. That's enough.

[2.] *Ser.* Madam; he hath not slept to night, commanded |

None should come at him.

40

Paul. Not so hot (good Sir)

I come to bring him sleepe. 'Tis such as you
That creepe like shadowes by him, and do sighe
At each his needlesse heavings: such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I

Do come with words, as medicinall, as true;
(Honest, as either;) to purge him of that humor,
That presses him from sleepe.

Leo. Who noyse there, hoe?

Paul. No noyse (my Lord) but needfull conference,
About some Gossips for your Highnesse.

51

Leo. How?

Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus*,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me,
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so (my Lord)
On your displeasures perill, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What? canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonestie he can: in this
(Unlesse he take the course that you have done)
Commit me, for committing honor, trust it,
He shall not rule me:

60

Ant. La-you now, you heare,
When she will take the raine, I let her run,
But shee'l not stumble.

Paul. Good my Liege, I come:
And I beseech you heare me, who professes

My selfe your loyall Servant, your Physitian,
 Your most obedient Counsailor: yet that dares 70
 Lesse appeare so, in comforting your Evilles,
 Then such as most seeme yours. I say, I come
 From your good Queene.

Leo. Good Queene?

Paul. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,
 I say good Queene,
 And would by combate, make her good so, were I
 A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Pau. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes 80
 First hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off,
 But first, Ile do my errand. The good Queene
 (For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
 Heere 'tis: Commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*]

Leo. Out:

A mankinde¹ Witch? Hence with her, out o'dore:
 A most intelligencing² bawd. ¹*masculine*

Paul. Not so: ²*carrying intelligence*
 I am as ignorant in that, as you,
 In so entit'ling me: and no lesse honest 90
 Then you are mad: which is enough, Ile warrant
 (As this world goes) to passe for honest:

Leo. Traitors;

Will you not push her out? Give her the Bastard,
 Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd:³ unroosted
 By thy dame *Partlet* heere. Take up the Bastard,
 Take't up, I say: give't to thy Croane. ³*benpecked*

Paul. For ever
 Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou

70. *dares*: dare-STEEVENS (1793).

75-6. *good Queene, I say good Queene*: separate l.—POPE.

THE WINTERS TALE

[II. iii. 78-105]

Tak'st up the Princesse, by that forced basenesse 100
Which he ha's put upon't.

Leo. He dreads his Wife.

Paul. So I would you did: then 'twere past all doubt
Youl'd call your children, yours.

Leo. A nest of Traitors.

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Pau. Nor I: nor any

But one that's heere: and that's himselfe: for he,
The sacred Honor of himselfe, his Queenes, 109
His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrayes to Slander,
Whose sting is sharper then the Swords; and will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a Curse
He cannot be compell'd too't) once remove
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As ever Oake, or Stone was sound.

Leo. A Callat¹

¹*jade*

Of boundlesse tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,
And now bayts me: This Brat is none of mine,
It is the Issue of *Polixenes*.

Hence with it, and together with the Dam, 120
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours:

And might we lay th'old Proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold (my Lords)
Although the Print be little, the whole Matter
And Coppy of the Father: (Eye, Nose, Lippe,
The trick ot's Frowne, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley,
The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke; his Smiles:
The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nayle, Finger.)
And thou good Goddess *Nature*, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast 131

128. *his Smile*.: separate l.—GLOBE.

The ordering of the Mind too, 'mongst all Colours
No Yellow in't, least she suspect, as he do's,
Her Children, not her Husbands.

Leo. A grosse Hagge:

And Lozell,¹ thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her Tongue. ¹*cowardly fellow*

Antig. Hang all the Husbands
That cannot doe that Feat, you'le leave your selfe
Hardly one Subject. 140

Leo. Once more take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy, and unnaturall Lord
Can doe no more.

Leo. Ile ha'thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:

It is an Heretique that makes the fire,
Not she which burnes in't. Ile not call you Tyrant:
But this most cruell usage of your Queene
(Not able to produce more accusation
Then your owne weake-hindg'd Fancy) something savors
Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you, 151
Yea, scandalous to the World.

Leo. On your Allegiance,
Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you doe not push me, Ile be gone.
Looke to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: *Jove* send her
A better guiding Spirit. What needs these hands?
You that are thus so tender o're his Follyes, 160
Will never doe him good, not one of you.

So, so: Farewell, we are gone. *Exit.*

Leo. Thou (Traytor) hast set on thy Wife to this.
My Child? away with't? even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o're it, take it hence,

THE WINTERS TALE

[II. iii. 134-163]

And see it instantly consum'd with fire.
 Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
 Within this houre bring me word 'tis done,
 (And by good testimonie) or Ile seize thy life,
 With what thou else call'st thine: if thou refuse, 170
 And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so;
 The Bastard-braynes with these my proper hands
 Shall I dash out. Goe, take it to the fire,
 For thou sett'st on thy Wife.

Antig. I did not, Sir:
 These Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please,
 Can cleare me in't.

Lords. We can: my Royall Liege,
 He is not guiltie of her comming hither.

Leo. You're lyers all. 180

[1.] *Lord.* Beseech your Highnesse, give us better
 credit: |

We have alwayes truly serv'd you, and beseech'
 So to esteeme of us: and on our knees we begge,
 (As recompence of our deare services
 Past, and to come) that you doe change this purpose,
 Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
 Lead on to some foule Issue. We all kneele.

Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows:
 Shall I live on, to see this Bastard kneele,
 And call me Father? better burne it now, 190
 Then curse it then. But be it: let it live.
 It shall not neyther. You Sir, come you hither:
 You that have beene so tenderly officious
 With Lady *Margerie*, your Mid-wife there,
 To save this Bastards life; for 'tis a Bastard,
 So sure as this Beard's gray. What will you adventure,
 To save this Brats life?

182. *beseech'*: beseech you—Rowz.

Antig. Any thing (my Lord)
 That my abilitie may undergoe,
 And Noblenesse impose: at least thus much; 200
 Ile pawne the little blood which I have left,
 To save the Innocent: any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible: Swear by this Sword
 Thou wilt performe my bidding.

Antig. I will (my Lord.)

Leo. Marke, and performe it: seest thou? for the faile
 Of any point in't, shall not onely be
 Death to thy selfe, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife,
 (Whom for this time we pardon) We enjoyne thee,
 As thou art Liege-man to us, that thou carry 210
 This female Bastard hence, and that thou beare it
 To some remote and desart place, quite out
 Of our Dominions; and that there thou leave it
 (Without more mercy) to it owne protection,
 And favour of the Climate: as by strange fortune
 It came to us, I doe in Justice charge thee,
 On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodyes torture,
 That thou commend it strangely to some place,
 Where Chance may nurse, or end it: take it up. 219

Antig. I sweare to doe this: though a present death
 Had beene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)
 Some powerfull Spirit instruct the Kytes and Ravens
 To be thy Nurses. Wolves and Beares, they say,
 (Casting their savagenesse aside) have done
 Like offices of Pitty. Sir, be prosperous
 In more then this deed do's require; and Blessing
 Against this Crueltie, fight on thy side
 (Poore Thing, condemn'd to losse.) *Exit*

[*with the child*].

Leo. No: Ile not reare
 Anothers Issue. *Enter a Servant.* 230

THE WINTERS TALE [II. iii. 193—III. i. 9

Serv. Please 'your Highnesse, Posts
From those you sent to th'Oracle, are come
An houre since: *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to th'Court.

[1.] *Lord.* So please you (Sir) their speed
Hath beene beyond accompt.

Leo. Twentie three dayes
They have beene absent: 'tis good speed: fore-tells
The great *Apollo* suddenly will have 240
The truth of this appeare: Prepare you Lords,
Summon a Session, that we may arraigne
Our most disloyall Lady: for as she hath
Been publikely accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open Triall. While she lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And thinke upon my bidding. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

[*A sea-port in Sicilia.*]

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

Cleo. The Clymat's delicate, the Ayre most sweet,
Fertile the Isle, the Temple much surpassing
The common prayse it beares.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the Celestiall Habits,
(Me thinks I so should terme them) and the reverence
Of the grave Wearers. O, the Sacrifice,
How ceremonious, solemne, and un-earthly 10
It was i'th'Offering?

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the eare-deaff'ning Voyce o'th'Oracle,

III. i. 10–ii. 10] THE WINTERS TALE

Kin to *Joves* Thunder, so surpriz'd my Sence,
That I was nothing.

Dio. If th'event o'th' Journey
Prove as succesfull to the Queene (O be't so)
As it hath beene to us, rare, pleasant, speedie,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great *Apollo* 20
Turne all to th'best: these Proclamations,
So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,
I little like.

Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will cleare, or end the Busnesse, when the Oracle
(Thus by *Apollo's* great Divine seal'd up)
Shall the Contents discover: something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Goe: fresh Horses,
And gracious be the issue. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

[*A court of Justice.*]

*Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers: Hermione (as to her
Triall) Ladies: Cleomines, Dion.*

Leo. This Sessions (to our great grieve we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart. The partie try'd,
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in Justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the Guilt, or the Purgation: 10
Produce the Prisoner.

Officer. It is his Highnesse pleasure, that the Queene
Apppeare in person, here in Court. *Silence.*

2-3. *Hermione ... Dion:* out-Rowe.

13. *Silence:* put in speech-Rowe.

[Enter Hermione guarded; Paulina and Ladies attending.]

Leo. Reade the Indictment.

Officer. [Reads] Hermione, Queene to the worthy Leontes, King | of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of High Trea- | son, in committing Adultery with Polixenes King of Bohemia, | and conspiring with Camillo to take away the Life of our Sove- | raigne Lord the King, thy Royall Husband: the pretence¹ whereof | being by circumstances partly layd open, thou (Hermione) con- | trary to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subject, didst coun- | saile and ayde them, for their better safetie, to flye away by | Night. 23

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that Which contradicts my Accusation, and ¹purpose The testimonie on my part, no other But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot² me To say, Not guiltie: mine Integrity² avail Being counted Falsehood, shall (as I expresse it) Be so receiv'd. But thus, if Powres Divine 30 Behold our humane Actions (as they doe) I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make False Accusation blush, and Tyrannie Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know (Whom least will seeme to doe so) my past life Hath beene as continent, as chaste, as true, As I am now unhappy; which is more Then Historic can patterne, though devis'd, And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me, A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owe 40 A Moitie of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter,

31. humane: human-Rowe.

35. W^{bom}: Who-Rowe.

The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here standing
 To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, fore
 Who please to come, and heare. For Life, I prize it
 As I weigh Griefe (which I would spare:) For Honor,
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
 And onely that I stand for. I appeale
 To your owne Conscience (Sir) before *Polixenes*
 Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
 How merited to be so: Since he came, 50
 With what encounter so uncurrant, I
 Have strayn'd t'appare thus; if one jot beyond
 The bound of Honor, or in act, or will
 That way enclining, hardned be the hearts
 Of all that heare me, and my neer'st of Kin
 Cry fie upon my Grave.

Leo. I ne're heard yet,
 That any of these bolder Vices wanted
 Lesse Impudence to gaine-say what they did,
 Then to performe it first. 60

Her. That's true enough,
 Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me.

Leo. You will not owne it.

Her. More then Mistresse of,
 Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not
 At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*
 (With whom I am accus'd) I doe confesse
 I lov'd him, as in Honor he requir'd:
 With such a kind of Love, as might become
 A Lady like me; with a Love, even such, 70
 So, and no other, as your selfe commanded:
 Which, not to have done, I thinke had been in me
 Both Disobedience, and Ingratitude
 To you, and toward your Friend, whose Love had spoke,
 Even since it could speake, from an Infant, freely,

THE WINTERS TALE

[III. ii. 72-103]

That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie,
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how: All I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves 80
(Wotting no more then I) are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'ne to doe in's absence.

Her. Sir,
You speake a Language that I understand not:
My Life stands in the leuell of your Dreames,
Which Ile lay downe.

Leo. Your Actions are my Dreames.
You had a Bastard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it: As you were past all shame, 90
(Those of your Fact¹ are so) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concernes more then avails: for as
Thy Brat hath been cast out, like to it selfe, ¹ *guilt*
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminall in thee, then it) so thou
Shalt feele our Justice; in whose easiest passage,
Looke for no lesse then death.

Her. Sir, spare your Threats:
The Bugge which you would fright me with, I seeke:
To me can Life be no commoditie; 100
The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Favor)
I doe give lost, for I doe feele it gone,
But know not how it went. My second Joy,
And first Fruits of my body, from his presence
I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort
(Star'd most unluckily) is from my breast
(The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murder. My selfe on every Post
Proclaym'd a Strumpet: With immodest hatred

The Child-bed priviledge deny'd, which longs 110
 To Women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried
 Here, to this place, i'th'open ayre, before
 I have got strength of limit. Now (my Liege)
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should feare to die? Therefore proceed:
 But yet heare this: mistake me not: no Life,
 (I prize it not a straw) but for mine Honor,
 Which I would free: if I shall be condemn'd
 Upon surmizes (all proofes sleeping else,
 But what your Jealousies awake) I tell you 120
 'Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all,
 I doe referre me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my Judge.

[1.] *Lord.* This your request
 Is altogether just: therefore bring forth
 (And in *Apollo's* Name) his Oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my Father.
 Oh that he were alive, and here beholding
 His Daughters Tryall: that he did but see
 The flatnesse¹ of my miserie; yet with eyes 130
 Of Pitty, not Revenge. ^{1 completeness}

[*Re-enter Officers, with Cleomenes and Dion.*]

Officer. You here shalswear upon this Sword of Justice,
 That you (*Cleomines* and *Dion*) have
 Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
 This seal'd-up Oracle, by the Hand deliver'd
 Of great *Apollo's* Priest; and that since then,
 You have not dar'd to breake the holy Seale,
 Nor read the Secrets in't.

Cleo Dio. All this we swear.

Leo. Breake up the Seales, and read.

140

THE WINTERS TALE

[III. ii. 133-154

Officer. [*Reads*] *Hermione is chast, Polixenes blamelesse, Camillo | a true Subject, Leontes a jealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe | truly begotten, and the King shall live without an Heire, if that | which is lost, be not found.* |

Lords. Now blessed be the great *Apollo*.

Her. Praysed.

Leo. Hast thou read truth?

Offic. I (my Lord) even so as it is here set downe.

Leo. There is no truth at all i'th'Oracle:

The Sessions shall proceed: this is meere falsehood. 150

[*Enter Servant.*]

Ser. My Lord the King: the King?

Leo. What is the businesse?

Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.

The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit, and feare
Of the Queenes speed,¹ is gone. ¹*fortune*

Leo. How? gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. *Apollo's* angry, and the Heavens themselves
Doe strike at my Injustice. [*Hermione swoons.*] How
now there? |

Paul. This newes is mortall to the Queene: Look
downe | 160

And see what Death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence:

Her heart is but o're-charg'd: she will recover.

I have too much beleev'd mine owne suspicion:

'Beseech you tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life. [*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies,
with Hermione.*] *Apollo* pardon |

148. as ... downe: separate l.—CAPELL.

159. strike: strike-2-4F.

My great prophanesne 'gainst thine Oracle.
 Ile reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
 New woe my Queene, recall the good *Camillo*
 (Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy:) 170
 For being transported by my Jealousies
 To bloody thoughts, and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poyson
 My friend *Polixenes*: which had been done,
 But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
 My swift command: though I with Death, and with
 Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
 Not doing it, and being done: he (most humane,
 And fill'd with Honor) to my Kingly Guest
 Unclasp'd my practise, quit his fortunes here 180
 (Which you knew great) and to the hazard
 Of all Incertainties, himselfe commended,
 No richer then his Honor: How he glisters
 Through my Rust? and how his Pietie
 Do's my deeds make the blacker?

[*Re-enter Paulina.*]

Paul. Woe the while:
 O cut my Lace, least my heart (cracking it)
 Breake too.

[1.] *Lord.* What fit is this? good Lady? 189

Paul. What studied torments (Tyrant) hast for me?
 What Wheelles? Racks? Fires? What flaying? boyling?
 In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or newer Torture
 Must I receive? whose every word deserves
 To taste of thy most worst. Thy Tyranny
 (Together working with thy Jealousies,
 Fancies too weake for Boyes, too greene and idle

THE WINTERS TALE

[III. ii. 183-215]

For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they have done,
And then run mad indeed: starke-mad: for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betrayed'st *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing, 200
(That did but shew thee, of a Foole, inconstant,
And damnable ingratefull:) Nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poyson'd good *Camillo's* Honor,
To have him kill a King: poore Trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to Crowes, thy Baby-daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a Devill
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly layd to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts 210
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a grosse and foolish Sire
Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Layd to thy answe're: but the last: O Lords,
When I have said, cry woe: the Queene, the Queene,
The sweet'st, deer'st creature's dead: & vengeance for't
Not drop'd downe yet.

[1.] *Lord.* The higher powres forbid.

Pau. I say she's dead: Ile swear't. If word, nor oath
Prevaile not, go and see: if you can bring 220
Tincture, or lustre in her lip, her eye
Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile serve you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Then all thy woes can stirre: therefore betake thee
To nothing but dispaire. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand yeares together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren Mountaine, and still Winter
In storme perpetuall, could not move the Gods
To looke that way thou wer't. 230

Leo. Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speake too much, I have deserv'd
All tongues to talke their bittrest.

[1.] *Lord.* Say no more;

How ere the businesse goes, you have made fault
I'th boldnesse of your speech.

Pau. I am sorry for't;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have shew'd too much
The rashnesse of a woman: he is toucht 240
To th' Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe
Should be past greefe: Do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royall Sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your Queene (Lo, foole againe)
Ile speake of her no more, nor of your Children:
Ile not remember¹ you of my owne Lord, ¹remind
(Who is lost too:) take your patience to you, 250
And Ile say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speake but well,
When most the truth: which I receyve much better,
Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,
One grave shall be for both: Upon them shall
The causes of their death appeare (unto
Our shame perpetuall) once a day, Ile visit
The Chappell where they lye, and teares shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature 260
Will beare up with this exercise, so long
I dayly vow to use it. Come, and leade me
To these sorrowes.

Exeunt

263. To: Unto-2Dyce.

Scæna Tertia.

[*Bobemia. A desert country near the sea.*]

Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepe-beard, and Clowne.

Ant. Thou art perfect¹ then, our ship hath toucht upon
The Desarts of *Bobemia*. ¹ sure

Mar. I (my Lord) and feare
We have Landed in ill time: the skies looke grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience
The heavens with that we have in hand, are angry,
And frowne upon's. 10

Ant. Their sacred wil's be done: go get a-boord,
Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too-farre i'th Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather,
Besides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keepe upon't.

Antig. Go thou away,
Ile follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart 20
To be so ridde o'th businesse. *Exit*

Ant. Come, poore babe;
I have heard (but not beleev'd) the Spirits o'th' dead
May walke againe: if such thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me last night: for ne're was dreame
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I never saw a vessell of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becomming: in pure white Robes

2-3. *Sheepebeard .. Clowne: out-Rowe.*

Like very sanctity she did approach 30
 My Cabine where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
 And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes
 Became two spouts; the furie spent, anon
 Did this breake from her. Good *Antigonus*,
 Since Fate (against thy better disposition)
 Hath made thy person for the Thower-out
 Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
 Places remote enough are in *Bobemia*,
 There weepe, and leave it crying: and for the babe
 Is counted lost for ever, *Perdita* 40
 I prethee call't: For this ungentle businesse
 Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're shalt see
 Thy Wife *Paulina* more: and so, with shrieks
 She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect my selfe, and thought
 This was so, and no slumber: Dreames, are toys,
 Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,
 I will be squar'd¹ by this. I do beleewe 1 ruled
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indeede the issue 50
 Of King *Polixenes*) it should heere be laide
 (Either for life, or death) upon the earth
 Of it's right Father. Blossome, speed thee well,
 There lye, and there thy charracter: there these,
 Which may if Fortune please, both breed thee (pretty)
 And still rest thine. The storme beginnes, poore wretch,
 That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
 To losse, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,
 But my heart bleedes: and most accurst am I
 To be by oath enjoyn'd to this. Farewell, 60
 The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to have

36. *Thower-out*: thrower-out-2-4F.

THE WINTERS TALE

[III. iii. 55-85]

A lullabie too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim, by day. A savage clamor?
Well may I get a-board: This is the Chace,
I am gone for ever. *Exit pursued by a Beare.*

[*Enter a Shepberd.*]

Shep. I would there were no age betweene ten and three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wenches with childe, wronging the Auncientry, stealing, fighting, hearke you now: would any but these boyld-braines of nineteene, and two and twenty hunt this weather? They have scarr'd away two of my best Sheepe, which I feare the Wolfe will sooner finde then the Master; if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brouzing of Ivy. Good-lucke (and't be thy will) what have we heere? Mercy on's, a Barne?¹ A very pretty barne; A boy, or a Childe² I wonder? (A pretty one, a verie prettie one) sure some Scape; Though I am not bookish, yet I can reade Waiting-Gentlewoman in the scape: this has beene some staire-worke, some Trunke-worke, some behinde-doore worke: they were warmer that got this, then the poore Thing is heere. Ile take it up for pity, yet | Ile tarry till my sonne come: he hallow'd but even now. | Whoa-ho-hoa. ¹ child ² girl 84

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Hilloa, loa.

Shep. What? art so neere? If thou'lt see a thing to talke on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither: what ayl'st thou, man? 89

Clow. I have scene two such sights, by Sea & by Land:

75. and't: an't-Popz.

but I am not to say it is a Sea, for it is now the skie, betwixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkins point.

Shep. Why boy, how is it? 94

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it ra- | ges, how it takes up the shore, but that's not to the point: | Oh, the most pittitious cry of the poore soules, sometimes | to see 'em, and not to see 'em: Now the Shippe boaring | the Moone with her maine Mast, and anon swallowed | with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a Corke into a hogs- | head. And then for the Land-service, to see how the | Beare tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cride to mee | for helpe, and said his name was *Antigonus*, a Nobleman: | But to make an end of the Ship, to see how the Sea flap- | dragon'd¹ it: but first, how the poore soules roared, and | the sea mock'd them: and how the poore Gentleman roa- | red, and the Beare mock'd him, both roaring lowder | then the sea, or weather. | ¹ *swallowed*

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this boy? 109

Clo. Now, now: I have not wink'd since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the Beare halfe din'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had bin by, to have help'd the olde man. ² *christening*

Clo. I would you had beene by the ship side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters: but looke thee heere boy. Now blesse thy selfe: thou met'st with things dying, I with things new borne. Here's a sight for thee: Looke thee, a bearing²-cloath for a Squires childe: looke thee heere, take up, take up (Boy:) open 't: so, let's see, it | was told me I should be rich by the Fairies. This is some Changeling: open't: what's within, boy? 123

THE WINTERS TALE [III. iii. 123-IV. i. 10.]

Clo. You're a mad olde man: If the sinnes of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Golde, all Gold.

Shep. This is Faيري Gold boy, and 'twill prove so: up with't, keepe it close: home, home, the next¹ way. We are luckie (boy) and to bee so still requires nothing but secrecie. Let my sheepe go: Come (good boy) the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your Findings, Ile go see if the Beare bee gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst² but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, Ile bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: if thou mayest discerne by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th'sight of him.

Clowne. 'Marry will I: and you shall helpe to put him i' th'ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and wee'l do good deeds on't

¹ nearest 131

² fierce

140

Exeunt

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I that please some, try all: both joy and terror
Of good, and bad: that makes, and unfolds error,
Now take upon me (in the name of Time)
To use my wings: Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
Ore sixteene yeeres, and leave the growth untride
Of that wide gap, since it is in my powre
To orethrow Law, and in one selfe-borne howre 10
To plant, and ore-whelme Custome. Let me passe
The same I am, ere ancient'st Order was,

124. mad: made-THEOBALD.

Or what is now receiv'd. I witnesse to
 The times that brought them in, so shall I do
 To th'sreshest things now reigning, and make stale
 The glistening of this present, as my Tale
 Now seemes to it: your patience this allowing,
 I turne my glasse, and give my Scene such growing
 As you had slept betweene: *Leontes* leaving
 Th'effects of his fond jealousies, so greiving 20
 That he shuts up himselfe. Imagine me
 (Gentle Spectators) that I now may be
 In faire Bohemia, and remember well,
 I mentioned a sonne o'th' Kings, which *Florizell*
 I now name to you: and with speed so pace
 To speake of *Perdita*, now growne in grace
 Equall with wond'ring. What of her insues
 I list not prophesie: but let Times newes
 Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A shepherds daugh-
 ter |
 And what to her adheres, which followes after, 30
 Is th'argument¹ of Time: of this allow, ¹ *theme*
 If ever you have spent time worse, ere now:
 If never, yet that Time himselfe doth say,
 He wishes earnestly, you never may. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.[*Bohemia. The palace of Polixenes.*]*Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.*

Pol. I pray thee (good *Camillo*) be no more importunate: 'tis a sicknesse denying thee any thing: a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fiftene yeeres since I saw my Countrey:
 15. *sresbest* : *freshest*—2-4F.

though I have (for the most part) bin ayred abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King (my Master) hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorrowes I might be some allay, or I oreweene to thinke so) which is another spurre to my departure.

11

Pol. As thou lov'st me (*Camillo*) wipe not out the rest | of thy services, by leaving me now: the neede I have of | thee, thine owne goodnesse hath made: better not to | have had thee, then thus to want thee, thou having made | me Businesses, (which none (without thee) can suffi- | ently manage) must either stay to execute them thy selfe, | or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: | which if I have not enough considered (as too much I | cannot) to bee more thankfull to thee, shall bee my stu- | die, and my profite therein, the heaping friendshippes. | Of that fatall Countrey Sicillia, prethee speake no more, | whose very naming, punnishes me with the remembrance | of that penitent (as thou calst him) and reconciled King | my brother, whose losse of his most precious Queene & | Children, are even now to be a-fresh lamented. Say to | me, when saw'st thou the Prince *Florizell* my son? Kings | are no lesse unhappy, their issue, not being gracious, then they are in loosing them, when they have approved their Vertues.

30

Cam. Sir, it is three dayes since I saw the Prince: what his happier affayres may be, are to me unknowne: but I have (missingly) noted, he is of late much retyred from Court, and is lesse frequent to his Princely exercises then formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much (*Camillo*) and with some care, so farre, that I have eyes under my service, which looke upon his removednesse: from whom I have this Intelligence, that he is seldome from the house of a

most homely shepheard: a man (they say) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is growne into an unspeakable estate. ⁴²

Cam. I have heard (sir) of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, then can be thought to begin from such a cottage

Pol. That's likewise part of my Intelligence: but (I feare) the Angle that pluckes our sonne thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have some question¹ with the shepheard; from whose simplicity, I thinke it not uneasie to get the cause of my sonnes resort thether. 'Prethe be my present partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicillia. ^{1 talk 53}

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best *Camillo*, we must disguise our selves.
Exit |

Scena Tertia.

[*A road near the Shepherd's cottage.*]

Enter Autolicus singing.

*When Daffadils begin to peere,
With beigh the Doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o' the yeere,
For the red blood raigns in the winters pale.*

*The white sheete bleaching on the bedge,
With bey the sweet birds, O how they sing:
Dotb set my pugging² tooth an edge, ^{2 thieving}
For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King. 10*

9. an: ON-THEOBALD.

THE WINTERS TALE

[IV. iii. 9-35]

*The Larke, that tirra-Lyra chaunts,
With heigh, the Thrush and the Jay:
Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts¹
While we lye tumbling in the bay. ¹ mistresses*

I have serv'd Prince Florizell, and in my time wore three
pile,² but now I am out of service. ² velvet

*But shall I go mourne for that (my deere)
the pale Moone shines by night:
And when I wander here, and there
I then do most go right. 20
If Tinkers may have leave to live,
and beare the Sow-skin Bowget,
Then my account I well may give,
and in the Stockes avouch-it.*

My Trafficke is sheetes: when the Kite builds, looke to
lesser Linnen. My Father nam'd me *Autolicus*, who be-
ing (as I am) lytter'd under Mercurie, was likewise a
snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With Dye and drab,
I purchas'd this Caparison, and my Revennew is the silly
Cheate. Gallowes, and Knocke, are too powerfull on
the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to mee:
For the life to come, I sleepe out the thought of it. A
prize, a prize. 33

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Let me see, every Leaven-weather toddes,³ every
tod⁴ yeeldes pound and odde shilling: fiftene hundred
shorne, what comes the wooll too?

³ yields a tod ⁴ 28 lbs. of wool

12. *With heigh,*: With heigh! with heigh! (With heigh, with
heigh, 2-4F.)—THEOBALD. 22. *Bowget*: budget—ROWE.

Aut. [*Aside*] If the sprindge hold, the Cocke's mine. | 38

Clo. I cannot do't without Compters. Let mee see, what am I to buy for our Sheepe-shearing-Feast? Three pound of Sugar, five pound of Currence, Rice: What will this sister of mine do with Rice? But my father hath made her Mistris of the Feast, and she layes it on. Shee hath made-me four and twenty Nose-gayes for the sheers (three-man song-men, all, and very good ones) but they are most of them Meanes¹ and Bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings Psalmes to horne-pipes. I must have Saffron to colour the Warden² Pies, Mace: Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegges, seven; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Foure pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reysons o'th Sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was borne. ¹ *tenors* 52
[*Grovelling on the ground.*]

Clo. I'th' name of me. ² *baking-pears*

Aut. Oh helpe me, helpe mee: plucke but off these ragges: and then, death, death.

Clo. Alacke poore soule, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather then have these off.

Aut. Oh sir, the loathsomnesse of them offend mee, more then the stripes I have received, which are mightie ones and millions. 60

Clo. Alas poore man, a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am rob'd sir, and beaten: my money, and apparel tane from me, and these derestable things put upon me.

38. *sprindge*: *springe*—JOHNSON (VAR. '73).

51. *Prewyns*: *prunes*—POPPE. *Reysons*: *raisins*—POPPE.

58. *offend*: *offends*—2-4F. 64. *derestable*: *detestable*—2-4F.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A footman (sweet sir) a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee: If this bee a horsemans Coate, it hath seene very hot service. Lend me thy hand, Ile helpe thee. Come, lend me thy hand. 71

Aut. Oh good sir, tenderly, oh.

Clo. Alas poore soule.

Aut. Oh good sir, softly, good sir: I feare (sir) my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? Canst stand?

Aut. [*Picking bis pocket*] Softly, deere sir: good sir, softly: you ha done | me a charitable office.

Clo. Doest lacke any mony? I have a little mony for thee. 80

Aut. No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you sir: I have a Kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whome I was going: I shall there have money, or anie thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that killes my heart.

Clo. What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd you? ^{1 French game}

Aut. A fellow (sir) that I have knowne to goe about with Troll-my-dames:¹ I knew him once a servant of the Prince: I cannot tell good sir, for which of his Vertues it was, but hee was certainly Whipt out of the Court. ^{2 sojourn 92}

Clo. His vices you would say: there's no vertue whipt out of the Court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.² ^{3 puppet-show}

Aut. Vices I would say (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath bene since an Ape-bearer, then a Processe-server (a Bayliffe) then hee compast a Motion³ of the Prodigall

sonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Living lyes; and (having flowne over many knavish professions) he setled onely in Rogue: some call him *Autolicus*. 102

Clo. Out upon him: Prig,¹ for my life Prig: he haunts Wakes, Faires, and Beare-baitings. ¹ *thief*

Aut. Very true sir: he sir hee: that's the Rogue that put me into this apparrell.

Clo. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all *Bobemia*; If you had but look'd bigge, and spit at him, hee'd ld have runne.

Aut. I must confesse to you (sir) I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way, & that he knew I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now? 112

Aut. Sweet sir, much better then I was: I can stand, and walke: I will even take my leave of you, & pace softly towards my Kinsmans.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good fac'd sir, no sweet sir.

Clo. Then fartheewell, I must go buy Spices for our sheepe-shearing. *Exit.* 119

Aut. Prosper you sweet sir. Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your Spice: Ile be with you at your sheepe-shearing too: If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the sheerers prove sheepe, let me be unrold, and my name put in the booke of Vertue.

Song. *Jog-on, Jog-on, the foot-pathway,
And merrily bent² the Stile-a: 2 clear
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tyres in a Mile-a. Exit.*

Scena Quarta.[*The Shepherd's cottage.*]

*Enter Florizell, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowne, Polixenes,
Ca- millo, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants, Autolycus.*

Flo. These your unusuall weeds,¹ to each part of you
Do's give a life: no Shepherdesse, but *Flora*
Peering in Aprils front. This your sheepe-shearing,
Is as a meeting of the petty Gods, ^{1 garments}
And you the Queene on't.

Perd. Sir: my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extreames, it not becomes me: 10
(Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high selfe
The gracious marke o'th' Land, you have obscur'd
With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maide)
Most Goddesse-like prank'd ² up: But that our Feasts
In every Messe, have folly; and the Feeders
Digest with a Custome, I should blush ^{2 decked}
To see you so attyr'd: sworne I thinke,
To shew my selfe a glasse.

Flo. I blesse the time
When my good Falcon, made her flight a-crosse 20
Thy Fathers ground.

Perd. Now Jove affoord you cause:
To me the difference forges dread (your Greatnesse
Hath not beene us'd to feare:) even now I tremble
To thinke your Father, by some accident
Should passe this way, as you did: Oh the Fates,
How would he looke, to see his worke, so noble,
Vildely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I (in these my borrowed Flaunts) behold

2-3. *Shepherd .. Autolycus:* out-*Rowe.* 5. *Do's:* *Do-THORALD.*

16. *Digest:* Digest it-2-4*F.*

The sternnesse of his presence?

30

Flo. Apprehend

Nothing but jollity: the Goddess themselves
(Humbling their Deities to love) have taken
The shapes of Beasts upon them. Jupiter,
Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the greene Neptune
A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-roab'd-God
Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine,
As I seeme now. Their transformations,
Were never for a peece of beauty, rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honor: nor my Lusts
Burne hotter then my Faith.

40

Perd. O but Sir,

Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd (as it must be) by th'powre of the King:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speake, that you must change this purpose,
|
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou deer'st *Perdita*,

With these forc'd thoughts, I prethee darken not 50
The Mirth o'th'Feast: Or Ile be thine (my Faire)
Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be
Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry (Gentle)
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are comming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptiall, which
We two have sworne shall come.

60

Perd. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious.

THE WINTERS TALE

[IV. iv. 52-79]

Flo. See, your Guests approach,
Addresse your selfe to entertaine them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

[*Enter Shepberd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, and others,
with Polixenes and Camillo disguised.*]

Shep. Fy (daughter) when my old wife liv'd: upon
This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke,
Both Dame and Servant: Welcom'd all: serv'd all,
Would sing her song, and dance her turne: now heere
At upper end o'th Table; now, i'th middle: 70
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour, and the thing she tooke to quench it
She would to each one sip. You are retyred,
As if you were a feasted one: and not
The Hostesse of the meeting: Pray you bid
These unknowne friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make us better Friends, more knowne.
Come, quench your blushes, and present your selfe
That which you are, Mistris o'th' Feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheepe-shearing, 80
As your good flocke shall prosper.

Perd. [*To Pol.*] Sir, welcome:
It is my Fathers will, I should take on mee
The Hostesseship o'th' day: [*To Cam.*] you're welcome
sir. |

Give me those Flowres there (*Dorcas.*) Reverend Sirs,
For you, there's Rosemary, and Rue, these keepe
Seeming,¹ and savour all the Winter long:
Grace, and Remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our Shearing. ^{1 appearance}

Pol. Shepherdesse, 90
(A faire one are you:) well you fit our ages
With flowres of Winter.

Perd. Sir, the yeare growing ancient,
 Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth
 Of trembling winter, the fayrest flowres o'th season
 Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gilly-vors,
 (Which some call Natures bastards) of that kind
 Our rusticke Gardens barren, and I care not
 To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden) 100
 Do you neglect them.

Perd. For I have heard it said,
 There is an Art, which in their pidenesse shares
 With great creating-Nature.

Pol. Say there be:
 Yet Nature is made better by no meane,
 But Nature makes that Meane: so over that Art,
 (Which you say addes to Nature) is an Art
 That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry 110
 A gentler Sien, to the wildest Stocke,
 And make conceyve a barke of baser kinde
 By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art
 Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but
 The Art it selfe, is Nature.

Perd. So it is.

Pol. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly'vors,
 And do not call them bastards.

Perd. Ile not put
 The Dible in earth, to set one slip of them:
 No more then were I painted, I would wish 120
 This youth should say 'twere well: and onely therefore
 Desire to breed by me. Here's flowres for you:
 Hot Lavender, Mints, Savory, Marjorum,
 The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with'Sun,

116. *you: your-2-4F.*124 *with': wi'the-CAPELL.*

THE WINTERS TALE

[IV. iv. 106-135]

And with him rises, weeping: These are flowres
Of middle summer, and I thinke they are given
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grasing, were I of your flocke,
And onely live by gazing.

Perd. Out alas:

130

You'd be so leane, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now (my fairest
Friend, |

I would I had some Flowres o'th Spring, that might
Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
That weare upon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing: O *Proserpina*,
For the Flowres now, that (frighted) thou let'st fall
From *Dysses* Waggon: Daffadils,

That come before the Swallow dares, and take 139

The windes of March with beauty: Violets (dim,

But sweeter then the lids of *Juno's* eyes,

Or *Cytherea's* breath) pale Prime-roses,

That dye unmarried, ere they can behold

Bright Phœbus in his strength (a *Maladie*

Most incident to Maids:) bold Oxlips, and

The Crowne Imperiall: Lillies of all kinds,

(The Flowre-de-Luce being one.) O, these I lacke,

To make you Garlands of) and my sweet friend,

To strew him o're, and ore.

Flo. What? like a Coarse?

150

Perd. No, like a banke, for Love to lye, and play on:

Not like a Coarse: or if: not to be buried,

But quicke,¹ and in mine armes. Come, take your flours,

Me thinks I play as I have scene them do ¹ *alive*

In Whitson-Pastorals: Sure this Robe of mine

Do's change my disposition:

Flo. What you do,

Still betters what is done. When you speake (Sweet)
 I'd have you do it ever: When you sing,
 I'd have you buy, and sell so: so give Almes, 160
 Pray so: and for the ord'ring your Affayres,
 To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o'th Sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that: move still, still so:
 And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
 (So singular, in each particular)
 Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,
 That all your Actes, are Queenes.

Perd. O *Doricles*,

Your praises are too large: but that your youth 170
 And the true blood which peepes fairely through't,
 Do plainly give you out an unstain'd Sphepherd
 With wisdom, I might feare (my *Doricles*)
 You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I thinke you have

As little skill to feare, as I have purpose
 To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,
 Your hand (my *Perdita*;) so Turtles paire
 That never meane to part.

Perd. Ile sweare for 'em. 180

Pol. This is the prettiest Low-borne Lasse, that ever
 Ran on the greene-sord: Nothing she do's, or seemes
 But smackes of something greater then her selfe,
 Too Noble for this place.

Cam. He tels her something

That makes her blood looks on't: Good sooth she is
 The Queene of Curds and Creame.

Clö. Come on: strike up.

167. *deeds*: *deed*—GLOBE.

171. *peepes*: *peepeth*—GLOBE.

172. *Sphepherd*: misprint 1F.

THE WINTERS TALE

[IV. iv. 162-189]

Dorcas. *Mopsa* must be your Mistris: marry Garlick
to mend her kissing with. 190

Mop. Now in good time.

Cl. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners,
Come, strike up.

[*Music.*] *Heere a Daunce of Shepheards and*
Shephearddresses.

Pol. Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and boasts himselfe
To have a worthy Feeding; but I have it 200
Upon his owne report, and I beleewe it:
He lookes like sooth:¹ he sayes he loves my daughter,
I thinke so too; for never gaz'd the Moone ¹*truth*
Upon the water, as hee'l stand and reade
As 'twere my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,
I thinke there is not halfe a kisse to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.² ²*adroitly*

Shep. So she do's any thing, though I report it
That should be silent: If yong *Doricles*
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that 210
Which he not dreames of. *Enter Servant.*

Ser. O Master: if you did but heare the Pedler at the
doore, you would never dance againe after a Tabor and
Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not move you: hee sings
severall Tunes, faster then you'l tell money: hee utters
them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens eares grew to
his Tunes.

Cl. He could never come better: hee shall come in:
I love a ballad but even too well, if it be dolefull matter

189-91. new l. at To mend—CAPPELL.

IV. iv. 189-221] THE WINTERS TALE

merrily set downe: or a very pleasant thing indeede, and sung lamentably. 221

Ser. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes: No Milliner can so fit his customers with Gloves: he has the prettiest Love-songs for Maids, so without bawdrie (which is strange,) with such delicate burthens of Dildo's¹ and Fadings:¹ Jump-her, and thump-her; and where some stretch-mouth'd Rascall, would (as it were) meane mischeefe, and breake a fowle gap into the Matter, hee makes the maid to answere, *Wboop, doe me no barme good | man:* put's him off, slights him, with *Wboop, doe mee no | barme good man.* ¹ *burdens of songs*

Pol. This is a brave fellow. 232

Clo. Beleece mee, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any unbraided Wares?

Ser. Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th Raine-bow; Points, more then all the Lawyers in *Bobemia*, can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th'grosse: Inckles,² Caddysses,³ Cambricks, Lawnes: why he sings em over, as they were Gods, or Goddesses: you would thinke a Smocke were a shee-Angell, he so chauntes to the sleeve-hand, and the worke about the square⁴ on't.

Clo. Pre'thee bring him in, and let him approach singing. ² *tape* ³ *worsted ribbons* ⁴ *stomacher* 243

Perd. Forewarne him, that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes. [Exit Servant.]

Clo. You have of these Pedlers, that have more in them, then youl'd thinke (Sister.)

Perd. I, good brother, or go about to thinke.

Enter Autolicus singing.

Lawne as white as driven Snow, 250
Cypresse⁵ blacke as ere was Crow, ⁵ *crape*

233. Beleece: misprint IF.

*Gloves as sweete as Damaske Roses,
 Maskes for faces, and for noses:
 Bugle-bracelet, Necke-lace Amber,
 Perfume for a Ladies Chamber:
 Golden Quoifes, and Stomachers
 For my Lads, to give their deers:
 Pins, and poaking-stickes¹ of steele.
 What Maids lacke from head to beele: 259
 Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
 Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry: Come buy.
¹ irons for plaiting ruffs*

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopsa*, thou shouldst take no money of me, but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the Feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more then that, or there be lyars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'May be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him againe. 271

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they weare their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time? When you are going to bed? Or kill-hole? ² To whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tatling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done; Come you ptomis'd me a tawdry-lace,³ and a paire of sweet Gloves. ² opening of oven

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money. ³ rustic necklace 281

267. *rben*: then—2-4F.

275. *kill-hole*: kiln-hole—MALONE.

278. *ptomis'd*: promised (promis'd)—2-4F.

Aut. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therefore it behooves men to be wary.

Clo. Feare not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here

Aut. I hope so sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast heere? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy some: I love a ballet in print, a life, for then we are sure they are true. 289

Aut. Here's one, to a very dolefull tune, how a Usurers wife was brought to bed of twenty money baggs at a burthen, and how she long'd to eate Adders heads, and Toads carbonado'd.¹ ^{1 cut for broiling}

Mop. Is it true, thinke you?

Aut. Very true, and but a moneth old.

Dor. Blesse me from marrying a Usurer.

Aut. Here's the Midwives name to't: one Mist. *Tale-Porter*, and five or six honest Wives, that were present. Why should I carry lyes abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now buy it. 300

Clo. Come-on, lay it by: and let's first see moe Ballads: Wee'l buy the other rhings anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a Fish, that appeared upon the coast, on wensday the fourescore of April, fortie thousand fadom above water, & sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she wold not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her: The Ballad is very pittifull, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, thinke you? 310

Autol. Five Justices hands at it, and witnesses more then my packe will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too; another.

288-9. *print, a life*: print o' life (o'-life)—COLLIER.

302. *rhings*: things—2-4F.

THE WINTERS TALE

[IV. iv. 291-318

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids wooing a man: there's scarce a Maide westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt beare a part, thou shalt heare, 'tis in three parts. 320

Dor. We had the tune on't, a month agoe.

Aut. I can beare my part, you must know 'tis my occupation: Have at it with you.

Song *Get you hence, for I must goe*

Aut. *Where it fits not you to know.*

Dor. *Whether?*

Mop. *O whether?*

Dor. *Whether?*

Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.* 330

Dor: *Me too: Le me go whether:*

Mop. *Or thou goest to th' Grange, or Mill,*

Dor: *If to either thou dost ill,*

Aut: *Neither.*

Dor: *What neither?*

Aut: *Neither:*

Dor: *Thou hast sworne my Love to be,*

Mop. *Thou hast sworne it more to mee.
Then whether goest? Say whether? 339*

¹ serious

Clo. Wee'l have this song out anon by our selves: My Father, and the Gent. are in sad¹ talke, & wee'll not trouble | them: Come bring away thy pack after me,

324. Song: shift to above-4F.

331. Le: let-2-4F.

325. Aut.: shift to l. 324-4F.

341. Gent.: gentlemen-Rowe.

Wenches Ile | buy for you both: Pedler let's have the
first choice; folow | me girles. [*Exit with Dorcas and*
Mopsa.] *Aut:* And you shall pay well for 'em. |
[*Follows singing.*]

Song. *Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Crpe?*
My dainty Ducke, my deere-a?
Any Silke, any Thred, any Toyes for your head
Of the news't, and fins't, fins't weare-a.
Come to the Pedler, Money's a medler,
That doth utter¹ all mens ware-a. *Exit* 350
^{1 vend}

[*Re-enter Servant.*]

Servant. Mayster, there is three Carters, three Shep-
herds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds that have made
themselves all men of haire, they cal themselves Saltiers,²
and they have a Dance, which the Wenches say is a gal-
ly-maufrey³ of Gambols, because they are not in't: but
they themselves are o'th'minde (if it bee not too rough
for some, that know little but bowling) it will please
plentifully. ^{2 satyrs} ^{3 medley}

Shep. Away: Wee'l none on't; heere has beene too
much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) wee wea-
rie you. ³⁶¹

Pol. You wearie those that refresh us: pray let's see
these foure-threes of Heardsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,)
hath danc'd before the King: and not the worst of the
three, but jumes twelve foote and a halfe by th'squire.⁴

Shep. Leave your prating, since these good men are
pleas'd, let them come in: but quickly now. ^{4 measure}

Ser. Why, they stay at doore Sir. [*Exit.*]

345. *Crpe:* cape-2-4F.

345, 347, 349. each in 2 rhymed ll.—JOHNSON.

THE WINTERS TALE

[IV. iv. 353-379]

Heere a Dance of twelve Satyres. 370

Pol. O Father, you'l know more of that heereafter:
[*To Cam.*] Is it not too farre gone? 'Tis time to part
them, |

He's simple, and tels much. [*To Flor.*] How now
(faire shepheard) |

Your heart is full of something, that do's take
Your minde from feasting. Sooth, when I was yong,
And handed love, as you do; I was wont
To load my Shee with knackes: I would have ransackt
The Pedlers silken Treasury, and have powr'd it
To her acceptance: you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your Lasse 380
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lacke of love, or bounty, you were straited¹
For a reply at least, if you make a care ¹*straitened*
Of happie holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she lookes from me, are packt and lockt
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O heare me breath my life
Before this ancient Sir, whom (it should seeme) 390
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as Doves-downe, and as white as it,
Or Ethyopians tooth, or the fan'd snow, that's bolted
By th'Northerne blasts, twice ore.

Pol. What followes this?

How prettily th'yong Swaine seemes to wash
The hand, was faire before? I have put youout,
But to your protestation: Let me heare
What you professe.

389. *breath:* breathe—*Porx.*

390. *wbom:* who—2-4F.

IV. iv. 379-403] THE WINTERS TALE

Flo. Do, and be witness too't. 400

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more

Then he, and men: the earth, the heavens, and all;
That were I crown'd the most Imperiall Monarch
Thereof most worthy: were I the fayrest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More then was ever mans, I would not prize them
Without her Love; for her, employ them all,
Commend them, and condemne them to her service,
Or to their owne perdition. 410

Pol. Fairely offer'd.

Cam. This shewes a sound affection.

Shep. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him.

Per. I cannot speake

So well, (nothing so well) no, nor meane better
By th'patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out
The puritie of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargaine; 419
And friends unknowne, you shall beare witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her Portion, equall his.

Flo. O, that must bee
I'th Vertue of your daughter: One being dead,
I shall have more then you can dreame of yet,
Enough then for your wonder: but come-on,
Contract us fore these Witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand:
And daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft Swaine a-while, beseech you, 430
Have you a Father?

Flo. I have: but what of him?

Pol. Knowes he of this?

THE WINTERS TALE

[IV. iv. 403-427

Flo. He neither do's, nor shall.

Pol. Me-thinkes a Father,
Is at the Nuptiall of his sonne, a guest
That best becomes the Table: Pray you once more
Is not your Father growne incapeable
Of reasonable affayres? Is he not stupid 439
With Age, and altring Rheumes? Can he speake? heare?
Know man, from man? Dispute his owne estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? And againe, do's nothing
But what he did, being childish?

Flo. No good Sir:
He has his health, and ampler strength indeede
Then most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him (if this be so) a wrong
Something unfilliall: Reason my sonne
Should choose himselfe a wife, but as good reason 450
The Father (all whose joy is nothing else
But faire posterity) should hold some counsaile
In such a businesse.

Flo. I yeeld all this;
But for some other reasons (my grave Sir)
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My Father of this businesse.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prethee let him. 460

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him (my sonne) he shall not need to greeve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:

Marke our Contract.

Pol. Marke your divorce (yong sir)
[Discovering himself]

Whom sonne I dare not call: Thou art too base
 To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters heire,
 That thus affects a sheepe-hooke? Thou, old Traitor,
 I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can 470
 but shorten thy life one weeke. And thou, fresh peece
 Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force must know
 The royall Foole thou coap'st with.

Shep. Oh my heart.

Pol. Ile have thy beauty scratcht with briers & made
 More homely then thy state. For thee (fond boy)
 If I may ever know thou dost but sigh,
 That thou no more shalt never see this knacke (as never
 I meane thou shalt) wee'l barre thee from succession,
 Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin, 480
 Farre then *Deucalion* off: (marke thou my words)
 Follow us to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time
 (Though full of our displeasure) yet we free thee
 From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,
 Worthy enough a Heardsman: yea him too,
 That makes himselfe (but for our Honor therein)
 Unworthy thee. If ever henceforth, thou
 These rurall Latches, to his entrance open,
 Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,
 I will devise a death, as cruell for thee 490
 As thou art tender to't. Exit.

Perd. Even heere undone:

I was not much a-fear'd: for once, or twice
 I was about to speake, and tell him plainely,
 The selfe-same Sun, that shines upon his Court,
 Hides not his visage from our Cottage, but
 Lookes on alike. Wilt please you (Sir) be gone?

468. *acknowledge*: acknowledged-2-4F.

472. *wbom*: who-2-4F.

478. *shalt neuer see*: shall see-Rowe.

THE WINTERS TALE

[IV. iv. 456-483]

I told you what would come of this: Beseech you
Of your owne state take care: This dreame of mine
Being now awake, Ile Queene it no inch farther, 500
But milke my Ewes, and weepe.

Cam. Why how now Father,
Speake ere thou dyest.

Skep. I cannot speake, nor thinke,
Nor dare to know, that which I know: O Sir,
You have undone a man of fourescore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet: yea,
To dye upon the bed my father dy'de,
To lye close by his honest bones; but now 509
Some Hangman must put on my shrowd, and lay me
Where no Priest shovels-in dust. Oh cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the Prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone:
If I might dye within this houre, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. *Exit.*

Flo. Why looke you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not affear'd: delaid,
But nothing altred: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking backe; not following
My leash unwillingly. 520

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no speech: (which I do ghesse
You do not purpose to him:) and as hardly
Will he endure your sight, as yet I feare;
Then till the fury of his Highnesse settle
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it:
I thinke *Camillo*.

522. *my: your-2-4F.*

IV. iv. 483-511]. THE WINTERS TALE

Cam. Even he, my Lord. 530

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?
How often said my dignity would last
But till 'twere knowne?

Flo. It cannot faile, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature crush the sides o'th earth together,
And marre the seeds within. Lift up thy lookes:
From my succession wipe me (Father) I
Am heyre to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd. 540

Flo. I am: and by my fancie,¹ if my Reason
Will thereto be obedient: I have reason: ^{1 love}
If not, my sences better pleas'd with madnesse,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate (sir.)

Flo. So call it: but it do's fulfill my vow:
I needs must thinke it honesty. *Camillo*,
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pompe that may
Be thereat gleaned: for all the Sun sees, or
The close earth wombes, or the profound seas, hides
In unknowne fadomes, will I breake my oath 551
To this my faire belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever bin my Fathers honour'd friend,
When he shall misse me, as (in faith I meane not
To see him any more) cast your good counsailes
Upon his passion: Let my selfe, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver, I am put to Sea
With her, who heere I cannot hold on shore:
And most opportune to her neede, I have 560
A Vessell rides fast by, but not prepar'd

550. *bides*: hide-2-4F.

559. *wbo*: whom-2-4F.

560. *her*: our-THEOBALD.

THE WINTERS TALE

[IV. iv. 512-538]

For this designe. What course I meane to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concerne me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your neede.

Flo. Hearke *Perdita*, [*Drawing her aside*]
He heare you by and by.

Cam. Hee's irremoveable, 570
Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy if
His going, I could frame to serve my turne,
Save him from danger, do him love and honor,
Purchase the sight againe of deere Sicillia,
And that unhappy King, my Master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now good *Camillo*,
I am so fraught with curious businesse, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I thinke 580
You have heard of my poore services, i'th love
That I have borne your Father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: It is my Fathers Musicke
To speake your deeds: not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may please to thinke I love the King,
And through him, what's neerest to him, which is
Your gracious selfe; embrace but my direction, 590
If your more ponderous and setled project
May suffer alteration. On mine honor,
He point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your Highnesse, where you may
Enjoy your Mistris; from the whom, I see

There's no disjunction to be made, but by
 (As heavens forefend¹) your ruine: Marry her,
 And with my best endeavours, in your absence,
 Your discontenting Father, strive to qualifie ¹*forbid*
 And bring him up to liking. 600

Flo. How *Camillo*

May this (almost a miracle) be done?
 That I may call thee something more then man,
 And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
 A place whereto you'l go?

Flo. Not any yet:

But as th'unthought-on accident is guiltie
 To what we wildely do, so we professe
 Our selves to be the slaves of chance, and flyes 610
 Of every winde that blowes.

Cam. Then list to me:

This followes, if you will not change your purpose
 But undergo this flight; make for Sicillia,
 And there present your selfe, and your fayre Princesse,
 (For so I see she must be) 'fore *Leontes*;
 She shall be habited, as it becomes
 The partner of your Bed. Me thinkes I see
Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping 619
 His Welcomes forth: asks thee there Sonne forgivenessse,
 As 'twere i'th' Fathers person: kisses the hands
 Of your fresh Princesse; ore and ore divides him,
 'Twixt his unkindnesse, and his Kindnesse: th'one
 He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
 Faster then Thought, or Time.

Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
 What colour for my Visitation, shall I

Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir, 630
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall deliver,
Things knowne betwixt us three, Ile write you downe,
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say: that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your Fathers Bosome there,
And speake his very Heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sappe in this.

Cam. A Course more promising, 640
Then a wild dedication of your selves
To unpath'd Waters, undream'd Shores; most certaine,
To Miseries enough: no hope to helpe you,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certaine, as your Anchors, who
Doe their best office, if they can but stay you,
Where you'le be loth to be: besides you know,
Prosperitie's the very bond of Love,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters. 650

Perd. One of these is true:
I thinke Affliction may subdue the Cheeke,
But not take-in¹ the Mind. ¹conquer

Cam. Yea? say you so?
There shall not, at your Fathers House, these seven yeeres
Be borne another such.

Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as
She is i'th'reare'our Birth.

659. *reare'our* : *rear o' her*—Rowe.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pittie 660
She lacks Instructions, for she seemes a Mistresse
To most that teach.

Perd. Your pardon Sir, for this,
Ile blush you Thanks.

Flo. My prettiest *Perdita*.
But O, the Thornes we stand upon: (*Camillo*)
Preserver of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our House: how shall we doe?
We are not furnish'd like *Bobemia's* Sonne,
Nor shall appeare in *Sicilia*. 670

Cam. My Lord,
Feare none of this: I thinke you know my fortunes
Doe all lye there: it shall be so my care,
To have you royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play, were mine. For instance Sir,
That you may know you shall not want: one word.
[*They talk aside.*]

Enter Autolicus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a Foole Honestie is? and Trust (his
sworne brother) a very simple Gentleman. I have sold
all my Tromperie: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon,
Glasse, Pomander, Browch, Table-booke,¹ Ballad, Knife,
Tape, Glove, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe
my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first,
as if my Trinkets had beene hallowed, and brought a be-
nediction to the buyer: by which meanes, I saw whose
Purse was best in Picture; and what I saw, to my good
use, I remembred. My Clowne (who wants but some-
thing to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the
Wenches Song, that hee would not stirre his Petty-toes,²
till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the rest
of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences stucke in

¹ tablet ² pig's feet

THE WINTERS TALE

[IV. iv. 620-652]

Eares: you might have pinch'd a Placket, it was sencelesse; 'twas nothing to gueld a Cod-peece of a Purse: I would have fill'd Keyes of that hung in Chaynes: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargie, I pickd and cut most of their Festivall Purses: And had not the old-man come in with a Whoo-bub¹ against his Daughter, and the Kings Sonne, and scar'd my Chowghes² from the Chaffe, I had not left a Purse alive in the whole Army.

¹ *bubbub* ² *birds* 701

[*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*]

Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this meanes being there So soone as you arrive, shall cleare that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'le procure from King *Leontes*?

Cam. Shall satisfie your Father.

Perd. Happy be you:

All that you speake, shewes faire.

Cam. Who have we here? [*Seeing Autolycus.*]

Wee'le make an Instrument of this: omit

Nothing may give us aide.

710

Aut. If they have over-heard me now: why hanging.

Cam. How now (good Fellow)

Why shak'st thou so? Feare not (man)

Here's no harme intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still: here's no body will steale that from thee: yet for the out-side of thy povertie, we must make an exchange; therefore dis-case³ thee instantly (thou must thinke there's a necessitie in't) and change Garments with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot. 721

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir: [*Aside*] (I know ye well | enough.) ³ *undress*

694. *would: could*—GLOBE.

712-14. *prose*—MALONE.

Cam. Nay prethee dispatch: the Gentleman is halfe fled ¹ already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir? [*Aside*] (I smell the trick on't.) |

Flo. Dispatch, I prethee.

Aut. Indeed I have had Earnest, but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

730

[*Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.*]

Fortunate Mistresse (let my prophetic

Come home to ye:) you must retire your selfe

Into some Covert; take your sweet-hearts Hat

And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,

Dis-mantle you, and (as you can) disliken

The truth of your owne seeming, that you may

(For I doe feare eyes over) to Ship-boord

Get undescry'd.

Perd. I see the Play so lyes,

That I must beare a part.

740

Cam. No remedie:

Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my Father,

He would not call me Sonne.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no Hat:

[*Giving it to Perdita.*]

Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita*: what have we twaine forgot?

'Pray you a word.

Cam. [*Aside*] What I doe next, shall be to tell the King |

750

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;

725. *fled*: *flayed* (flay'd)—STEEVENS.

THE WINTERS TALE

[IV. iv. 677-711

Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevaile,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall re-view *Sicilia*; for whose sight,
I have a Womans Longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us:

Thus we set on (*Camillo*) to th'Sea-side.

757

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

Exit

[*Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo*].

Aut. I understand the businesse, I heare it: to have an open eare, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a Cut-purse; a good Nose is requisite also, to smell out worke for th'other Sences. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure the Gods doe this yeere connive at us, and we may doe any thing extempore. The Prince himselfe is about a peece of Iniquitie (stealing away from his Father, with his Clog at his heeles:) if I thought it were a peece of honestie to acquaint the King withall, I would not do't: I hold it the more knaverie to conceale it; and therein am I constant to my Profession.

771

Enter Clowne and Shepheard.

Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot braine: Every Lanes end, every Shop, Church, Session, Hanging, yeelds a carefull man worke.

Clowne. See, see: what a man you are now? there is no other way, but to tell the King she's a Changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but heare me.

Clow. Nay; but heare me.

780

Shep. Goe too then.

Clow. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood ha's not offended the King, and so your

flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her (those secret things, all but what she ha's with her:) This being done, let the Law goe whistle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his Sonnes prancks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me the Kings Brother in Law. 791

Clo. Indeed Brother in Law was the farthest off you could have beene to him, and then your Blood had beene the dearer, by I know-how much an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside*] Very wisely (Puppies.)

Shep. Well: let us to the King: there is that in this Farthell,¹ will make him scratch his Beard. ^{1 pack}

Aut. [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this Complaint | may be to the flight of my Master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at 'Pallace. 800

Aut. [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so some- | times by chance: Let me pocket up my Pedlers excre- | ment.² [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now (Rustiques) whither are you bound? |

Shep. To th'Pallace (and it like your Worship.)

Aut. Your Affaires there? what? with whom? the Condition of that Farthell? the place of your dwelling? your names? your ages? of what having?³ breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be knowne, discover? 808

Clo. We are but plaine fellowes, Sir. ^{2 false beard}

Aut. A Lye; you are rough, and hayrie: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but Trades-men, and they often give us (Souldiers) the Lye, but wee pay them for it with stamped Coyne, not stabbing Steele, therefore they doe not give us the Lye. ^{3 property}

797, 806. *Farthell*: fardel-STEEVENS (1793).

804. *and*: an-HANMER.

Clo. Your Worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken your selfe with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, and't like you Sir? 817

Aut. Whether it lke me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest thou not the ayre of the Court, in these enfoldings? Hath not my gate in it, the measure of the Court? Receives not thy Nose Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy Basennesse, Court-Contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, at toaze¹ from thee thy Businesse, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier *Cap-a-pe*; and one that will eyther push-on, or pluck-back, thy Businesse there: whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.

Shep. My Businesse, Sir, is to the King. ^{1 tear}

Aut. What Advocate ha'st thou to him?

Shep. I know not (and't like you.)

Clo. Advocate's the Court-word for a Pheazant: say you have none. 831

Shep. None, Sir: I have no Pheazant Cock, nor Hen.

Aut. How blessed are we, that are not simple men? Yet Nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdaine.

Clo. This cannot be but-a great Courtier.

Shep. His Garments are rich, but he weares them not handsomely.

Clo. He seemés to be the more Noble, in being fantasticall: A great man, Ile warrant; I know by the picking on's Teeth. 841

Aut. The Farthell there? What's i'th' Farthell? Wherefore that Box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes such Secrets in this Farthell and Box, which none must know but the King, and which hee

817. *and't*: *an't*-HANMER.

818. *lke*: misprint *IF*.

823. *at*: *or*-2-4F.

829. *and't*: *an't*-HANMER.

842, 844. *Faribell*: *fardel*-STEEVENS (1793).

shall know within this houre, if I may come to th'speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why Sir?

849

Aut. The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone aboard a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himselfe: for if thou bee'st capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of griefe.

Shep. So 'tis said (Sir:) about his Sonne, that should have marryed a Shepheards Daughter.

Aut. If that Shepheard be not in hand-fast, let him flye; the Curses he shall have, the Tortures he shall feele, will breake the back of Man, the heart of Monster.

Clo. Thinke you so, Sir?

859

Aut. Not hee alone shall suffer what Wit can make heavie, and Vengeance bitter; but those that are Jermaine to him (though remov'd fiftie times) shall all come under the Hang-man: which, though it be great pittie, yet it is necessarie. An old Sheepe-whistiing Rogue, a Ram-tender, to offer to have his Daughter come into grace? Some say hee shall be ston'd: but that death is too soft for him (say I:) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat? all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easie.

Clo. Ha's the old-man ere a Sonne Sir (doe you heare) and't like you, Sir?

870

Aut. Hee ha's a Sonne: who shall be flayd alive, then 'noynted over with Honey, set on the head of a Wasps Nest, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recover'd againe with Aquavite, or some other hot Infusion: then, raw as he is (and in the hottest day Prognostication proclaymes) shall he be set against a Brick-wall, (the Sunne looking with a South-ward eye upon him;

864. *whistiing*: *whistling*-2-4F.870. *and't*: *an't*-HANMEL.

where hee is to behold him, with Flies blown to death.) But what talke we of these Traitorly-Rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capitall? Tell me (for you seeme to be honest plaine men) what you have to the King: being something gently consider'd, Ile bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalves; and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your Suites, here is man shall doe it. 886

Clow. He seemes to be of great authoritie: close with him, give him Gold; and though Authoritie be a stubborne Beare, yet hee is oft led by the Nose with Gold: shew the in-side of your Purse to the out-side of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember ston'd, and flay'd alive. 892

Shep. And't please you (Sir) to undertake the Businesse for us, here is that Gold I have: Ile make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawne, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. I Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the Moitie: Are you a partie in this Businesse? 900

Clow. In some sort, Sir: but though my case be a pitifull one, I hope I shall not be flayd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the case of the Shepheards Sonne: hang him, hee'le be made an example.

Clow. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the King, and shew our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Sister: wee are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man do's, when the Businesse is performed, and remaine (as he sayes) your pawne till it be brought you. 910

893. *And't: An't--HANMER.*

IV. iv. 854-V. i. 6] THE WINTERS TALE

Aut. I will trust you. Walke before toward the Seaside, goe on the right hand, I will but looke upon the Hedge, and follow you.

Clow. We are bless'd, in this man: as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to doe us good. [*Exeunt Shepberd and Clown.*] 917

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see *Fortune* would not suffer mee: shee drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion: (Gold, and a means to doe the Prince my Master good; which, who knows how that may turne backe to my advancement?) I will bring these two Moales, these blind-ones, aboard him: if he thinke it fit to shoare them againe, and that the Complaint they have to the King, concerne him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so farre officious, for I am prooffe against that Title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

[*A room in Leontes' palace.*]

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, Servants: Florizel, Perdita.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd A Saint-like Sorrow: No fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd; indeed pay'd downe More penitence, then done trespas: At the last Doe, as the Heavens have done; forget your evill, With them, forgive your selfe.

3. *Florizel, Perdita; out*—Rowe.

Leo. Whilest I remember
Her, and her Vertues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still thinke of
The wrong I did my selfe: which was so much,
That Heire-lesse it hath made my Kingdome, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st Companion, that ere man
Bred his hopes out of, true. 10

Paul. Too true (my Lord:)
If one by one, you wedded all the World,
Or from the All that are, tooke something good,
To make a perfect Woman; she you kill'd, 20
Would be unparallell'd.

Leo. I thinke so. Kill'd?
She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter
Upon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldome.

Cleo. Not at all, good Lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindnesse better. 30

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed againe.

Dio. If you would not so,
You pittie not the State, nor the Remembrance
Of his most Soveraigne Name: Consider little,
What Dangers, by his Highnesse faile of Issue,
May drop upon his Kingdome, and devoure
Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy,
Then to rejoyce the former Queene is well?
What holier, then for Royalties repayre, 40
For present comfort, and for future good,

16. *true*: given to Paulina—THEOBALD.

To blesse the Bed of Majestic againe
With a sweet Fellow to^t?

Paul. There is none worthy,
(Respecting her that's gone:) besides the Gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For ha's not the Divine *Apollo* said?
Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,
That King *Leontes* shall not have an Heire,
Till his lost Child be found? Which, that it shall, 50
Is all as monstrous to our humane reason,
As my *Antigonus* to breake his Grave,
And come againe to me: who, on my life,
Did perish with the Infant. 'Tis your counsell,
My Lord should to the Heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. [*To Leontes*] Care not for
Issue, |
The Crowne will find an Heire. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th'Worthiest: so his Successor
Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good *Paulina*, 60
Who hast the memorie of *Hermione*
I know in honor: O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsell: then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my Queenes full eyes,
Have taken Treasure from her Lippes.

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yeelded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth:
No more such Wives, therefore no Wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her Sainted Spirit 70
Againe possesse her Corps, and on this Stage
(Where we Offenders now appeare) Soule-vest,

51. *humane*: human-POPE.72. *we*: we're-GLOBE.

THE WINTERS TALE

[V. i. 60-82

And begin, why to me?

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just such cause.

Leo. She had, and would incense¹ me ¹ incite
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so:
Were I the Ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you marke
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't 80
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your eares
Should rift² to heare me, and the words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine. ² split

Leo. Starres, Starres,
And all eyes else, dead coales: feare thou no Wife;
Ile have no Wife, *Paulina*.

Paul. Will you sweare
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leo. Never (*Paulina*) so be bless'd my Spirit. 89

Paul. Then good my Lords, beare witnesse to his Oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unlesse another,
As like *Hermione*, as is her Picture,
Affront³ his eye. ³ come before

Cleo. Good Madame, I have done.

Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;
No remedie but you will: Give me the Office
To chuse you a Queene: she shall not be so young
As was your former, but she shall be such 99
As (walk'd your first Queenes Ghost) it should take joy
To see her in your armes.

Leo. My true *Paulina*,
We shall not marry, till thou bidst us.

Paul. That

75. just such cause: just cause-3-4F.

95. I have done: given to Paul-CAPELL.

Shall be when your first Queene's againe in breath:
Never till then.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. One that gives out himselfe Prince *Florizell*,
Sonne of *Polixenes*, with his Princesse (she
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires accesse 110
To your high presence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his Fathers Greatnesse: his approach
(So out of circumstance, and suddaine) tells us,
'Tis not a Visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What Trayne?

Ser. But few,
And those but meane.

Leo. His Princesse (say you) with him? 119

Ser. I: the most peerlesse peece of Earth, I thinke,
That ere the Sunne shone bright on.

Paul. Oh *Hermione*,
As every present Time doth boast it selfe
Above a better, gone; so must thy Grave
Give way to what's seene now. Sir, you your selfe
Have said, and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder then that Theame: she had not beene,
Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Verse
Flow'd with her Beautie once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seene a better. 130

Ser. Pardon, Madame:
The one, I have almost forgot (your pardon:)
The other, when she ha's obtayn'd your Eye,
Will have your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would she begin a Sect, might quench the zeale

107. *Servant:* Gentleman, and so throughout—THEOBALD.

THE WINTERS TALE

[V. i. 108-135]

Of all Professors else; make Proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Ser. Women will love her, that she is a Woman
More worth then any Man: Men, that she is 140
The rarest of all Women.

Leo. Goe *Cleomines*,
Your selfe (assisted with your honor'd Friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,
He thus should steale upon us. *Exit*
[*Cleomenes and others*].

Paul. Had our Prince
(Jewell of Children) scene this houre, he had payr'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth
Betweene their births.

Leo. 'Prethee no more; cease: thou know'st 150
He dyes to me againe, when talk'd-of: sure
When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of Reason. They are come.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.

Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince,
For she did print your Royall Father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twentie one,
Your Fathers Image is so hit in you,
(His very ayre) that I should call you Brother, 160
As I did him, and speake of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearely welcome,
And your faire Princesse (Goddesse) oh: alas,
I lost a couple, that 'twixt Heaven and Earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I lost
(All mine owne Folly) the Societie,

Amitie too of your brave Father, whom
(Though bearing Miseric) I desire my life
Once more to looke on him. 170

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a King (at friend)
Can send his Brother: and but Infirmitie
(Which waits upon worne times) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd Abilitie, he had himselfe
The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his,
Measur'd, to looke upon you; whom he loves
(He bad me say so) more then all the Scepters,
And those that beare them, living. 180

Leo. Oh my Brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee, stirre
Afresh within me: and these thy offices
(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand slacknesse. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th'Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th'fearefull usage
(At least ungentle) of the dreadfull *Neptune*,
To greet a man, not worth her paines; much lesse,
Th'adventure of her person? 190

Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from *Libia*.

Leo. Where the Warlike *Smalus*,
That Noble honor'd Lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most Royall Sir,
From thence: from him, whose Daughter
His Teares proclaym'd his parting with her: thence
(A prosperous South-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the Charge my Father gave me,

THE WINTERS TALE

[V. i. 163-191

For visiting your Highnesse: My best Traine 200
I have from your *Sicilian* Shores dismiss'd;
Who for *Bobemia* bend, to signifie
Not onely my succeſſe in *Libia* (Sir)
But my arrivall, and my Wifes, in ſafetie
Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed Gods

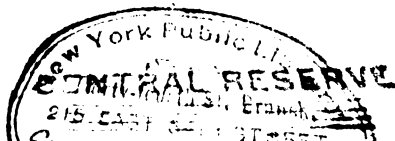
Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whilest you
Doe Clymate here: you have a holy Father,
A gracefull Gentleman, againſt whose perſon
(So ſacred as it is) I have done ſinne, 210
For which, the Heavens (taking angry note)
Have left me Iſſue-leſſe: and your Father's bleſs'd
(As he from Heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodneſſe. What might I have been,
Might I a Sonne and Daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Moſt Noble Sir,
That which I ſhall report, will beare no credit, 219
Were not the prooſe ſo nigh. Please you (great Sir)
Bobemia greets you from himſelfe, by me:
Deſires you to attach his Sonne, who ha's
(His Dignitie, and Dutie both caſt off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepheards Daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bobemia*? ſpeake:

Lord. Here, in your Citie: I now came from him.
I ſpeake amazedly, and it becomes
My mervaille, and my Message. To your Court
Whiles he was haſtning (in the Chase, it ſeemes, 230
Of this faire Couple) meetes he on the way
The Father of this ſeeming Lady, and



Her Brother, having both their Countrey quitted,
With this young Prince.

Flo. Camillo ha's betray'd me;
Whose honor, and whose honestie till now,
Endur'd all Weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge:
He's with the King your Father.

Leo. Who? Camillo? 240

Lord. Camillo (Sir:) I spake with him: who now
Ha's these poore men in question.¹ Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneele, they kisse the Earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speake:
Bobemia stops his eares, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death. ¹ conversation

Perd. Oh my poore Father:
The Heaven sets Spyes upon us, will not have
Our Contract celebrated.

Leo. You are married? 250

Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:
The Starres (I see) will kisse the Valleys first:
The oddes for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my Wife.

Leo. That once (I see) by your good Fathers speed,
Will come-on very slowly. I am sorry
(Most sorry) you have broken from his liking, 260
Where you were ty'd in dutie: and as sorry,
Your Choise is not so rich in Worth,² as Beautie,
That you might well enjoy her. ² wealth

Flo. Deare, looke up:
Though *Fortune*, visible an Enemy,
Should chase us, with my Father; powre no jot

THE WINTERS TALE

[V. i. 218-ii. 9

Hath she to change our Loves. Beseech you (Sir)
Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time
Then I doe now: with thought of such Affections,
Step forth mine Advocate: at your request, 270
My Father will graunt precious things, as Trifles.

Leo. Would he doe so, I'd beg your precious Mistris,
Which he counts but a Trifle.

Paul. Sir (my Liege)
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a moneth
'Fore your Queene dy'd, she was more worth such gazes,
Then what you looke on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these Lookes I made. [*To Florizel*] But your
Petition |

Is yet un-answer'd: I will to your Father: 280
Your Honor not o're-throwne by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: Upon which Errand
I now goe toward him: therefore follow me,
And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scœna Secunda.

[*Before Leontes' palace.*]

Enter Autolicus, and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you (Sir) were you present at this Relation?

Gent. I. I was by at the opening of the Farthell, heard the old Shepheard deliver the manner how he found it: Whereupon (after a little amazednesse) we were all commanded out of the Chamber: onely this (me thought) I heard the Shepheard say, he found the Child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it. 10

5. *Faribell:* fardel-2-4F.

Gent. 1. I make a broken deliverie of the Businesse; but the changes I perceived in the King, and *Camillo*, were very Notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to teare the Cases of their Eyes. There was speech in their dumbnesse, Language in their very gesture: they look'd as they had heard of a World ransom'd, or one destroyed: a notable passion of Wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if th'importance were Joy, or Sorrow; but in the extremitie of the one, it must needs be. *Enter another Gentleman.* 21

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more: The Newes, *Rogero*.

Gent. 2. Nothing but Bon-fires: the Oracle is fulfill'd: the Kings Daughter is found: such a deale of wonder is broken out within this houre, that Ballad-makers cannot be able to expresse it. *Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes the Lady *Paulina's* Steward, hee can deliver you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which is call'd true) is so like an old Tale, that the veritie of it is in strong suspition: Ha's the King found his Heire? 31

Gent. 3. Most true, if ever Truth were pregnant by Circumstance: That which you heare, you'le swear you see, there is such unitie in the proofes. The Mantle of Queene *Hermiones*: her Jewell about the Neck of it: the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his Character: the Majestie of the Creature, in resemblance of the Mother: the Affection of Noblenesse, which Nature shewes above her Breeding, and many o-ther Evidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie, to be the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings? 42

Gent. 2. No.

22. *happily*: haply—COLLIER.

Gent. 3. Then have you lost a Sight which was to bee seene, cannot bee spoken of. There might you have beheld one Joy crowne another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd Sorrow wept to take leave of them: for their Joy waded in teares. There was casting up of Eyes, holding up of Hands, with Countenance of such distraction, that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Favor. Our King being ready to leape out of himselfe, for joy of his found Daughter; as if that Joy were now become a Losse, cries, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then asks *Bohemia* forgivenessse, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law: then againe worryes he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which stands by, like a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I never heard of such another Encounter; which lames Report to follow it, and undo's description to doe it.

Gent. 2 What, 'pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carryed hence the Child? 61

Gent. 3. Like an old Tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though Credit be asleepe, and not an eare open; he was torne to pieces with a Beare: This avouches the Shepheards Sonne; who ha's not onely his Innocence (which seemes much) to justifie him, but a Hand-kerchief and Rings of his, that *Paulina* knowes.

Gent. 1. What became of his Barke, and his Followers? 69

Gent. 3. Wrackt the same instant of their Masters death, and in the view of the Shepheard: so that all the Instruments which ayded to expose the Child, were even then lost, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that 'twixt Joy and Sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. Shee had one Eye declin'd for the losse of her Husband, another elevated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: Shee lifed the Princesse from the Earth, and so locks her in embracing,

as if shee would pin her to her heart, that shee might no more be in danger of loosing.

Gent. 1. The Dignitie of this Act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by such was it acted. 81

Gent. 3. One of the prettyest touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though not the Fish) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes death (with the manner how shee came to't, bravely confess'd, and lamented by the King) how attentivenesse wounded his Daughter, till (from one signe of dolour to another) shee did (with an *Alas*) I would faine say, bleed Teares; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most Marble, there changed colour: some swownded, all sorrowed: if all the World could have seen't, the Woe had beene universall. 92

Gent. 1. Are they returned to the Court?

Gent. 3. No: The Princesse hearing of her Mothers Statue (which is in the keeping of *Paulina*) a Peece many yeeres in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare Italian Master, *Julio Romano*, who (had he himselfe Eternitie, and could put Breath into his Worke) would beguile Nature of her Custome, so perfectly he is her Ape: He so neere to *Hermione*, hath done *Hermione*, that they say one would speake to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither (with all greedinesse of affection) are they gone, and there they intend to Sup. 103

Gent. 2. I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for shee hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of *Hermione*, visited that removed¹ House. Shall wee thither, and with our companie peece the Rejoycing? ^{1 retired}

Gent. 1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit of Accessee? every winke of an Eye, some new Grace

THE WINTERS TALE

[V. ii. 120-152

will be borne: our Absence makes us unthrifite to our Knowledge. Let's along. *Exit.* 112

Aut. Now (had I not the dash of my former life in me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his Sonne aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talke of a Farthell, and I know not what: but he at that time over-fond of the Shepheards Daughter (so he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea-sick, and himselfe little better, extremitie of Weather continuing, this Myserie remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I beene the finder-out of this Secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepheard and Clowne. 123

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and alreadie appearing in the blossomes of their Fortune.

Shep. Come Boy, I am past moe Children: but thy Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.

Clow. You are well met (Sir.) you deny'd to fight with mee this other day, because I was no Gentleman borne. See you these Clothes? say you see them not, and thinke me still no Gentleman borne: You were best say these Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Give me the Lye: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman borne.

Ant. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman borne.

Clow. I, and have been so any time these foure houres.

Shep. And so have I, Boy. 138

Clow. So you have: but I was a Gentleman borne before my Father: for the Kings Sonne tooke me by the

116. *Faribell*: fardel-STEEVENS (1793).

136. *Ant*: misprint 1F.

hand, and call'd mee Brother: and then the two Kings call'd my Father Brother: and then the Prince (my Brother) and the Princesse (my Sister) call'd my Father, Father; | and so wee wept: and there was the first Gentleman-like | teares that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live (Sonne) to shed many more.

Clow. I: or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince my Master. 151

Shep. 'Prethee Sonne doe: for we must be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. I, and it like your good Worship.

Clow. Give me thy hand: I will sweare to the Prince, thou art as honest a true Fellow as any is in *Bobemia*.

Shep. You may say it, but not sweare it.

Clow. Not sweare it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boores and Francklins¹ say it, Ile sweare it. ¹*yeomen*

Shep. How if it be false (Sonne?) 161

Clow. If it be ne're so false, a true Gentleman may sweare it, in the behalfe of his Friend: And Ile sweare to the Prince, thou art a tall² Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunke: but I know thou art no tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: but Ile sweare it, and I would thou would'st be a tall Fellow of thy hands. ²*active*

Aut. I will prove so (Sir) to my power. 162

Clow. I, by any meanes prove a tall Fellow: if I do no wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunke, not being a tall Fellow, trust me not. Harke, the Kings and the Prin —

THE WINTERS TALE [V. ii. 186–iii. 20

ces (our Kindred) are going to see the Queenes Picture.
Come, follow us: wee'le be thy good Masters. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

[*A chapel in Paulina's house.*]

*Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo,
Paulina: Hermione (like a Statue:) Lords, &c.*

Leo. O grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort
That I have had of thee?

Paul. What (Soveraigne Sir)
I did not well, I meant well: all my Services
You have pay'd home. But that you have vouchsaf'd
(With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted
Heires of your Kingdomes) my poore House to visit; 10
It is a surplus of your Grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leo. O *Paulina*,
We honor you with trouble: but we came
To see the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallerie
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my Daughter came to looke upon,
The Statue of her Mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerelesse, 20
So her dead likenesse I doe well beleeve
Excells what ever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it
Lovely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the Life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and say 'tis well.

3. *Hermione (like a Statue:)*: out—*Rowe.*

24. *Lovely: Lonely*—*HANMER.*

[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.*]

I like your silence, it the more shewes-off
Your wonder: but yet speake, first you (my Liege)
Comes it not something neere?

Leo. Her naturall Posture. 30

Chide me (deare Stone) that I may say indeed
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding: for she was as tender
As Infancie, and Grace. But yet (*Paulina*)
Hermione was not so much wrinckled, nothing
So aged as this seemes.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our Carvers excellence,
Which lets goe-by some sixteene yeeres, and makes her
As she liv'd now. 40

Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus she stood,
Even with such Life of Majestie (warme Life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd: Do's not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Peece:
There's Magick in thy Majestic, which ha's
My Evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits, 50
Standing like Stone with thee.

Perd. And give me leave,
And doe not say 'tis Superstition, that
I kneele, and then implore her Blessing. Lady,
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kisse.

Paul. O, patience:
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's
Not dry.

THE WINTERS TALE

[V. iii. 49-75

Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too sore lay'd-on,
Which sixteene Winters cannot blow away, 61
So many Summers dry: scarce any Joy
Did ever so long live; no Sorrow,
But kill'd it selfe much sooner.

Pol. Deere my Brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have powre
To take-off so much griefe from you, as he
Will peece up in himselfe.

Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poore Image 70
Would thus have wrought you (for the Stone is mine)
Ild not have shew'd it.

Leo. Doe not draw the Curtaine.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, least your Fancie
May thinke anon, it moves.

Leo. Let be, let be:
Would I were dead, but that me thinkes alreadie.
(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)
Would you not deeme it breath'd? and that those veines
Did verily beare blood? 80

Pol. 'Masterly done:
The very Life seemes warme upon her Lippe.
Leo. The fixure of her Eye ha's motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art.

Paul. Ile draw the Curtaine:
My Lord's almost so farre transported, that
Hee'le thinke anon it lives.

Leo. Oh sweet *Paulina*,
Make me to thinke so twentie yeeres together:
No settled Sences of the World can match 90
The pleasure of that madnesse. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry (Sir) I have thus farre stir'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.

Leo. Doe *Paulina*:

For this Affliction ha's a taste as sweet
 As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes
 There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell
 Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
 For I will kisse her.

Paul. Good my Lord, forbear: 100

The ruddinesse upon her Lippe, is wet:
 You'le marre it, if you kisse it; stayne your owne
 With Oyly Painting: shall I draw the Curtaine.

Leo. No: not these twentie yeeres.

Perd. So long could I
 Stand-by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear,
 Quit presently the Chappell, or resolve you
 For more amazement: if you can behold it,
 Ile make the Statue move indeed; descend, 110
 And take you by the hand: but then you'le thinke
 (Which I protest against) I am assisted
 By wicked Powers.

Leo. What you can make her doe,
 I am content to looke on: what to speake,
 I am content to heare: for 'tis as easie
 To make her speake, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd
 You doe awake your Faith: then, all stand still:
 On: those that thinke it is unlawfull Businesse 120
 I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed:
 No foot shall stirre.

Paul. Musick; awake her: Strike: [*Music*]
 'Tis time: descend: be Stone no more: approach:
 Strike all that looke upon with mervaille: Come:
 Ile fill your Grave up: stirre: nay, come away:
 Bequeath to Death your numnesse: (for from him,

THE WINTERS TALE

[V. iii. 103-129]

Deare Life redeemes you) you perceiue she stirres:

[*Hermione comes down.*]

Start not: her Actions shall be holy, as 130

You heare my Spell is lawfull: doe not shun her,

Untill you see her dye againe; for then

You kill her double: Nay, present your Hand:

When she was young, you woo'd her: now, in age,

Is she become the Suitor?

Leo. Oh she's warme:

If this be Magick, let it be an Art

Lawfull as Eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his necke, 140

If she pertaine to life, let her speake too.

Pol. I, and make it manifest where she ha's liv'd,

Or how stolne from the dead?

Paul. That she is living,

Were it but told you, should be hooted at

Like an old Tale: but it appeares she lives,

Though yet she speake not. Marke a little while:

Please you to interpose (faire Madam) kneele,

And pray your Mothers blessing: turne good Lady,

Our *Perdita* is found. 150

Her. You Gods looke downe,

And from your sacred Viols poure your graces

Upon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)

Where hast thou bin preserv'd? Where liv'd? How found

Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heare that I

Knowing by *Paulina*, that rhe Oracle

Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd

My selfe, to see the yssue.

Paul. There's tme enough for that,

Least they desire (upon this push) to trouble 160

156. *rbe*: misprint 1F.

159. *tme*: misprint 1F.

Your joyes, with like Relation. Go together
 You precious winners all: your exultation
 Partake to every one: I (an old Turtle)
 Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
 My Mate (that's never to be found againe)
 Lament, till I am lost.

Leo. O peace Paulina:

Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
 As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match, 169
 And made betweene's by Vowes. Thou hast found mine,
 But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her
 (As I thought) dead: and have (in vaine) said many
 A prayer upon her grave. Ile not seeke farre
 (For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee
 An honourable husband. Come *Camillo*,
 And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty
 Is richly noted: and heere justified
 By Us, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place.
 What? looke upon my Brother: both your pardons,
 That ere I put betweene your holy looks 180
 My ill suspection: This your Son-in-law,
 And Sonne unto the King, whom heavens directing
 Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
 Leade us from hence, where we may leysurely
 Each one demand, and answer to his part
 Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first
 We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away. *Exeunt.*

The Names of the Actors.

Leontes, King of Sicillia.

Mamillus, yong Prince of Sicillia.

Camillo.

Antigonus. } *Foure*
Cleomines. } *Lords of Sicillia.*

Dion.

Hermione, Queene to Leontes.

Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.

Paulina, wife to Antigonus.

Emilia, a Lady.

Polixenes, King of Bobemia.

Florizell, Prince of Bobemia.

Old Shepheard, reputed Father of Perdita.

Clowne, his Sonne.

Autolicus, a Rogue.

Archidamus, a Lord of Bobemia.

Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Servants.

Shepheards, and Shephearddresses.

FINIS.

THE TEMPEST

T.T.I.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*

SEBASTIAN, *his brother.*

PROSPERO, *the right Duke of Milan.*

ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*

FERDINAND, *son to the King of Naples.*

GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor.*

ADRIAN, }
FRANCISCO, } *Lords.*

CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*

TRINCULO, *a Jester.*

STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*

Master of a Ship.

Boatswain.

Mariners.

MIRANDA, *daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*

IRIS, }
CERES, }
JUNO, } *presented by Spirits.*
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE: *A ship at sea: an island.*]



The Librarian's room, the Shakespeare memorial, Stratford-on-Avon
Photographed by Catharine Weed Ward

THE TEMPEST

Actus primus, Scena prima.

[*On a ship at sea.*]

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-master, and a Boteswaine.

Master.

BOTESWAIN.

Botes. Heere Master: What cheere?

Mast. Good: Speake to th' Mariners: fall | too't,
yarely,¹ or we run our selves a ground, | bestirre,
bestirre. ¹ *lively* *Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

10

Botes. Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts:
yare, yare:² Take in the toppe-sale: Tend to th' Masters
whistle: Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome e-
nough. ² *quick*

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinando,
Gonzalo, and others.*

Alon. Good Boteswaine have care: where's the Ma-
ster? Play the men.

15. *Anthonio:* Antonio—Rowe; all through—CAPELL.

15. *Ferdinando:* Ferdinand—Rowe.

Botes. I pray now keepe below.

Anth. Where is the Master, Boson? 20

Botes. Do you not heare him? you marre our labour,
Keepe your Cabines: you do assist the storme.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Botes. When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roa-
rers for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble
us not. 26

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Botes. None that I more love then my selfe. You are
a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to si-
lence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not
hand a rope more, use your authoritie: If you cannot,
give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make your
selfe readie in your Cabine for the mischance of the
houre, if it so hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our
way I say. *Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks
he hath no drowning marke upon him, his complexion
is perfect Gallowes: stand fast good Fate to his han-
ging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our
owne doth little advantage: If he be not borne to bee
hang'd, our case is miserable. *Exit.* 41

Enter Boteswaine.

Botes. Downe with the top-Mast: yare, lower, lower,
bring her to Try with Maine-course. A plague——

A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.

upon this howling: they are lowder then the weather,
or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we
give ore and drowne, have you a minde to sinke?

THE TEMPEST

[I. i. 43-70

Sebas. A poxe o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous incharitable Dog. 50

Botes. Worke you then.

Anth. Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent Noyse-maker, we are lesse afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

Gonz. I'le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nutt-shell, and as leaky as an unstanchd wench.

Botes. Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two courses off to Sea againe, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mari. All lost, to prayers, to prayers, all lost. 60

Botes. What must our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's assist them, for our case is as theirs.

Sebas. I'am out of patience.

An. We are meerly cheated of our lives by drunkards, This wide-chopt-rascall, would thou mightst lye drowning the washing of ten Tides.

Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet, Though every drop of water sweare against it, And gape at widst to glut him. *A confused noyse within.* Mercy on us. 71

We split, we split, Farewell my wife, and children, Farewell brother: we split, we split, we split.

Anth. Let's all sinke with' King .

Seb. Let's take leave of him. *Exit.*

Gonz. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne

62-3. new l. at For-POPE.

66-7. new l. at The-POPE.

71-3. as stage cries indicating *confused noyse within*-CAPELL.

74. *with' King:* with the king-ROWE.

fires, any thing; the wills above be done, but I would
faine dye a dry death. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.[*The island.*]*Enter Prospero and Miranda.*

Mira. If by your Art (my deerest father) you have
Put the wild waters in this Rore; alay them:
The skye it seemes would powre down stinking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheeke,
Dashes the fire out. Oh! I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: A brave vessell
(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
Dash'd all to peeces: O the cry did knocke ¹⁰
Against my very heart: poore soules, they perish'd.
Had I byn any God of power, I would
Have suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting¹ Soules within her. ^{1 lading}

Pros. Be collected,
No more amazement: Tell your pitteous heart
there's no harme done.

Mira. O woe, the day.

Pros. No harme: ²⁰
I have done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art. naught knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
Then *Prospero*, Master of a full poore cell,
And thy no greater Father.

Mira. More to know
Did never medle with my thoughts.

THE TEMPEST

[I. ii. 22-49]

Pros. 'Tis time

I should informe thee farther: Lend thy hand 30
And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,

[*Lays down his mantle.*]

Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort,
The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd

The very vertue of compassion in thee:

I have with such provision¹ in mine Art ¹*foresight*

So safely ordered, that there is no soule

No not so much perdition as an hayre

Betid to any creature in the vessell

Which thou heardst cry, which thou saw'st sinke: Sit
downe, |

For thou must now know farther. 40

Mira. You have often

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt

And left me to a bootlesse Inquisition,

Concluding, stay: not yet.

Pros. The howr's now come

The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,

Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember

A time before we came unto this Cell?

I doe not thinke thou canst, for then thou was't not

Out three yeeres old. 50

Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.

Pros. By what? by any other house, or person?

Of any thing the Image, tell me, that

Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis farre off:

And rather like a dreame, then an assurance

That my remembrance warrants: Had I not

Fowre, or five women once, that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst; and more *Miranda*: But how is it
That this lives in thy minde? What seest thou els 60

In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time?
Yf thou remembrest ought ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou maist.

Mira. But that I doe not.

Pros. Twelve yeresince (*Miranda*) twelve yere since,
Thy father was the Duke of *Millaine* and
A Prince of power:

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?

Pros. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father 70
Was Duke of *Millaine*, and his onely heire,
And Princesse; no worse Issued.

Mira. O the heavens,
What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?

Pros. Both, both my Girle.
By fowle-play (as thou saist) were we heav'd thence,
But blessedly holpe hither.

Mira. O my heart bleedes 79
To thinke oth' teene¹ that I have turn'd you to, ¹*grief*
Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther;

Pros. My brother and thy uncle, call'd *Anthony*:
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious: he, whom next thy selfe
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The mannage of my state, as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And *Prospero*, the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,
Without a paralell; those being all my studie, 90
The Government I cast upon my brother,
And to my State grew stranger, being transported

71. *and bis: and thou his*—HANMER.

THE TEMPEST

[I. ii. 77-106

And rapt in secret studies, thy false uncle
(Do'st thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedefully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to graunt suites,
how to deny them: who t'advance, and who
To trash¹ for over-topping; new created ¹lop off
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or els new form'd 'em; having both the key, 100
Of Officer, and office, set all hearts i'th state
To what tune pleas'd his eare, that now he was
The Ivy which had hid my princely Trunck,
And suckt my verdure out on't: Thou attend'st not?

Mira. O good Sir, I doe.

Pros. I pray thee marke me:

I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closenes, and the bettering of my mind
with that, which but by being so retir'd
Ore-priz'd all popular rate: in my false brother 110
Awak'd an evill nature, and my trust
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great
As my trust was, which had indeede no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not onely with what my renew yeilded,
But what my power might els exact. Like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a synner of his memorie
To credite his owne lie, he did beleieve 120
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Substitution
And executing th' outward face of Roialtie
With all prerogative: hence his Ambition growing:
Do'stthou heare?

117. exact. Like: exact, like-Rowe.

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenesse.

Pros. To have no Schreene between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needes will be
Absolute *Millaine*, Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall roalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates 130
(so drie¹ he was for Sway) with King of *Naples* ¹ *thirst*
To give him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
Subject his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet unbow'd (alas poore *Millaine*)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. Oh the heavens:

Pros. Marke his condition, and th'event, then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sinne

To thinke but Noblie of my Grand-mother, 140
Good wombes have borne bad sonnes.

Pro. Now the Condition.

This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my Brothers suit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire *Millaine*
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Armie levied, one mid-night 150
Fated to th' purpose, did *Antonio* open
The gates of *Millaine*, and ith' dead of darkenesse
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying selfe.

Mir. Alack, for pittie:

I not remembring how I cride out then

129. *roalties*: royalties-3-4F.

131. *with King*: wi'the King-CAPELL.

THE TEMPEST

[I. ii. 134-160

Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too't.

Pro. Heare a little further,
And then I'le bring thee to the present busnesse 160
Which now's upon's: without the which, this Story
Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That howre destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My Tale provokes that question: Deare, they durst not,
So deare the love my people bore me: nor set
A marke so bloody on the busnesse; but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
In few, they hurried us a-boord a Barke, 170
Bore us some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkasse of a Butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast, the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: There they hoyst us
To cry to th' Sea, that roard to us; to sigh
To th' windes, whose pittty sighing backe againe
Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you?

Pro. O, a Cherubin 180
Thou was't that did preserve me; Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomacke, to beare up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we a shore?

Pro. By providence divine,
Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that

172. *Butt:* boat-Rowe.

A noble *Neopolitan Gonzalo* 190
 Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
 Master of this designe) did give us, with
 Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessities .
 Which since have steeded much, so of his gentlenesse
 Knowing I lov'd my bookes, he furnishd me
 From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
 I prize above my Dukedome.

Mir. Would I might
 But ever see that man.

Pro. Now I arise, [*Resumes his mantle.*] 200
 Sit still, and heare the last of our sea-sorrow:
 Heere in this Iland we arriv'd, and heere
 Have I, thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit
 Then other Princesse can, that have more time
 For vainer howres; and Tutors, not so carefull.

Mir. Hevens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,
 For still 'tis beating in my minde; your reason
 For raysing this Sea-storme?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
 By accident most strange, bountifull *Fortune* 210
 (Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies
 Brought to this shore: And by my prescience
 I finde my *Zenith* doth depend upon
 A most auspicious starre, whose influence
 If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes
 Will ever after droope: Heare cease more questions,
 Thou art inclinde to sleepe: 'tis a good dulnesse,
 And give it way: I know thou canst not chuse:

[*Miranda sleeps.*]
 Come away, Servant, come; I am ready now,
 Approach my *Ariel*. Come. *Enter Ariel.* 220

Ari. All hailé, great Master, grave Sir, haile: I come
 204. *Princesse: princesses*—CAMBRIDGE.

THE TEMPEST

[I. ii. 190-216

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire: to ride
On the curld cloudes: to thy strong bidding, taske
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.

Pro. Hast thou, Spirit,
Performd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee.

Ar. To every Article.

I boarded the Kings ship: now on the Beake,
Now in the Waste,¹ the Decke, in every Cabyn, 230
I flam'd amazement, sometime I'd divide ¹*midship*
And burne in many places; on the Top-mast,
The Yards and Bore-spritt, would I flame distinctly,
Then meete, and joyne. *Joves* Lightning, the precursers
O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
And sight out-running were not; the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*
Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread Trident shake.

Pro. My brave Spirit, 240
Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle²
Would not infect his reason? ²*turmoil*

Ar. Not a soule
But felt a Feaver of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of desperation; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell;
Then all a fire with me the Kings sonne *Ferdinand*
With haire up-staring (then like reeds, not haire)
Was the first man that leapt; cride hell is empty,
And all the Divels are heere. 250

Pro. Why that's my spirit:
But was not this nye shore?

233. *Bore-spritt*: bowsprit—POPE.

246-7. *vessell*; *Then all .. me the*: vessel, Then all .. me: the—
ROWE.

Ar. Close by, my Master.

Pro. But are they (*Ariell*) safe?

Ar. Not a haire perisht:

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher then before: and as thou badst me,
In troops I have dispersd them 'bout the Isle:
The Kings sonne have I landed by himselfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with sighes, 260
In an odde Angle of the Isle, and sitting
His armes in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings ship,
The Marriners, say how thou hast disposd,
And all the rest o'th' Fleete?

Ar. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings shippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once
Thou calldst me up at midnight to fetch dewe
From the still-vext *Bermoothes*, there she's hid;
The Marriners all under hatches stowed, 270
Who, with a Charme joynd to their suffred labour
I have left asleep: and for the rest o'th' Fleet
(Which I dispers'd,) they all have met againe,
And are upon the *Mediterranian Flote*¹ ^{1 flood}
Bound sadly home for *Naples*,
Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt,
And his great person perish.

Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more worke:
What is the time o'th'day? 280

Ar. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two Glasses: the time 'twixt six & now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ar. Is there more toyle? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

THE TEMPEST

[I. ii. 245-269

Pro. How now? moodie?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ar. My Libertie.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more: 290

Ar. I prethee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumbings; thou did promise
To bate¹ me a full yeere. ¹*abate*

Pro. Do'st thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee? *Ar.* No.

Pro. Thou do'st: & thinkst it much to tread the Ooze
Of the salt deepe;

To run upon the sharpe winde of the North, 300
To doe me businesse in the veines o'th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ar. I doe not Sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant Thing: hast thou forgot
The fowle Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Envy
Was growne into a hoope? hast thou forgot her?

Ar. No Sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak: tell me:

Ar. Sir, in *Argier*.

Pro. Oh, was she so: I must 310

Once in a moneth recount what thou hast bin,
Which thou forgetst. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For mischiefes manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'st was banish'd: for one thing she did
They wold not take her life: Is not this true? *Ar.* I, Sir.

Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with
child, |

297. new l. at *Ar.*—*POPE*.

316. new l. at *Ar.*—*ROWE*.

And here was left by th'Saylors; thou my slave,
 As thou reportst thy selfe, was then her servant,
 And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate 320
 To act her earthy, and abhord commands,
 Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee
 By helpe of her more potent Ministers,
 And in her most unmittigable rage,
 Into a cloven Pyne, within which rift
 Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remaine
 A dozen yeeres: within which space she di'd,
 And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groanes
 As fast as Mill-wheelles strike: Then was this Island
 (Save for the Son, that he did littour heere, 330
 A frekelld whelpe, hag-borne) not honour'd with
 A humane shape.

Ar. Yes: *Caliban* her sonne.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that *Caliban*
 Whom now I keepe in service, thou best know'st
 What torment I did finde thee in; thy grones
 Did make wolves howle, and penetrate the breasts
 Of ever-angry Beares; it was a torment
 To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
 Could not againe undoe: it was mine Art, 340
 When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
 The Pyne, and let thee out.

Ar. I thanke thee Master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oake
 And peg-thee in his knotty entrails, till
 Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ar. Pardon, Master,
 I will be correspondent to command
 And doe my spryting, gently.

319. was: wast-Rowe.

330. be: she-Rowe.

349. spryting: spiriting-Rowe.

THE TEMPEST

[I. ii. 298-321

Pro. Doe so: and after two daies 350
I will discharge thee.

Ar. That's my noble Master:
What shall I doe? say what? what shall I doe?

Pro. Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o'th'Sea,
Be subject to no sight but thine, and mine: invisible
To every eye-ball else: goe take this shape
And hither come in't: goe: hence
With diligence. *Exit.*

Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake. 360

Mir. The strangenes of your story, put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
Wee'll visit *Caliban*, my slave, who never
Yeelds us kinde answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not love to looke on.

Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot misse him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in Offices
That profit us: What hoa: slave: *Caliban:* 370
Thou Earth, thou: speake.

Cal. within. There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when? *Enter Ariel like a water*
Fine apparision: my queint *Ariel,* *Nymph.*
Hearke in thine eare.

Ar. My Lord, it shall be done. *Exit.*

Pro. Thou poysonous slave, got by the divell himselfe
Upon thy wicked Dam; come forth. *Enter Caliban.*

Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd 380

354-5. 2 ll. ending subject, invisible—MALONE.

357-8. 1 l. ending diligence—POPE.

365-7. 2 ll. ending Sir, 'tis—POPE.

With Ravens feather from unwholesome Fen
Drop on you both: A Southwest blow on yee,
And blister you all ore.

Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath up, Urchins¹
Shall for that vast of night, that they may worke ¹*imp*
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more stinging
Then Bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner: 390
This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam'st first
Thou stroakst me, & made much of me: wouldst give me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse
That burne by day, and night: and then I lov'd thee
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,
The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,
Curs'd be I that did so: All the Charmes
Of *Sycorax*: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you: 400
For I am all the Subjects that you have,
Which first was min owne King: and here you sty-me
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
The rest o'th' Island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindnes: I have us'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didst seeke to violate
The honor of my childe.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done: 410
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopel'd else
This Isle with *Calibans*.

Mira. [*Pros.*] Abhorred Slave,

393. *made*: madest—Rowe.

413. *Mira.*'s speech given to *Pros.*—THEOBALD.

THE TEMPEST

[I. ii. 352-379]

Which any print of goodnesse wilt not take,
 Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each houre
 One thing or other: when thou didst not (Savage)
 Know thine owne meaning; but wouldst gabble, like
 A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes 419
 With words that made them knowne: But thy vild race¹
 (Tho thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
 Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou ¹*stock*
 Deservedly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadst
 Deserv'd more then a prison.

Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
 Is, I know how to curse: the red-plague rid you
 For learning me your language.

Pros. Hag-seed, hence:
 Fetch us in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt best
 To answer other businesse: shrug'st thou (Malice) 430
 If thou neglectst, or dost unwillingly
 What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,
 Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
 That beasts shall tremble at thy dyn.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.
 [*Aside*] I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r,
 It would controll my Dams god *Setebos*,
 And make a vassaile of him.

Pro. So slave, hence. *Exit Cal.* 439

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, invisible playing & singing.

Ariel Song. Come unto these yellow sands,
 and then take hands:
 Curtsied when you have, and kist
 the wilde waves whist:

441. *Ariel Song:* Ariel's song-3-4F.

*Foote it featly beere, and there, and sweete Sprights beare
the burthen.* Burthen dispersedly.

*Harke, barke, bowgh wawgh: the watch-Dogges barke,
bowgh-wawgh.*

Ar. Hark, bark, I beare, the straine of strutting Chanticleere | cry cockadiddle-dowe. 450

Fer. Where shold this Musick be? I' th aire, or th' earth? |

It sounds no more: and sure it waytes upon
Some God 'oth' Iland, sitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.
This Musicke crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweet ayre: thence I have follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins againe.

Ariell Song. Full fadom fye thy Father lies, 460
Of his bones are Corral made:
Those are pearles that were his eies,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich, & strange:
Sea-Nimphs bourly ring his knell.

Burthen: ding dong.

Harke now I beare them, ding-dong bell.

Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortall busines, nor no sound 470

445-6. *beare the burthen: the burthen bear*—POPE.

445-6. 2 ll. ending *there* and *beare*—CAPELL.

447-8. 4 ll. ending *hark! wow, bark, wow*—CAPELL.

449. 2 rhymed ll. ending *hear* and *chanticleere*—CAPELL.

460. *Song: sings*—CAPELL.

THE TEMPEST

[I. ii. 407-432

That the earth owes:¹ I heare it now above me.

Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye advance,
And say what thou see'st yond. ¹ *claims*

Mira. What is't a Spirit?

Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeve me sir,
It carries a brave forme. But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No wench, it eats, and sleeps, & hath such senses
As we have: such. This Gallant which thou seest
Was in the wracke: and but hee's something stain'd²
With greefe (that's beauties canker) thou might'st call
him | ² *disfigured* 480

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellowes,
And strays about to finde 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing naturall
I ever saw so Noble.

Pro. [*Aside*] It goes on I see
As my soule prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee
Within two dayes for this.

Fer. Most sure the Goddesse ⁴⁸⁹
On whom these ayres attend: Vouchsafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine upon this Island,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may beare me heere: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no?

Mir. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd.

Fer. My Language? Heavens:
I am the best of them that speake this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken. ⁵⁰⁰

Pro. How? the best?
What wer't thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders

To heare thee speake of *Naples*: he do's heare me,
 And that he do's, I weepe: my selfe am *Naples*,
 Who, with mine eyes (never since at ebbe) beheld
 The King my Father wrack't.

Mir. Alacke, for mercy.

Fer. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of *Millaine*
 And his brave sonne, being twaine. 510

Pro. [*Aside*] The Duke of *Millaine*
 And his more braver daughter, could controll¹ thee
 If now 'twere fit to do't: At the first sight ¹ confute
 They have chang'd eyes: Delicate *Ariel*,
 Ile set thee free for this. [*To Fer.*] A word good Sir,
 I feare you have done your selfe some wrong: A word.

Mir. Why speakes my father so ungently? This
 Is the third man that ere I saw: the first
 That ere I sigh'd for: pittie move my father
 To be enclin'd my way. 520

Fer. O, if a Virgin,
 And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
 The Queene of *Naples*.

Pro. Soft sir, one word more. [*Aside*]
 They are both in eythers pow'rs: But this swift busines
 I must uneasie make, least too light winning
 Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] One word more: I
 charge thee |

That thou attend me: Thou do'st heere usurpe
 The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy selfe
 Upon this Island, as a spy, to win it 530
 From me, the Lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in such a
 Temple, |

If the ill-spirit have so fayre a house,
 Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.

THE TEMPEST

[I. ii. 460-484

Pros. Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come,
 Ile manacle thy necke and feete together:
 Sea water shalt thou drinke: thy food shall be 539
 The fresh-brooke Mussels, wither'd roots, and huskes
 Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,
 I will resist such entertainment,¹ till ^{1 treatment}
 Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.

He drawes, and is charmed from moving.

Mira. O deere Father,
 Make not too rash a triall of him, for
 Hee's gentle,² and not fearfull.³ ^{2 spirited} ^{3 harmful}
Pros. What I say,

My foote my Tutor? Put thy sword up Traitor, 550
 Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike: thy conscience
 Is so possest with guilt: Come, from thy ward,
 For I can heere disarme thee with this sticke,
 And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you Father.

Pros. Hence: hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir have pity,
 Ile be his surety.

Pros. Silence: One word more 559
 Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
 An advocate for an Impostor? Hush:
 Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
 (Having seene but him and *Caliban*;) Foolish wench,
 To th'most of men, this is a *Caliban*,
 And they to him are Angels.

Mira. My affections
 Are then most humble: I have no ambition
 To see a goodlier man.

Pros. Come on, obey:
 Thy Nerves are in their infancy againe. 570

537. *Pros.*: out-Rowe.

And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:

My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound up:
My Fathers losse, the weaknesse which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am subdude, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this Mayd: all corners else o'th' Earth
Let liberty make use of: space enough
Have I in such a prison. 580

Pros. [Aside] It workes: [*To Fer.*] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine *Ariell*: [*To Fer.*] follow me,
[*To Ari.*] Harke what thou else shalt do mee.

Mira. Be of comfort,
My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)
Then he appeares by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountaine windes; but then exactly do
All points of my command. 590

Ariell. To th'syllable.

Pros. Come follow: speake not for him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

[*Another part of the island.*]

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzao, Adrian,
Francisco, and others.*

Gonz. Beseech you Sir, be merry; you have cause,
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our losse; our hint of woe
Is common, every day, some Saylor's wife,
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
Have just our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,

THE TEMPEST

[II. i. 7-36

(I meane our preservation) few in millions 10
Can speake like us: then wisely (good Sir) weigh
Our sorrow, with our comfort.

Alons. Prethee peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The Visitor will not give him ore so.

Seb. Looke, hee's winding up the watch of his wit,
By and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir.

Seb. One: Tell.¹ 1 count

Gon. When every greefe is entertaind, 20
That's offer'd comes to th'entertainer.

Seb. A dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you have spoken
truer then you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier then I meant you
should.

Gon. Therefore my Lord.

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue.

Alon. I pre-thee spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet 30

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager,
First begins to crow?

Seb. The old Cocke.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A Laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert.

Seb. Ha, ha, ha. 40

Ant. So: you'r paid.

16-17. prose-POPE.

20-1. new l. at COMES-CAPELL

32-3. prose-POPE.

40-1. 1 l.; *Ant.*'s speech given to *Seb.*-THEOBALD.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

Seb. Yet

Adr. Yet

Ant. He could not misse't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.¹ ¹ *climate*

Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.

Seb. I, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The ayre breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones. 51

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.

Gon. Heere is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, save meanes to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grasse lookes?

How greene?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of greene in't.

Ant. He misses not much. 60

Seb. No: he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rariety of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit.

Seb. As many voucht rarieties are.

Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshnesse and glosses, being rather new dy'de then stain'd with salte water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speake, would it not say he lyes? 70

Seb. I, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Me thinkes our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Affricke, at the marriage of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*.

56-7. 1 l.—Porz.

THE TEMPEST

[II. i. 72-105]

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our returne.

Adri. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with such a Paragon to their Queene.

Gon. Not since widdow *Dido's* time.

Ant. Widow? A pox o'that: how came that Widow in? Widdow *Dido!* 81

Seb. What if he had said Widdower *Aeneas* too? Good Lord, how you take it?

Adri. Widdow *Dido* said you? You make me study of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis* Sir was *Carthage*.

Adri. *Carthage?* *Gon.* I assure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too. 89

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I thinke hee will carry this Island home in his pocket, and give it his sonne for an Apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islands.

Gon. I. *Ant.* Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seeme now as fresh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there.

Seb. Bate (I beseech you) widdow *Dido.* 100

Ant. O Widdow *Dido?* I, Widdow *Dido.*

Gon. Is not Sir my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I meane in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

87. new l. at *Gon.*—*Rowe*.

88. *Ant.*'s. speech given to *Seb.*—*Cambridge*.

95. new l. at *Ant.*—*Rowe*.

Alon. You cram these words into mine eares, against
 the stomacke of my sense: would I had never
 Married my daughter there: For comming thence
 My sonne is lost, and (in my rate¹) she too,
 Who is so farre from *Italy* removed, ¹*judgment* 110
 I ne're againe shall see her: O thou mine heire
 Of *Naples* and of *Millaine*, what strange fish
 Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may live,
 I saw him beate the surges under him,
 And ride upon their backs; he trod the water
 Whose enmity he flung aside: and brested
 The surge most swolne that met him: his bold head
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept. and oared
 Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke 120
 To th'shore; that ore his wave-worne basis bowed
 As stooping to releeev him: I not doubt
 He came alive to Land.

Alon. No, no, hee's gone.

Seb. Sir you may thank your selfe for this great losse,
 That would not blesse our Europe with your daughter,
 But rather loose her to an Affrican,
 Where she at least, is banish'd from your eye,
 Who hath cause to wet the greefe on't.

Alon. Pre-thee peace. 130

Seb. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwise
 By all of us: and the faire soule her selfe
 Waigh'd betweene loathnesse, and obedience, at
 Which end o'th'beame should bow: we have lost your
 son, |
 I feare for ever: *Millaine* and *Naples* have
 Mo widdowes in them of this businesse making,
 Then we bring men to comfort them:
 The faults your owne.

THE TEMPEST

[II. i. 136-163

Alon. So is the deer'st oth'losse.

Gon. My Lord *Sebastian*, 140

The truth you speake doth lacke some gentlenesse,
And time to speake it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well. *Ant.* And most Chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foule weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Fowle weather? *Ant.* Very foule.

Gon. Had I plantation¹ of this Isle my Lord.

Ant. Hee'd sow't with Nettle-seed. ¹ *colonization*

Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes. 150

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

Gon. I'th'Commonwealth I would (by contraries)

Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke

Would I admit: No name of Magistrate:

Letters should not be knowne: Riches, poverty,

And use of service, none: Contract, Succession,

Borne, bound of Land, Tilt², Vineyard none:

No use of Mettall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle:

No occupation, all men idle, all: ² *tillage* 160

And Women too, but innocent and pure:

No Sovereignty.

Seb. Yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets
the beginning. ³ *war-machine* ⁴ *plenty*

Gon. All things in common Nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: Treason, felony,
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine³
Would I not have: but Nature should bring forth
Of it owne kinde, all foyzon,⁴ all abundance 170

144. new l. at *Ant.*-Rowx.

147. new l. at *Ant.*-Rowx.

To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None (man) all idle; Whores and knaves,

Gon. I would with such perfection governe Sir:

T' Excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Save his Majesty. *Ant.* Long live *Gonzalo*.

Gon. And do you marke me, Sir?

Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou dost talke nothing to me. |

Gon. I do well beleeve your Highnesse, and did it to minister occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes use to laugh at nothing. 182

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. And it had not falne flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of brave mettall: you would lift the Moone out of her spheare, if she would continue in it five weekes without changing. 190

Enter Ariell [invisible] playing solemne Musicke.

Seb. We would so, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not adventure my discretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleepe, for I am very heavy.

Ant. Go sleepe, and heare us.

[*All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.*]

Alon. What, all so soone asleepe? I wish mine eyes

176. 'Save: God save—HUDSON.

176. new l. at *Ant.*—ROWL.

187. *And:* AN—POPE.

THE TEMPEST

[II. i. 192-216]

Would (with themselves) shut up my thoughts,
I finde they are inclin'd to do so. 200

Seb. Please you Sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It sildome visits sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your person,
While you take your rest, and watch your safety.

Alon. Thanke you: Wondrous heavy.

[*Alonzo sleeps. Exit Ariel.*]

Seb. What a strange drowsines possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o'th'Clymate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I finde 210
Not my selfe dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:

They fell together all, as by consent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke: what might

Worthy *Sebastian*? O, what might? no more:

And yet, me thinkes I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: th'occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination see's a Crowne

Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What? art thou waking? 220

Ant. Do you not heare me speake?

Seb. I do, and surely

It is a sleepy Language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleepe
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, moving:
And yet so fast asleepe.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink'st

199-206. 7 five-accent ll. ending find, sir, it, doth, lord, rest,
heavy-Pore.

Whiles thou art waking.

230

Seb. Thou do'st snore distinctly,

There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious then my custome: you
Must be so too, if heed me: which to do,
Trebbles thee o're.

Seb. Well: I am standing water.

Ant. Ile teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebbe
Hereditary Sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!

240

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mocke it: how in stripping it
You more invest it: ebbing men, indeed
(Most often) do so neere the bottome run
By their owne feare, or sloth.

Seb. 'Pre-thee say on,
The setting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeeld.

Ant. Thus Sir:

250

Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded
(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely
Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's alive,
'Tis as impossible that hee's undrown'd,
As he that sleepes heere, swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That hee's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope, 260
What great hope have you? No hope that way, Is

THE TEMPEST

[II. i. 241-268

Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd.

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heire of *Naples*?

Seb. *Claribell*.

Ant. She that is Queene of *Tunis*: she that dwels
Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from *Naples*
Can have no note, unlesse the Sun were post: 271
The Man i'th Moone's too slow, till new-borne chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast againe,
(And by that destiny) to performe an act
Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come
In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What stuffe is this? How say you?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis*,
So is she heyre of *Naples*, 'twixt which Regions 280
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose ev'ry cubit
Seemes to cry out, how shall that *Claribell*
Measure us backe to *Naples*? keepe in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse
Then now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that sleeps: Lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily
As this *Gonzallo*: I my selfe could make 290
A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore
The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this
For your advancement? Do you understand me?

267. new l. at Who's-Forx.

Seb. Me thinkes I do.

Ant. And how do's your content¹ ¹ *desire*
Tender² your owne good fortune? ² *incline*

Seb. I remember ³ *chilblain*
You did supplant your Brothet *Prospero*.

Ant. True:

And looke how well my Garments sit upon me, 300
Much feater then before: My Brothers servants
Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.

Seb. But for your conscience.

Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe³
'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feele not
This Deity in my bosome: 'Twentie consciences
That stand 'twixt me, and *Millaine*, candied be they,
And melt ere they mollest: Heere lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies upon, 309
If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead)
Whom I with this obedient steele (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetuall winke for aye might put
This ancient morsell: this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course: for all the rest
They'l take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke,
They'l tell the clocke, to any businesse that
We say befits the houre.

Seb. Thy case, deere Friend
Shall be my president: As thou got'st *Millaine*, 320
I'll come by *Naples*: Draw thy sword, one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paie'st,
And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I reare my hand, do you the like

298. *Brothet*: brother—2-4F. 320. *president*: precedent—Port.

THE TEMPEST

[II. i. 296-319]

To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. O, but one word. [They talk apart.]

Enter Ariell [invisible] with Musicke and Song.

Ariel. My Master through his Art foresees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth 330
(For else his project dies) to keepe them living.

Sings in Gonzaloes eare.

*While you here do snoaring lie,
Open-ey'd Conspiracie
His time doth take:
If of Life you keepe a care,
Shake off slumber and beware.
Awake, awake.*

Ant. Then let us both be sodaine.

Gen. Now, good Angels preserve the King. 340
[They wake.]

Alo. Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn?¹
Wherefore this ghastly looking? ¹*with swords out*

Gen. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
(Even now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like Buls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?
It strooke mine eare most terribly.

Alo. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eare;
To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare 350
Of a whole heard of Lyons.

Alo. Heard you this *Gonzalo*?

Gen. Upon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:
I shak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend,

340. new l. at Preserve—STAUNTON.

I saw their weapons drawne: there was a noyse,
That's verily: 'tis best we stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alo. Lead off this ground & let's make further search
For my poore sonne. 360

Gon. Heavens keepe him from these Beasts:
For he is sure i'th Island.

Alo. Lead away.

Ariell. *Prospero* my Lord, shall know what I have
done. |
So (King) goe safely on to seeke thy Son. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

[*Another part of the island.*]

*Enter Caliban, with a burthen of Wood (a noyse of
Thunder heard.)*

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne suckes up
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prosper* fall, and make him
By yench-meale a disease: his Spirits heare me,
And yet I needes must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with Urchyn-shewes, pitch me i'th mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke
Out of my way, unlesse he bid 'em; but 10
For every trifle, are they set upon me,
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with cloven tongues
Doe hisse me into madnesse: Lo, now Lo, *Enter*
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me *Trinculo.*

12. *moe:* mow-Dyce.

THE TEMPEST

[II. ii. 15-46]

For bringing wood in slowly: I'le fall flat,
 Perchance he will not minde me. 20

Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub to beare off any weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it sing ith' winde: yond same blacke cloud, yond huge one, lookes like a foule bumbard¹ that would shed his licquor: if it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by paile-fuls. What have we here, a man, or a fish? dead or alive? a fish, hee smels like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the newest poore-John:² a strange fish: were I in *England* now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not a holiday-foole there but would give a peece of silver: there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange beast there, makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to see a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like Armes: warme o'my troth: I doe now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Islander, that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: [*T'buster.*] Alas, | the storme is come againe: my best way is to creepe un- | der his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter herea- | bout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfel- | lowes: I will here shrowd till the dregges of the storme | be past. ¹leather jug ²bering 44

Enter Stephano singing [a bottle in his hand].

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye ashore. |

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a mans

46. new l. at Here—CAPELL.

47-8. prose—POPE.

Funerall: well, here's my comfort.

Drinks.

*Sings. The Master, the Swabber, the Boate-swaine & I;
The Gunner, and his Mate* 50
*Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,
But none of us car'd for Kate.*

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a Sailor goe bang:

She lov'd not the savour of Tar nor of Pitch,

Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere she did itch.

Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe bang.

This is a scurvy tune too:

But here's my comfort.

drinks.

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.

60

Ste. What's the matter?

Have we divels here?

Doe you put trickes upon's with Salvages, and Men of
Inde? ha? I have not scap'd drowning, to be afeard
now of your foure legges: for it hath bin said; as pro-
per a man as ever went on foure legs, cannot make him
give ground: and it shall be said so againe, while *Ste-
phano* breathes at' nostrils.

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.

69

Ste. This is some Monster of the Isle, with foure legs;
who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the divell
should he learne our language? I will give him some re-
liefe if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keepe
him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Pre-
sent for any Emperour that ever trod on Neates-lea-
ther.

Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee: I'le bring my
wood home faster.

78

Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the

THE TEMPEST

[II. ii. 77-109]

wisest; hee shall taste of my Bottle: if hee have never drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remove his Fit: if I can recover him, and keepe him tame, I will not take too much for him; hee shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou do'st me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now *Prosper* workes upon thee.

Ste. Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you Cat; open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps againe. 92

Tri. I should know that voyce:
It should be,
But hee is dround; and these are divels; O defend me.

Ste. Foure legges and two voyces; a most delicate Monster: his forward voyce now is to speake well of his friend; his backward voice, is to utter foule speeches, and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure some in thy other mouth. 102

Tri. Stephano.

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a divell, and no Monster: I will leave him, I have no long Spoon.

Tri. Stephano: if thou beest *Stephano*, touch me, and speake to me: for I am *Trinculo*; be not afeard, thy good friend *Trinculo*. 109

Ste. If thou bee'st *Trinculo*: come foorth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legges: if any be *Trinculo's* legges,

these are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede: how cam'st thou to be the siege of this Moone-calfes? Can he vent *Trinculo's*?

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-strok; but art thou not dround *Stephano*: I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme over-blowne? I hid mee under the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou living *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* scap'd? 120

Ste. 'Prethee doe not turne me about, my stomacke is not constant.

Cal. [*Aside*] These be fine things, and if they be not sprights: | that's a brave God, and beares Celestiall liquor: I will | kneele to him.

Ste. How did'st thou scape?
How cam'st thou hither?

Sweare by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd upon a But of Sacke, which the Saylors heaved o're-board, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was cast a'-shore. 132

Cal. I'le sweare upon that Bottle, to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

St. Heere: sweare then how thou escap'dst.

Tri. Swom ashore (man) like a Ducke: I can swim like a Ducke i'le be sworne.

Ste. Here, kisse the Booke.
Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Goose. 140

Tri. O *Stephano*, ha'st any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke

123. and: an-Pope.

123-5. 3 ll. verse ending sprites, liquor, him-Johnson.

126-7. prose-Pope.

138-9. prose-Pope

THE TEMPEST

[II. ii. 138-168

by th'sea-side, where my Wine is hid:

How now Moone-Calfe, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'st thou not dropt from heaven?

Ste. Out o'th Moone I doe assure thee. I was the Man ith' Moone, when time was.

Cal. I have seene thee in her: and I doe adore thee: My Mistris shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush.

Ste. Come, sweare to that: kisse the Booke: I will furnish it anon with new Contents: Sweare. 151

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster: I afeard of him? a very weake Monster:

The Man ith' Moone?

A most poore creadulous Monster:

Well drawne Monster, in good sooth.

Cal. Ile shew thee every fertill ynych 'oth Island: and I will kisse thy foote: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a most perfidious, and drunken Monster, when's god's a sleepe he'll rob his Bottle. 160

Cal. Ile kisse thy foot. Ile sweare my selfe thy Subject.

Ste. Come on then: downe and sweare.

Tri. I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi-headed Monster: a most scurvie Monster: I could finde in my heart to beate him.

Ste. Come, kisse.

Tri. But that the poore Monster's in drinke: An abhominable Monster.

Cal. I'll shew thee the best Springs: I'll plucke thee Berries: I'll fish for thee; and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the Tyrant that I serve; 171
I'll beare him no more Sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

143-4. prose-POPZ. 154-6. prose-POPZ. 167-8. prose-POPZ.
169-73. 5 ll. verse ending berries, enough, serve, thee, man-POPZ.

Tri. A most ridiculous Monster, to make a wonder of a poore drunkard.

Cal. I 'prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; show thee a Jayes nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet: I'le bring thee to clustring Philbirts, and sometimes I'le get thee young Scamels from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me? 181

Ste. I pre'thee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company else being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by a-gaine.

Caliban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Master; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monster: a drunken Monster.

Cal. No more dams I'le make for fish, 190
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,
Ban' ban' Calalyban

Has a new Master, get a new Man.

Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome high-day, freedome.

Ste. O brave Monster; lead the way. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

[*Before Prospero's cell.*]

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor Delight in them set off: Some kindes of basenesse

176-81. 6 ll. verse ending grow, nuts, how, bring thee, get thee, me-*POPE.*

191. new l. at At-*CAPELL.*
195. bigb-day, bigb-day .. bigb-day: heyday-*Rowz.*

THE TEMPEST

[III. i. 3-30

Are nobly undergon; and most poore matters
 Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske
 Would be as heavy to me, as odious, but
 The Mistris which I serve, quickens what's dead,
 And makes my labours, pleasures: O She is
 Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed; 10
 And he's compos'd of harshnesse. I must remove
 Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them up,
 Upon a sore injunction; my sweet Mistris
 Weepes when she sees me worke, & saies, such basenes
 Had never like Executor: I forget:
 But these sweet thoughts, doe even refresh my labours,
 Most busie lest, when I doe it. *Enter Miranda*

Mir. Alas, now pray you *and Prospero*

[*at a distance unseen*].

Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had
 Burnt up those Logs that you are enjoynd to pile: 20
 Pray set it downe, and rest you: when this burnes
 'Twill weepe for having wearied you: my Father
 Is hard at study; pray now rest your selfe,
 Hee's safe for these three houres.

Fer. O most deere Mistris,
 The Sun will set before I shall discharge
 What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'l sit downe
 Ile beare your Logges the while: pray give me that,
 Ile carry it to the pile. 30

Fer. No precious Creature,
 I had rather cracke my sinewes, breake my backe,
 Then you should such dishonor undergoe,
 While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
 As well as it do's you; and I should do it
 With much more ease: for my good will is to it,

And yours it is against.

Pro. Poore worme thou art infected,
This visitation shewes it.

40

Mir. You looke wearily.

Fer. No, noble Mistris, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night: I do beseech you
Cheefely, that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?

Mir. *Miranda*, O my Father,
I have broke your heat to say so.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*,
Indeede the top of Admiration, worth
What's deere to the world: full many a Lady 50
I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th'harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent care: for severall vertues
Have I lik'd severall women, never any
With so full soule, but some defect in her
Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foile.¹ But you, O you, ¹ *discredit*
So perfect, and so peettlesse, are created
Of everie Creatures best.

Mir. I do not know 60
One of my sexe; no womans face remember,
Save from my glasse, mine owne: Nor have I scene
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my deere Father: how features are abroad
I am skillesse of; but by my modestie
(The jewell in my dower) I would not wish
Any Companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination forme a shape
Besides your selfe, to like of: but I prattle

58. *peettlesse*: peerless-2-4F.

THE TEMPEST

[III. i. 58-84

Something too wildely, and my Fathers precepts 70
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince (*Miranda*) I do thinke a King
(I would not so) and would no more endure
This wodden slaverie, then to suffer
The flesh-flie blow my mouth: heare my soule speake.
The verie instant that I saw you, did
My heart flie to your service, there resides
To make me slave to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient Logge-man. 80

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven; O earth, beare witnes to this sound,
And crowne what I professe with kinde event
If I speake true: if hollowly, invert
What best is boaded me, to mischief: I,
Beyond all limit of what else i'th world
Do love, prize, honor you.

Mir. I am a foole
To weepe at what I am glad of.

Pro. Faire encounter 90
Of two most rare affections: heavens raine grace
On that which breeds betweene 'em.

Fer. Wherefore weepe you?

Mir: At mine unworthinesse, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much lesse take
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it seekes to hide it selfe,
The bigger bulke it shewes. Hence bashfull cunning,
And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marrie me; 100
If not, Ile die your maid: to be your fellow

75. wodden: wooden-2-4F.

You may denie me, but Ile be your servant
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My Mistris (decreast)
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband then?

Fer. I, with a heart as willing
As bondage ere of freedome: heere's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell
Till halfe an houre hence. 110

Fer. A thousand, thousand. *Exeunt*

[*Fer. and Mir. severally*].

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all; but my rejoycing
At nothing can be more: Ile to my booke,
For yet ere supper time, must I performe
Much businesse appertaining. *Exit.*

Scœna Secunda.

[*Another part of the island.*]

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke
water, not a drop before; therefore beare up, & boord
em' Servant Monster, drinke to me.

Trin. Servant Monster? the folly of this Iland, they
say there's but five upon this Isle; we are three of them,
if th'other two be brain'd like us, the State totters.

Ste. Drinke servant Monster when I bid thee, thy
cies are almost set in thy head. 10

Trin. Where should they bee set else? hee were a
brave Monster indeede if they were set in his taile.

Ste. My man-Monster hath drown'd his tongue in
sacke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I swam

THE TEMPEST

[III. ii. 16-50]

ere I could recover the shore, five and thirtie Leagues off and on, by this light thou shalt bee my Lieutenant Monster, or my Standard.

Trin. Your Lieutenant if you list, hee's no standard.

Ste. Weel not run Monsieur Monster. 19

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'l lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moone-calfs, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good Moone-calfs.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licke thy shooe: Ile not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest most ignorant Monster, I am in case to juttle a Constable: why, thou debosh'd Fish thou, was there ever man a Coward, that hath drunk so much Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but halfe a Fish, and halfe a Monster? 30

Cal. Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my Lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monster should be such a Naturall?

Cal. Loe, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee.

Ste. *Trinculo*, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you prove a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the suite I made to thee? 40

Ste. Marry will I: kneele, and repeate it, I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariell invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a Tirant, A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the Island.

16. on, by: on. By-CAMBRIDGE. 41-2, 44-6. prose-POPE.

Ariell. Thou lyest.

Cal. Thou lyest, thou jesting Monkey thou:
I would my valiant Master would destroy thee.
I do not lye. 50

Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale,
By this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. I say by Sorcery he got this Isle
From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will
Revenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st)
But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certaine.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ile serve thee. 60

Ste. How now shall this be compast?
Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee asleepe,
Where thou maist knocke a naile into his head.

Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou scurvy patch:
I do beseech thy Greatnesse give him blowes,
And take his bottle from him: When that's gone,
He shall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not shew him
Where the quicke Freshes¹ are. ¹ springs 70

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger:
Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this
hand, Ile turne my mercie out o'doores, and make a
Stockfish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing:
Ile go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?

Ariell. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that, [*Beats Trin.*]

51-2. prose-POPE.

61-2. prose-POPE.

71-2. prose-POPE.

THE TEMPEST

[III. ii. 85-113]

As you like this, give me the lye another time. 80

Trin. I did not give the lie: Out o' your wittes, and hearing too?

A pox o' your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo:
A murren on your Monster, and the divell take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand further off.

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time
He beate him too. 90

Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him
I'th afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him,
Having first seiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand¹ with thy knife. Remember
First to possesse his Bookes; for without them
Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not ¹*windpipe*
One Spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes, 100
He ha's brave Utensils (for so he calles them)
Which when he ha's a house, hee'l decke withall.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe
Cals her a non-pareill: I never saw a woman
But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and she;
But she as farre surpasseth *Sycorax*,
As great'st do's least.

Ste. Is it so brave a Lasse? 109

Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

81-5. prose-POPE.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, save our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy selfe shall be Vice-royes:

Dost thou like the plot *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee: But while thou liv'st keepe a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe, Wilt thou destroy him then? 120

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure, Let us be jocond. Will you trouble the Catch You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy request Monster, I will do reason, Any reason: Come on *Trinculo*, let us sing.

Sings.

*Flout 'em, and cout 'em: and skowt 'em, and flout 'em,
Thought is free.* 130

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes: If thou beest a divell, take't as thou list.

Trin. O forgive me my sinnes.

Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee; Mercy upon us. 140

Cal. Art thou affeard?

114-15, 117-18. prose-POPE.

126-7. prose-POPE.

129. new l. at And scout-GLOBE. 136-7, 139-40. prose-POPE.

THE TEMPEST

[III. ii. 143-iii. 4

Ste. No Monster, not I.

Cal. Be not affeard, the Isle is full of noyses,
 Sounds, and sweet aires, that give delight and hurt not:
 Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments
 Will hum about mine eares; and sometime voices,
 That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe,
 Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming,
 The clouds methought would open, and shew riches
 Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd 150
 I cri'de to dreame againe.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdome to me,
 Where I shall have my Musicke for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by:
 I remember the storie.

Trin. The sound is going away,
 Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

Ste. Leade Monster,
 Wee'l follow: I would I could see this Taborer, 160
 He layes it on.

Trin. Wilt come?
 Ile follow *Stephano*.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

[*Another part of the island.*]

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzallo,
 Adrian, Francisco, &c.*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,
 My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeede
 Through fourth rights, & Meanders: by your patience,
 I needes must rest me.

152-63. prose-POPE.

5. akes: ache (ake)-2-4F.

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
 Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse
 To th'dulling of my spirits: Sit downe, and rest: 10
 Even here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
 No longer for my Flatterer: he is droun'd
 Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks
 Our frustrate search on land: well, let him goe.

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad, that he's so
 out of hope: |

Doe not for one repulse forgoe the purpose
 That you resolv'd t'effect.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] The next advantage will we
 take throughly. |

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] Let it be to night,
 For now they are oppress'd with travaile, they 20
 Will not, nor cannot use such vigilance
 As when they are fresh.

*Solemne and strange Musicke: and Prosper on the top (invi-
 sible:) Enter severall strange shapes, bringing in a Ban-
 ket; | and dance about it with gentle actions of salu-
 tations, and | inviting the King, &c. to eate, they
 depart. |*

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] I say to night: no more.

Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark.

Gon. Marvellous sweet Musicke. 29

Al. Give us kind keepers, heavens: what were these?

Seb. A living *Drolerie*:¹ now I will beleeve
 That there are Unicornes: that in *Arabia*
 There is one Tree, the Phœnix throne, one Phœnix
 At this houre reigning there. ^{1 puppet-show}

Ant. Ile beleeve both:

And what do's else want credit, come to me
 And Ile besworne 'tis true: Travellers nere did lye,
 Though fooles at home condemne 'em.

THE TEMPEST

[III. iii. 27-50]

Gon. If in *Naples*

I should report this now, would they beleeeve me? 40

If I should say I saw such Islands;

(For certes, these are people of the Island)

Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note

Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of

Our humane generation you shall finde

Many, nay almost any.

Pro. [*Aside*] Honest Lord,

Thou hast said well: for some of you there present;

Are worse then divels.

Al. I cannot too much muse 50

Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing

(Although they want the use of tongue) a kinde

Of excellent dumbe discourse.

Pro. [*Aside*] Praise in departing.

Fr. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since

They have left their Viands behinde; for wee have sto-
macks. |

Wilt please you taste of what is here?

Al. Not I. 59

Gon. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee were
Boyes |

Who would beleeeve that there were Mountayneeres,

Dew-lapt, like Buls, whose throats had hanging at'em

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men

Whose heads stood in their brests? which now we finde

Each putter out¹ of five for one, will bring us

Good warrant of. ¹*insured traveller*

Al. I will stand to, and feede,

Although my last, no matter, since I feele

41. *Islands*: islanders-2-4F.

44. *gentle, kinde*: gentle-kind-THEOBALD.

The best is past: brother: my Lord, the Duke,
Stand too, and doe as we. 70

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harpy) claps
his wings upon the Table, and with a quient device the
Banquet vanishes.*

Ar. You are three men of sinne, whom destiny
That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't: the never surfeited Sea,
Hath caus'd to belch up you; and on this Island,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men,
Being most unfit to live: I have made you mad; 79
And even with such like valour, men hang, and drowne
Their proper selves: [*Alon., Seb., &c., draw their
swords.*] you fooles, I and my fellowes |
Are ministers of Fate, the Elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt-at-Stabs
Kill the still closing waters, as diminish
One dowe¹ that's in my plumbe: My fellow ministers
Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt, ¹ *down-fibre*
Your swords are now too massie for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted: But remember
(For that's my businesse to you) that you three 90
From *Millaine* did supplant good *Prospero*,
Expos'd unto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,
The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) have
Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures
Against your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, *Alonso*
They have bereft; and doe pronounce by me
Lingring perdition (worse then any death
Can be at once) shall step, by step attend

70. too: to-4F.

86. plumbe: plume-Rowe.

THE TEMPEST

[III. iii. 79-105]

You, and your wayes, whose wraths to guard you from,
Which here, in this most desolate Isle, else fals 101
Upon your heads, is nothing but hearts-sorrow,
And a cleere life ensuing.

*He vanishes in Thunder: then (to soft Musicke.) Enter the
shapes againe, and daunce (with mockes and mowes) and
carrying out the Table.*

Pro. Bravely the figure of this *Harpie*, hast thou
Perform'd (my *Ariell*) a grace it had devouring:
Of my Instruction, hast thou nothing bated
In what thou had'st to say: so with good life, 110
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their severall kindes have done: my high charmes work,
And these (mine enemies) are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my powre;
And in these fits, I leave them, while I visit
Yong *Ferdinand* (whom they suppose is droun'd)
And his, and mine lov'd darling. [*Exit above.*]

Gon. I'th name of something holy, Sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Al. O, it is monstrous: monstrous: 120
Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me of it,
The windes did sing it to me: and the Thunder
(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd
The name of *Prosper*: it did base my Trespasse,
Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded; and
I'le seeke him deeper then ere plummet sounded,
And with him there lye mudded. *Exit.*

Seb. But one feend at a time,
He fight their Legions ore.

Ant. He be thy Second. *Exeunt.* 130

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt
(Like poyson given to worke a great time after)

102. hearts-sorrow: heart sorrow—CAMBRIDGE.

Now gins to bite the spirits: I doe beseech you
 (That are of suppler joynts) follow them swiftly,
 And hinder them from what this extasie¹
 May now provoke them to.

Ad. Follow, I pray you.

¹ *madness*
Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

[*Before Prospero's cell.*]

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
 Your compensation makes amends, for I
 Have given you here, a third of mine owne life,
 Or that for which I live: who, once againe
 I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
 Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
 Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heaven
 I ratifie this my rich guift: O *Ferdinand*,
 Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,
 For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise
 And make it halt, behinde her.

Fer. I doe beleeeve it
 Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition
 Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
 If thou do'st breake her Virgin-knot, before
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may
 With full and holy right, be ministred,
 No sweet aspersion² shall the heavens let fall
 To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
 Sower-ey'd disdaine, and discord shall bestrew

5. *bird*: *thrid*-WRIGHT.
 20. *right*: *rite*-ROWE.

11. *of*: *off*-24F.

THE TEMPEST

[IV. i. 21-50]

The union of your bed, with weedes so loathly
That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heede,
As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life,
With such love, as 'tis now the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strongest suggestion, 30
Our worser *Genius* can, shall never melt
Mine honor into lust, to take away
The edge of that dayes celebration,
When I shall thinke, or *Phæbus* Steeds are founderd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairely spoke;
Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne;
What *Ariell*; my industrious servant *Ariell*. *Enter Ariell*.

Ar. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last service
Did worthily performe: and I must use you 41
In such another tricke: goe bring the rabble
(Ore whom I give thee powre) here, to this place:
Incite them to quicke motion, for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this yong couple
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ar. Presently?

Pro. I: with a twincke.

Ar. Before you can say come, and goe, 50
And breathe twice; and cry, so, so:
Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with mop,¹ and mowe.² ¹pout ²grimace
Doe you love me Master? no?

Pro. Dearely, my delicate *Ariell*: doe not approach
Till thou do'st heare me call.

Ar. Well: I conceive.

Exit.

Pro. Looke thou be true: doe not give dalliance
Too much the raigne: the strongest oathes, are straw
To th'fire ith' blood: be more abstemious, 60
Or else good night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold virgin Snow, upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my Liver.

Pro. Well.

Now come my *Ariell*, bring a Corolary,¹ ^{1 train}
Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & pertly. *Soft musick.*
No tongue: all eyes: be silent. *Enter Iris.*

Ir. *Ceres*, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Pease; 70
Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where live nibbling Sheepe,
And flat Medes thetchd with Stover, them to keepe:
Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims
Which spungie *Aprill*, at thy hest betrimis;
To make cold Nymphes chast crownes; & thy broome-
groves; |
Whose shadow the dismissed Batchelor loves,
Being lasse-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy Sea-marge stirrile, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thy selfe do'st ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I. 80
Bids thee leave these, & with her soveraigne grace, *Juno*
Here on this grasse-plot, in this very place *descends.*
To come, and sport: here Peacocks flye amaine:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres.*

Cer. Haile, many-coloured Messenger, that nere
Do'st disobey the wife of *Jupiter*:
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowres
Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres,

60. *abstemious*: abstemious-2-4F.

70. *Fetches*: vetches-CAPELL.

83. *bere*: her-Rowe.

THE TEMPEST

[IV. i. 80-105]

And with each end of thy blew bowe do'st crowne
My boskie acres, and my unshrubb downe, 90
Rich scarph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene?

Ir. A contract of true Love, to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the bles'd Lovers.

Cer. Tell me heavenly Bowe,
If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'st know,
Doe now attend the Queene? since they did plot
The meanes, that duskie *Dis*, my daughter got,
Her, and her blind-Boyes scandall company, 100
I have forsworne.

Ir. Of her societie
Be not affraid: I met her deitie
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*: and her Son
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
Some wanton charme, upon this Man and Maide,
Whose vowes are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
Marses hot Minion is returnd againe,
Her waspish headed sonne, has broke his arrowes, 110
Swears he will shoote no more, but play with Sparrows,
And be a Boy right out.

Cer. Highest Queene of State,
Great *Juno* comes, I know her by her gate.

[*Enter Juno.*]

Ju. How do's my bounteous sister? goe with me
To blesse this twaine, that they may prosperous be,
And honourd in their Issue. *They Sing.*

109. *Marses*: *Mars's*-3-4F.

Ju. Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,
 Long continuance, and encreasing,
 Houely joyes, be still upon you, 120

Juno sings her blessings on you.
 [Cer.] Earths increase, foyzon plentie,
 Barnes, and Garners, never empty.
 Vines, with clustring bunches growing,
 Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:
 Spring come to you at the fartbest,
 In the very end of Harvest.
 Scarcity and want shall shun you,
 Ceres blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majesticke vision, and 130
 Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
 To thinke these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
 I have from their confines call'd to enact
 My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever,
 So rare a wondred Father, and a wise
 Makes this place Paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence: 140
Juno and *Ceres* whisper seriously,
 There's something else to doe: hush, and be mute
 Or else our spell is mar'd.

Juno and *Ceres* whisper, and send *Iris* on employment.

Iris. You Nymphs cald *Nayades* of the windring brooks,
 With your sedg'd crownes, and ever-harmelesse lookes,
 Leave your crispe¹ channels, and on this greene-Land
 Answer your summons, *Juno* do's command.
 Come temperate *Nymphes*, and helpe to celebrate
 A Contract of true Love: be not too late. ¹curving

125. with: with-2-4F.

Enter Certaine Nymphes.

150

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of August weary,
 Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,
 Make holly day: your Rye-straw hats put on,
 And these fresh Nymphes encounter every one
 In Country footing.

*Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they joyne with
 the Nymphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end
 where- | of, Prospero starts sodainly and speakes,
 after which to a | strange hollow and confused noyse,
 they heavily vanish. |*

Pro. [Aside] I had forgot that foule conspiracy 160
 Of the beast *Calliban*, and his confederates
 Against my life: the minute of their plot
 Is almost come: [*To the Spirits*] Well done, avoid:
 no more. |

Fer. This is strange: your fathers in some passion
 That workes him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
 Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.

Pro. You doe looke (my son) in a mov'd sort,
 As if you were dismaid: be cheerefull Sir,
 Our Revels now are ended: These our actors, 170
 (As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
 Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
 And like the baselesse fabricke of this vision
 The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
 The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
 Leave not a racke behinde: we are such stuffe
 As dreames are made on; and our little life

Is rounded with a sleepe: Sir, I am vext, 180
 Beare with my weakenesse, my old braine is troubled:
 Be not disturb'd with my infirmitie,
 If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
 And there repose, a turne or two, Ile walke
 To still my beating minde.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. *Exit.*

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee *Ariell*: come.

Enter Ariell.

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleave to, what's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit: We must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Ar. I my Commander, when I presented *Ceres*

I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd 192
 Least I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlots?

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
 So full of valour, that they smote the ayre
 For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
 For kissing of their feete; yet alwaies bending
 Towards their project: then I beate my Tabor,
 At which like unback't colts they prickt their eares,
 Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses 201
 As they smelt musicke, so I charm'd their eares
 That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
 Tooth'd briars, sharpe firzes, pricking gosse, & thorns,
 Which entred their fraile shins: at last I left them
 I'th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
 There dancing up to th'chins, that the fowle Lake
 Ore-stunck their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)

Thy shape invisible retaine thou still: 210

THE TEMPEST

[IV. i. 186-212]

The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither *1'snare*
For stale¹ to catch these theeves. *Ar.* I go, I goe. *Exit.*

Pro. A Devill, a borne-Devill, on whose nature
Nurture can never sticke: on whom my paines
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,
And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
Even to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariell, loaden with glistering apparell, &c. Enter
Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet. [Pros-
pero and Ariell remain invisible.] | 220

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole may
not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell.

St. Monster, your Fairy, which you say is a harmles
Fairy, |

Has done little better then plaid the Jacke with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-pisse, at which
My nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you heare Monster: If I should
Take a displeasure against you: Looke you.

Trin. Thou wert but a lost Monster.

Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy favour stil, 230.
Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too
Shall hudwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly,
All's husht as midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to loose our bottles in the Poole.

Ste. There is not onely disgrace and dishonor in that
Monster, but an infinite losse.

Tr. That's more to me then my wetting:
Yet this is your harmlesse Fairy, Monster.

212. new l. at *Ar.*-Rowe.

218. on them: them on-Rowe.

221-2. new l. at Hear-Rowe.

223-9. prose-Pope.

235-40. prose-Pope.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle,
Though I be o're eares for my labour. 240

Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seest thou heere
This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischeefe, which may make this Island
Thine owne for ever, and I thy *Caliban*
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand,
I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano*, O Peere: O worthy *Stephano*,
Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone thou foole, it is but trash. 250

Tri. Oh, ho, Monster: wee know what belongs to a
frippery,¹ O King *Stephano*. ¹*old-clothes shop*

Ste. Put off that gowne (*Trinculo*) by this hand Ile
have that gowne.

Tri. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsie drowne this foole, what doe you
meane |

To doate thus on such luggage? let's alone

And doe the murther first: if he awake,

From toe to crowne hee'l fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuffe. 260

Ste. Be you quiet (Monster) Mistris line, is not this
my Jerkin? now is the Jerkin under the line: now Jer-
kin you are like to lose your haire, & prove a bald Jerkin.

Trin. Doe, doe; we steale by lyne and levell, and't
like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; heer's a garment for't:
Wit shall not goe un-rewarded while I am King of this
Country: Steale by line and levell, is an excellent passe
of pate: there's another garment for't.

Tri. Monster, come put some Lime² upon your fin-
gers, and away with the rest. ²*bird-lime* 271

246-9. prose—POPE.

264. and't: an't—CAPELL.

THE TEMPEST

[IV. i. 248-V. i. 3

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall loose our time,
And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this
away, where my hogshead of wine is, or Ile turne you
out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. I, and this.

279

*A noyse of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in shape
of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about: Prospero
and Ariel setting them on.*

Pro. Hey Mountaine, hey.

Ari. *Silver:* there it goes, *Silver.*

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke.

[*Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.*]

Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their joynts
With dry Convulsions, shorten up their sinewes
With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spotted make them,
Then Pard, or Cat o' Mountaine.

Ari. Harke, they rore.

290

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this houre
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

Shalt have the ayre at freedome: for a little

Follow, and doe me service.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus: Scœna Prima.

[*Before Prospero's cell.*]

Enter Prospero (in his Magicke robes) and Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Project gather to a head:
My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time
Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day?

292. *Lies: Lie-Rowe.*

Ar. On the sixt hower, at which time, my Lord
You said our worke should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the Tempest: say my Spirit,
How fares the King, and's followers? 10

Ar. Confin'd together
In the same fashion, as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners Sir
In the *Line-grove* which weather-fends your Cell,
They cannot boudge till your release: The King,
His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly
Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzallo*,
His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops 20
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?

Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe,
One of their kinde, that relish all as sharpely,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd then thou art? 30
Thogh with their high wrongs I am strook to th'quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie
Doe I take part: the rarer Action is
In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frowne further: Goe, release them *Ariell*,
My Charmes Ile breake, their sences Ile restore,

THE TEMPEST

[V. i. 32-57]

And they shall be themselves.

Ar. Ile fetch them, Sir. *Exit.*

Pro. Ye Elves of hils, brooks, standing lakes & groves,
 And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote 41
 Doe chase the ebbing-*Neptune*, and doe flie him
 When he comes backe: you demy-Puppets, that
 By Moone-shine doe the greene sowre Ringlets make,
 Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime
 Is to make midnight-Mushrumps, that rejoyce
 To heare the solemne Curfewe, by whose ayde
 (Weake Masters though ye be) I have bedymn'd
 The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes,
 And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault 50
 Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder
 Have I given fire, and rifted *Joves* stowt Oke
 With his owne Bolt: The strong bass'd promontorie
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up
 The Pyne, and Cedar. Graves at my command
 Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
 By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke
 I heere abjure: and when I have requir'd
 Some heavenly Musicke (which even now I do)
 To worke mine end upon their Sences, that 60
 This Ayrie-charme is for, I'le breake my staffe,
 Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,
 And deeper then did ever Plummet sound
 Ile drowne my booke. *Solemne musicke.*

*Heere enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a franticke
 ge- | sture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and
 Anthonio in | like manner attended by Adrian and
 Francisco: They all | enter the circle which Prospero
 bad made, and there stand | charm'd: which Pros-
 pero observing, speaks. |*

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter, 70
 To an unsetled fancie, Cure thy braines
 (Now uselesse) boile within thy skull: there stand
 For you are Spell-stopt.
 Holy *Gonzallo*, Honourable man,
 Mine eyes ev'n sociable to the shew of thine
 Fall fellowly drops: The charme dissolves apace,
 And as the morning steales upon the night
 (Melting the darkenesse) so their rising sences
 Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their cleerer reason. O good *Gonzallo* 80
 My true preserver, and a loyall Sir,
 To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
 Home both in word, and deede: Most cruelly
 Did thou *Alonso*, use me, and my daughter:
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,
 Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebastian*. Flesh, and bloud,
 You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,
 Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with *Sebastian*
 (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
 Would heere have kill'd your King: I do forgive thee,
 Unnaturall though thou art: Their understanding 91
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
 That now ly foule, and muddy: not one of them
 That yet lookes on me, or would know me: *Ariell*,
 Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
 I will discase me, and my selfe present
 As I was sometime *Millaine*: quickly Spirit,
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

72. *boile*: boll'd-POPZ.84. *Did*: Didst (catchword in 1F.)-3-4F.87. *entertaine*: entertain'd-3-4F.94. *ly*: lies-3-4F.88. *wbom*: who-ROWZ.

THE TEMPEST

[V. i. 88-115]

Ariell sings, and helps to attire him. 100

*Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cowslips bell, I lie,
There I crouch when Owles doe crie,
On the Batts backe I doe flie
after Sommer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the Bow.*

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariell*: I shall misse
Thee, but yet thou shalt have freedome: so, so, so.
To the Kings ship, invisible as thou art, 110
There shalt thou finde the Marriners asleepe
Under the Hatches: the Master and the Boat-swaine
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pre' thee.

Ar. I drinke the aire before me, and returne
Or ere your pulse twice beate. *Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits heere: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearefull Country.

Pro. Behold Sir King 120
The wronged Duke of *Millaine*, *Prospero*:
For more assurance that a living Prince
Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alc. Where thou bee'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
(As late I have beene) I not know: thy Pulse
Beats as of flesh, and blood: and since I saw thee,
Th'affliction of my minde amends, with which 130

108-9. new l. at But-3-4F.

127. *trifle*: misprint 1F. only.

I feare a madnesse held me: this must crave
 (And if this be at all) a most strange story.
 Thy Dukedome I resigne, and doe entreat
 Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how shold *Prospero*
 Be living, and be heere?

Pro. First, noble Frend,
 Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
 Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gonz. Whether this be,
 Or be not, I'le not sweare. 140

Pro. You doe yet taste
 Some subtleties o'th'Isle, that will nor let you
 Beleeve things certaine: Wellcome, my friends all,
 [Aside to Sebastian and Antonio.]

But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded
 I heere could plucke his Highnesse frowne upon you
 And justifie you Traitors: at this time
 I will tell no tales.

Seb. [Aside] The Divell speakes in him: .

Pro. No:

For you (most wicked Sir) whom to call brother 150
 Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
 Thy rankest fault; all of them: and require
 My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know
 Thou must restore.

Alo. If thou beest *Prospero*
 Give us particulars of thy preservation,
 How thou hast met us heere, whom three howres since
 Were wrackt upon this shore? where I have lost
 (How sharp the point of this remembrance is)
 My deere sonne *Ferdinand*. 160

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.

132. *And:* **AN-POPE.**

157. *whom:* **who-2-4F.**

142. *nor:* **not-3-4F.**

THE TEMPEST

[V. i. 140-168

Alo. Irreparable is the losse, and patience
Saies, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather thinke
You have not sought her helpe, of whose soft grace
For the like losse, I have her soveraigne aid,
And rest my selfe content.

Alo. You the like losse?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and supportable
To make the deere losse, have I meanes much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you; for I 171
Have lost my daughter.

Alo. A daughter?

Oh heavens, that they were living both in *Nalpes*
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wish
My selfe were mudded in that oo-zie bed
Where my sonne lies: when did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last Tempest. I perceive these Lords
At this encounter doe so much admire,
That they devoure their reason, and scarce thinke 180
Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words
Are naturall breath: but howsoev'r you have
Beene jostled from your sences, know for certain
That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of *Millaine*, who most strangely
Upon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed
To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this,
For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a break-fast, nor
Befitting this first meeting: Welcome, Sir; 190
This Cell's my Court: heere have I few attendants,
And Subjects none abroad: pray you looke in:
My Dukedome since you have given me againe,

174. *Nalpes*: Naples-2-4F.

I will requite you with as good a thing,
 At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
 As much, as me my Dukedome.
Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Chess.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

Fer. No my dearest love, 200
 I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of Kingdomes, you should
 wrangle, |
 And I would call it faire play.

Alo. If this prove
 A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne
 Shall I twice loose.

Seb. A most high miracle.

Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
 I have curs'd them without cause. [*Kneels.*]

Alo. Now all the blessings 210
 Of a glad father, compasse thee about:
 Arise, and say how thou cam'st heere.

Mir. O wonder!
 How many goodly creatures are there heere?
 How beauteous mankind is? O brave new world
 That has such people in't.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at
 play? |

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three houres:
 Is she the goddesse that hath sever'd us, 220
 And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortall;
 But by immortall providence, she's mine;
 I chose her when I could not aske my Father
 For his advise: nor thought I had one: She
 Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Millaine*,

THE TEMPEST

[V. i. 193-217

Of whom, so often I have heard renowne,
But never saw before: of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life; and second Father
This Lady makes him to me.

230

Alo. I am hers.

But O, how odly will it sound, that I
Must aske my childe forgiveness?

Pro. There Sir stop,

Let us not burthen our remembrances, with
A heavinesse that's gon.

Gon. I have inly wept,

Or should have spoke ere this: looke downe you gods
And on this couple drop a blessed crowne;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

240

Alo. I say Amen, *Gonzallo.*

Gon. Was *Millaine* thrust from *Millaine*, that his Issue
Should become Kings of *Naples*? O rejoyce
Beyond a common joy, and set it downe
With gold on lasting Pillers: In one voyage
Did *Claribell* her husband finde at *Tunis*,
And *Ferdinand* her brother, found a wife,
Where he himselfe was lost: *Prospero*, his Dukedome
In a poore Isle: and all of us, our selves,
When no man was his owne.

250

Alo. [*To Fer. and Mir.*] Give me your hands:

Let grieve and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy.

Gon. Be it so, Amen.

*Enter Ariell, with the Master and Boatswaine
amazedly following.*

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of us:
I prophesi'd, if a Gallowes were on Land

235. remembrances: remembrance-Rowe.

This fellow could not drowne: Now blasphemy, 260
 That swear'st Grace ore-boord, not an oath on shore,
 Hast thou no mouth by land?
 What is the newes?

Bot. The best newes is, that we have safely found
 Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
 Which but three glasses since, we gave out split,
 Is tyte, and yare, and bravely rig'd, as when
 We first put out to Sea.

Ar. [*Aside to Pros.*] Sir, all this service
 Have I done since I went. 270

Pro. [*Aside to Ar.*] My tricksey Spirit.

Alo. These are not naturall events, they strengthen
 From strange, to stranger: say, how came you hither?

Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
 I'd strive to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,
 And (how we know not) all clapt under hatches,
 Where, but even now, with strange, and severall noyses
 Of roring, shreeking, howling, gingling chaines,
 And mo diversitie of sounds, all horrible.

We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty; 280
 Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld
 Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Master
 Capring to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
 Even in a dreame, were we divided from them,
 And were brought moaping hither.

Ar. [*Aside to Pros.*] Was't well done?

Pro. [*Aside to Ar.*] Bravely (my diligence) thou
 shalt be free. |

Alo. This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod,
 And there is in this businesse, more then nature
 Was ever conduct of: some Oracle 290

THE TEMPEST

[V. i. 245-268]

Must rectifie our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Leige,

Doe not infest your minde, with beating on
The strangenesse of this businesse, at pickt leisure
(Which shall be shortly single) I'll resolve you,
(Which to you shall seeme probable) of every
These happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull
And thinke of each thing well: [*Aside to Ar.*] Come
hither Spirit, |

Set *Caliban*, and his companions free:

Untye the Spell: [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my gracious
Sir? | 300

There are yet missing of your Companie
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.

*Enter Ariell, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo in their stolne Apparell.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let
No man take care for himselfe; for all is
But fortune: *Coragio* Bully-Monster *Corasio*.

Tri. If these be true spies which I weare in my head,
here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be brave Spirits indeede: 310
How fine my Master is? I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha:

What things are these, my Lord *Antonio*?
Will money buy em?

Ant. Very like: one of them
Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords,
Then say if they be true: This mishapen knave;

295. *shortly single*): *shortly, single*-*POPE*. 305-7. *prose*-*POPE*.
307. *Corasio*: *Coragio*-2-4F.

His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong 320
 That could controule the Moone; make flowes, and ebs,
 And deale in her command, without her power:
 These three have robd me, and this demy-divell;
 (For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
 To take my life: two of these Fellowes, you
 Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkenesse, I
 Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch't to death.

Alo. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?

Seb. He is drunke now; 330
 Where had he wine?

Alo. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe: where should they
 Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?
 How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Tri. I have bin in such a pickle since I saw you last,
 That I feare me will never out of my bones:
 I shall not feare fly-blowing.

Seb. Why how now *Stephano*?

Ste. O touch me not, I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.

Pro. You'ld be King o'the Isle, Sirha? 340

Ste. I should have bin a sore one then.

Alo. This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on.

[*Pointing to Cal.*]

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his Manners
 As in his shape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,
 Take with you your Companions: as you looke
 To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wise hereafter,
 And seeke for grace: what a thrice double Asse
 Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
 And worship this dull foole? 350

THE TEMPEST

[V. i. 298-318]

Pro. Goe to, away.

Alo. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it. |

Seb. Or stole it rather.

[*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*]

Pro. Sir, I invite your Highnesse, and your traine
To my poore Cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which part of it, Ile waste
With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it
Goe quicke away: The story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gon by
Since I came to this Isle: And in the morne 360
I'le bring you to your ship, and so to *Naples*,
Where I have hope to see the nuptiall
Of these our deere-belov'd, solemnized,
And thence retire me to my *Millaine*, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alo. I long

To heare the story or your life; which must
Take the eare starngely.

Pro. I'le deliver all,

And promise you calme Seas, auspicious gales, 370
And saile, so expeditious, that shall catch
Your Royall fleete farre off: My *Ariel*; chicke
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: please you draw neere.

Exeunt omnes.

368. *starngely*: *strangely*-2-4F.

EPILOGUE,

spoken by *Prospero*.

*N*OW my Charms are all ore-throwne,
And what strength I have 's mine owne.
Which is most faint: now 't is true
I must be heere confinde by you,
Or sent to Naples, Let me not
Since I have my Dukedome got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare Island, by your Spell,
But release me from my bands
With the helpe of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes
Must fill, or else my project failes,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to incant,
And my ending is despaire,
Unlesse I be reliev'd by praier
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence set me free.

10

20

Exit.

The Scene, an un-inhabited Island

Names of the Actors.

Alonso, K. of Naples:

Sebastian his Brother.

Prospero, the right Duke of Millaine.

Anthonio his brother, the usurping Duke of Millaine.

Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.

Gonzalo, an honest old Councillor.

Adrian, & Francisco, Lords.

Caliban, a salvage and deformed slave.

Trinculo, a Jester.

Stephano, a drunken Butler.

Master of a Ship.

Boate-Swaine.

Marriners.

Miranda, daughter to Prospero.

Ariell, an ayrie spirit.

<i>Iris</i>	}	<i>Spirits.</i>
<i>Ceres</i>		
<i>Juno</i>		
<i>Nymphes</i>		
<i>Reapers</i>		

FINIS.

**THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF KING HENRY
THE EIGHT**

HEN. VIII. I.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY *the Eighth.*

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.

CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.*

CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

EARL OF SURREY.

Lord Chamberlain.

Lord Chancellor.

GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*

Bishop of Lincoln.

LORD ABERGAVENNY.

LORD SANDS.

SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

CROMWELL, *Servant to Wolsey.*

GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.*

Three Gentlemen.

DOCTOR BUTTS, *Physician to the King.*

Garter King-at-Arms.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.

Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. Porter, and his
Man.

Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, *wife to King Henry, afterwards
divorced.*

ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour, afterwards
Queen.*

An old Lady, *friend to Anne Bullen.*

PATIENCE, *woman to Queen Katharine.*

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women
attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers,
Guards, and other Attendants.

Spirits.

SCENE: *London; Westminster; Kimbolton.*]



Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, where most of the plays of Shakespeare have been produced since its opening in 1879. There is a library and also a picture gallery in the same building

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE EIGHT



THE PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh, Things now,
That beare a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,
Sad, big, and working, full of State and woe:
Such Noble Scænes, as draw the Eye to flow
We now present. Those that can Pitty, beere
May (if they thinke it well) let fall a Teare,
The Subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their Money out of hope they may beleeeve,
May beere finde Truth too. Those that come to see 10
Onely a show or two, and so a gree,
The Play may passe: If they be still, and willing,
He undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short houres. Onely they
That come to beare a Merry, Bawdy Play,
A noyse of Targets: Or to see a Fellow
In a long Motley Coate, garded¹ with Yellow,
Will be deceyv'd. For gentle Hearers, know ¹trimmed 20
To ranke our chosen Truth with such a show
As Foole, and Fight is, beside forfeyting
Our owne Braines, and the Opinion that we bring

11. a gree: agree—2-4F.

*To make that onely true, we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding Friend.
Therefore, for Goodnesse sake, and as you are knowne
The First and Happiest Hearers of the Towne,
Be sad, as we would make ye. Thinke ye see
The very Persons of our Noble Story,
As they were Living: Thinke you see them Great,
And follow'd with the generall throng, and sweat
Of thousand Friends: Then, in a moment, see 30
How soone this Mightinesse, meets Misery:
And if you can be merry then, Ile say,
A Man may weepe upon his Wedding day.*

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[*London. An ante-chamber in the palace.*]

*Enter the Duke of Norfolke at one doore. At the other,
the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord
Aburgavenny.*

Buckingham.

GOOD morrow, and well met: How have ye done
Since last we saw in France?

Norf. I thanke your Grace:
Healthfull, and ever since a fresh Admirer
Of what I saw there. 10

Buck. An untimely Ague
Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when
Those Sunnes of Glory, those two Lights of Men
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde,
I was then present, saw them salute on Horsebacke,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their Embracement, as they grew together,

HENRY THE EIGHT

[I. i. 11-40]

Which had they,
 What foure Thron'd ones could have weigh'd 20
 Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
 I was my Chambers Prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
 The view of earthly glory: Men might say
 Till this time Pompe was single, but now married
 To one above it selfe. Each following day
 Became the next dayes master, till the last
 Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,
 All Clinquant¹ all in Gold, like Heathen Gods 30
 Shone downe the English; and to morrow, they
 Made Britaine, India: Every man that stood,¹ *glittering*
 Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were
 As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too,
 Not us'd to toyle, did almost sweat to beare
 The Pride upon them, that their very labour
 Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske
 Was cry'de incompareable; and th'ensuing night
 Made it a Foole, and Begger. The two Kings
 Equall in lustre, were now best, now worst 40
 As presence did present them: Him in eye,
 Still him in praise, and being present both,
 'Twas said they saw but one, and no Discerner
 Durst wagge his Tongue in censure, when these Sunnes
 (For so they phrase 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd
 The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe
 Beyond thoughts Compasse, that former fabulous Storie
 Being now scene, possible enough, got credit
 That *Bevis* was beleev'd.

Buc. Oh you go farre. 50

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
 In Honor, Honesty, the tract of ev'ry thing,

19-20. 11.-2Rowe.

44. period after *censure*-Rowe.

Would by a good Discourser loose some life,
Which Actions selfe, was tongue too.

Buc. All was Royall,
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view. The Office did
Distinctly his full Function: [*Buc.*] who did guide,
I meane who set the Body, and the Limbes
Of this great Sport together? 60

Nor. As you guesse:

[*Nor.*] One certes, that promises no Element
In such a businesse.

Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was ordred by the good Discretion
Of the right Reverend Cardinall of Yorke.

Buc. The divell speed him: No mans Pye is freed
From his Ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce Vanities? I wonder,
That such a Keech can with his very bulke 70
Take up the Rayes o'th'beneficiall Sun,
And keepe it from the Earth.

Nor. Surely Sir,

There's in him stuffe, that put's him to these ends:
For being not propt by Auncestry, whose grace
Chalkes Successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to'th'Crowne; neither Allied
To eminent Assistants; but Spider-like
Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O gives us note,
The force of his owne merit makes his way 80
A guift that heaven gives for him, which buyes
A place next to the King.

Abur. I cannot tell

53. loose: lose-2-4F. 55. *Buc.*: out-THEOBALD. 58-61. speech
given to *Buc.*-THEOBALD. 61. *Nor.*: out; *As you guesse*: *As*
you guesse?-THEOBALD. 79. *Web.* O: web, he-CAPELL.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[I. i. 67-94

What Heaven hath given him: let some Graver eye
Pierce into that, but I can see his Pride
Peepe through each part of him: whence ha's he that,
If not from Hell? The Divell is a Niggard,
Or ha's given all before, and he begins
A new Hell in himselfe.

Buc. Why the Divell, 90
Upon this French going out, tooke he upon him
(Without the privity o'th' King) t'appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the File
Of all the Gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor
He meant to lay upon: and his owne Letter
The Honourable Boord of Councell, out
Must fetch him in, he Papers.

Abur. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have 100
By this, so sicken'd their Estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buc. O many
Have broke their backes with laying Mannors on 'em
For this great Journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poore issue.

Nor. Greevingly I thinke,
The Peace betweene the French and us, not valeswes
The Cost that did conclude it. 110

Buc. Every man,
After the hideous storme that follow'd, was
A thing Inspir'd, and not consulting, broke
Into a generall Prophetie; That this Tempest
Dashing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded
The sodaine breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out,

For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at Burdeaux.

Abur. Is it therefore 120
Th' Ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry is't.

Abur. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate.

Buc. Why all this Businesse
Our Reverend Cardinall carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I advise you
(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you 130
Honor, and plenteous safety) that you reade
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together; To consider further, that
What his high Hatred would effect, wants not
A Minister in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's Revengefull; and I know, his Sword
Hath a sharpe edge: It's long, and't may be saide
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosome up my counsell,
You'l finde it wholesome. Loc, where comes that Rock
That I advice your shunning. 141

*Enter Cardinall Wolsey, the Purse borne before him, cer-
taine | of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers:*

*The | Cardinall in his passage, fixeth his eye
on Buck- | ham, and Buckingham on him,
both full of disdain.*

Car. The Duke of *Buckingham*s Surveyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?

Secr. Heere so please you.

119. *Burdeaux*: *Bourdeaux*-4F.

144. *Buck*:- *Bucking*-misprint 1 F.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[1. i. 117-141

Car. Is he in person, ready? 150

Secr. I, please your Grace.

Car. Well, we shall then know more, & *Buckingham*
Shall lessen this bigge looke.

Exeunt Cardinall, and his Traine.

Buc. This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him, therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A Beggars booke,
Out-worths a Nobles blood.

Nor. What are you chaff'd?
Aske God for Temp'rance, that's th'appliance onely 160
Which your disease requires.

Buc. I read in's looks
Matter against me, and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object, at this instant
He bores me with some trick; He's gone to'th'King:
Ile follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay my Lord,
And let your Reason with your Choller question
What 'tis you go about: to climbe steepe hilles
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like 170
A full hot Horse, who being allow'd his way
Selfe-mettle tyres him: Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: Be to your selfe,
As you would to your Friend.

Buc. Ile to the King,
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe
This *Ipswich* fellowes insolence; or proclaime,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a Furnace for your foe so hot 180
That it do sindge your selfe. We may out-runne

155. *venom'd*: venom (venome)—Rowe.

159. *chaff'd*: chafed (chaf'd)—3-4F.

By violent swiftnesse that which we run at;
 And lose by over-running: know you not,
 The fire that mounts the liquor til't run ore,
 In seeming to augment it, wasts it: be advis'd;
 I say againe there is no English Soule
 More stronger to direct you then your selfe;
 If with the sap of reason you would quench,
 Or but allay the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,

90

I am thankfull to you, and Ile goe along
 By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,
 Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
 From sincere motions, by Intelligence,
 And proofes as cleere as Founts in *Jnly*, when
 Wee see each graine of gravell; I doe know
 To be corrupt and treasonous.

Norf. Say not treasonous.

Buck. To th' King Ile say't, & make my vouch as strong
 As shore of Rocke: attend. This holy Foxe, 200
 Or Wolfe, or both (for he is equall rav'nous
 As he is subtile, and as prone to mischief,
 As able to perform't) his minde, and place
 Infecting one another, yea reciprocally,
 Only to shew his pompe, as well in France,
 As here at home, suggests¹ the King our Master
 To this last costly Treaty: Th'enterview, ^{1 incites}
 That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glasse
 Did breake ith' wrenching.

Norf. Faith, and so it did.

210

Buck. Pray give me favour Sir: This cunning Cardinall
 The Articles o'th' Combination drew
 As himselfe pleas'd; and they were ratified
 As he cride thus let be, to as much end,

195. *Jnly*: July-24F.

209. *wrenching*: rinsing-Pozz.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[I. i. 172-198]

As give a Crutch to th' dead. But our Count-Cardinal
 Has done this, and tis well: for worthy *Wolsey*
 (Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this followes,
 (Which as I take it, is a kinde of Puppie
 To th' old dam Treason) *Charles* the Emperour,
 Under pretence to see the Queene his Aunt, 220
 (For twas indeed his colour, but he came
 To whisper *Wolsey*) here makes visitation,
 His feares were that the Interview betwixt
 England and France, might through their amity
 Breed him some prejudice; for from this League,
 Peep'd harmes that menac'd him. Privily
 Deales with our Cardinal, and as I troa
 Which I doe well; for I am sure the Emperour
 Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted
 Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made 230
 And pav'd with gold: the Emperour thus desir'd,
 That he would please to alter the Kings course,
 And breake the foresaid peace. Let the King know
 (As soone he shall by me) that thus the Cardinall
 Does buy and sell his Honour as he pleases,
 And for his owne advantage.

Norf. I am sorry
 To heare this of him; and could wish he were
 Somthing mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a sillable: 240
 I doe pronounce him in that very shape
 He shall appeare in prooffe.

*Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at Armes before him, and
 two or three of the Guard.*

Brandon. Your Office Sergeant: execute it.

Sergeant. Sir,

227. troa: trow-3-4F

244. thee: three-2-4F.

My Lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earle
Of *Hertford*, *Stafford* and *Northampton*, I
Arrest thee of High Treason, in the name
Of our most Sovereigne King.

250

Buck. Lo you my Lord,
The net has falne upon me, I shall perish
Under device, and practise:

Bran. I am sorry,
To see you tane from liberty, to looke on
The busines present. Tis his Highnes pleasure
You shall to th'Tower.

Buck. It will helpe me nothing
To plead mine Innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'st part, black. The will of Heav'n
Be done in this and all things: I obey. 261
O my Lord *Aburgany*: Fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must beare you company. The King
[*To Abergavenny*]
Is pleas'd you shall to th'Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Abur. As the Duke said,
The will of Heaven be done, and the Kings pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach Lord *Mountacute*, and the Bodies
Of the Dukes Confessor, *John de la Car*, 271
One *Gilbert Pecke*, his Councillour.

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o'th' Plot: no more I hope.

Bra. A Monke o'th' *Chartreux*.

Buck. O *Michaell Hopkins*?

262. *Aburgany*: Abergavenny-Rowe.

270. *Mountacute*: Montacute-Capell.
chancellor-THOBALD.

272. Councillour:

276. *Michaell*: Nicholas-2Port.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[I. i. 221-ii. 11]

Bra. He.

Buck. My Surveyor is falce: The ore-great *Cardinall*
 Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spand already:
 I am the shadow of poore *Buckingham*, 280
 Whose Figure even this instant Clowd puts on,
 By Darkning my cleere Sunne. My Lords farewell. *Exe.*

Scena Secunda.[*The same. The council-chamber.*]

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinals shoulder, the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovell: the Cardinall places himselfe under the Kings feete on his right side.

King. My life it selfe, and the best heart of it,
 Thankes you for this great care: I stood i'th'levell¹
 Of a full-charg'd confederacie, and give thankes ^{1 aim}
 To you that choak'd it. Let be cald before us
 That Gentleman of *Buckinghams*, in person, 10
 He heare him his confessions justifie,
 And point by point the Treasons of his Maister,
 He shall againe relate.

A noyse within crying roome for the Queene, usher'd by the Duke of Norfolk. Enter the Queene, Norfolk and Snffolke: she kneels. King riseth from his State,² takes her up, kisses and placeth ber by him. 2 throne

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneele; I am a Suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by us; halfe your Suit
 Never name to us; you have halfe our power: 21

282. *Lords:* lord-Rowe.16. *Snffolke:* misprint 1F.

The other moiety ere you aske is given,
Repeat your will, and take it.

Queen. Thanke your Majesty
That you would love your selfe, and in that love
Not unconsidered leave your Honour, nor
The dignity of your Office; is the poynt
Of my Petition.

Kin. Lady mine proceed.

Queen. I am solicited not by a few, 30
And those of true condition; That your Subjects
Are in great grievance: There have beene Commissions
Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although
My good Lord Cardinall, they vent reproches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions: yet the King, our Maister
Whose Honor Heaven shield from soile; even he escapes
not |
Language unmannerly; yea, such which breakes
The sides of loyalty, and almost appeares 40
In lowd Rebellion.

Norf. Not almost appeares,
It doth appeare; for, upon these Taxations,
The Clothiers all not able to maintaine
The many to them longing, have put off
The Spinsters, Carders, Fullers, Weavers, who
Unfit for other life, compeld by hunger
And lack of other meanes, in desperate manner
Daring th'event too th'teeth, are all in uprore,
And danger serves among them. 50

Kin. Taxation?
Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinall,

45. *longing*: 'longing—4F.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[I. ii. 39-66

You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this Taxation?

Card. Please you Sir,
I know but of a single part in ought
Pertaines to th'State; and front but in that File
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my Lord?
You know no more then others? But you frame 60
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Sovereigne would have note) they are
Most pestilent to th'hearing, and to beare 'em,
The Backe is Sacrifice to th'load; They say
They are devis'd by you, er else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

Kin. Still Exaction:
The nature of it, in what kinde let's know, 70
Is this Exaction?

Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am boldned
Under your promis'd pardon. The Subjects grieve
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each
The sixt part of his Substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your warres in France: this makes bold mouths,
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now 80
Live where their prayers did: and it's come to passe,
This tractable obedience is a Slave
To each incensed Will: I would your Highnesse
Would give it quicke consideration; for

67. *er.* or-2-4F.

75. *compels:* compel-Pope.

There is no primer basennesse.

Kin. By my life,

This is against our pleasure.

Card. And for me,

I have no further gone in this, then by
 A single voice, and that not past me, but 90
 By learned approbation of the Judges: If I am
 Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know
 My faculties nor person, yet will be
 The Chronicles of my doing: Let me say,
 'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake
 That Vertue must goe through: we must not stint
 Our necessary actions, in the feare
 To cope malicious Censurers, which ever,
 As rav'nous Fishes doe a Vessell follow
 That is new trim'd; but benefit no further 100
 Then vainly longing. What we oft doe best,
 By sicke Interpreters (once weake ones) is
 Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cride up
 For our best Act: if we shall stand still,
 In feare our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,
 We should take roote here, where we sit;
 Or sit State-Statues onely.

Kin. Things done well,

And with a care, exempt themselves from feare: 110
 Things done without example, in their issue
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a President
 Of this Commission? I beleeve, not any.
 We must not rend our Subjects from our Lawes,
 And sticke them in our Will. Sixt part of each?

85. *basennesse*: *business*—HANMER.

107-8. *We . . . Or sit*: 11.—HANMER.

112. *President*: *precedent*—POPE.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[I. ii. 95-124

A trembling Contribution; why we take
 From every Tree, lop, barke, and part o'th' Timber:
 And though we leave it with a roote thus hackt,
 The Ayre will drinke the Sap. To every County
 Where this is question'd, send our Letters, with 120
 Free pardon to each man that has deny'de
 The force of this Commission: pray looke too't;
 I put it to your care.

Card. A word with you. [*To the Secretary*]
 Let there be Letters writ to every Shire,
 Of the Kings grace and pardon: the grieved Commons
 Hardly conceive of me. Let it be nois'd,
 That through our Intercession, this Revokement
 And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
 Further in the proceeding. *Exit Secret.* 130

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I am sorry, that the Duke of *Buckingham*
 Is run in your displeasure.

Kin. It grieves many:
 The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a most rare Speaker,
 To Nature none more bound; his trayning such,
 That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers,
 And never seeke for ayd out of himselfe: yet see,
 When these so Noble benefits shall prove
 Not well dispos'd, the minde growing once corrupt, 140
 They turne to vicious formes, ten times more ugly
 Then ever they were faire. This man so compleat,
 Who was enrold 'mongst wonders; and when we
 Almost with ravish'd listning, could not finde
 His houre of speech, a minute: He, (my Lady)
 Hath into monstrous habits put the Graces
 That once were his, and is become as blacke,
 As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by Us, you shall heare

(This was his Gentleman in trust) of him
 Things to strike Honour sad. Bid him recount 150
 The fore-recited practises, whereof
 We cannot feele too little, heare too much.

Card. Stand forth, & with bold spirit relate what you
 Most like a carefull Subject have collected
 Out of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

Kin. Speake freely.

Sur. First, it was usuall with him; every day
 It would infect his Speech: That if the King
 Should without issue dye; hee'l carry it so
 To make the Scepter his. These very words 160
 I've heard him utter to his Sonne in Law,
 Lord *Aburgany*, to whom by oth he menac'd
 Revenge upon the *Cardinall*.

Card. Please your Highnesse note
 This dangerous conception in this point,
 Not frended by his wish to your High person;
 His will is most malignant, and it stretches
 Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd Lord *Cardinall*,
 Deliver all with Charity. 170

Kin. Speake on;

How grounded hee his Title to the Crowne
 Upon our faile; to this poynt hast thou heard him,
 At any time speake ought?

Sur. He was brought to this,
 By a vaine Prophetie of *Nicholas Henton*.

Kin. What was that *Henton*?

Sur. Sir, a *Chartreux* Fryer,
 His Confessor, who fed him every minute
 With words of Sovereignty. 180

162. *Aburgany*: Abergavenny-Rowe.

176, 177. *Henton*: Hopkins-2Pope.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[I. ii. 150-178]

Kin. How know'st thou this?

Sur. Not long before your Highnesse sped to France,
 The Duke being at the Rose, within the Parish
 Saint *Laurence Poulney*, did of me demand
 What was the speech among the Londoners,
 Concerning the French Journey. I replide,
 Men feare the French would prove perfidious
 To the Kings danger: presently, the Duke
 Said, 'twas the feare indeed, and that he doubted
 'Twould prove the verity of certaine words 190
 Spoke by a holy Monke, that oft, sayes he,
 Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
Jobn de la Car, my Chaplaine, a choyce howre
 To heare from him a matter of some moment:
 Whom after under the Commissions Seale,
 He sollemnly had sworne, that what he spoke
 My Chaplaine to no Creature living, but
 To me, should utter, with demure Confidence,
 This pausingly ensu'de; neither the King, nor's Heyres
 (Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him strive
 To the love o't' Commonalty, the Duke 201
 Shall governe England.

Queen. If I know you well,
 You were the Dukes Surveyor, and lost your Office
 On the complaint o'th' Tenants; take good heed
 You charge not in your spleene a Noble person,
 And spoyle your nobler Soule; I say, take heed;
 Yes, heartily beseech you.

Kin. Let him on: Goe forward.

Sur. On my Soule, Ile speake but truth. 210
 I told my Lord the Duke, by th'Divels illusions

187. *feare*: fear'd-Pope.195. *Commissions*: confession's-THEOBALD. 201. *To the*: To
 gain the-4F. *t'*: the-STEVENS. 209. new l. at Go-Pope.

The Monke might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dangerous
 For this to ruminat on this so farre, untill
 It forg'd him some designe, which being beleev'd
 It was much like to doe: He answer'd, Tush,
 It can doe me no damage; adding further,
 That had the King in his last Sicknesse faild,
 The Cardinals and Sir *Thomas Lovells* heads
 Should have gone off.

Kin. Ha? What, so rancke? Ah, ha, 220
 There's mischief in this man; canst thou say further?

Sur. I can my Liedge.

Kin. Proceed.

Sur. Being at *Greenwich*,
 After your Highnesse had reprov'd the Duke
 About Sir *William Blumer*.

Kin. I remember of such a time, being my sworn servant, |

The Duke retein'd him his. But on: what hence?

Sur. If (quoth he) I for this had beene committed,
 As to the Tower, I thought; I would have plaid 230
 The Part my Father meant to act upon
 Th' Usurper *Richard*, who being at *Salisbury*,
 Made suit to come in's presence; which if granted,
 (As he made semblance of his duty) would
 Have put his knife into him.

Kin. A Gyant Traytor.

Card. Now Madam, may his Highnes live in freedome,
 And this man out of Prison.

Queen. God mend all.

212-13. *The .. For this* (him): I l.—CAPELL.

213. *For this*: for him—CAPELL.

226. *Blumer*: Blomer (Bulmer—CLAR. PRESS)—POPE.

227. new l. at Of—POPE.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[I. ii. 202-iii. 10

Kin. Ther's something more would out of thee; what say'st? | 240

Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the knife
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose tenor
Was, were he evill us'd, he would outgoe
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's an irresolute purpose.

Kin. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us: he is attach'd,
Call him to present tryall: if he may 250
Finde mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: By day and night
Hee's Traytor to th'height. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

[*An ante-chamber in the palace.*]

Enter L. Chamberlaine, and L. Sandys.

L. Ch. Is't possible the spels of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

L. San. New customes,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
(Nay let 'em be unmanly) yet are follow'd.

L. Ch. As farre as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late Voyage, is but meere 9
A fit¹ or two o'th'face, (but they are shrewd ones)
For when they hold 'em, you would sweare directly
Their very noses had been Councillours ¹trick
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keepe State so.

241. *the Duke his Father, .. knife: quoted—CAPELL.*

L. San. They have all new legs,
And lame ones; one would take it,
That never see 'em pace before, the Spaven
A Spring-halt rain'd among 'em.

L. Cb. Death my Lord,
Their cloathes are after such a Pagan cut too't,
Thatsure th'have worne out Chistendome: how now?
What newes, Sir *Thomas Lovell*? 21

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lovell. Faith my Lord,
I heare of none but the new Proclamation,
That's clapt upon the Court Gate.

L. Cbam. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travel'd Gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talke, and Taylors.

L. Cbam. I'm glad 'tis there;
Now I would pray our Monsieurs 30
To thinke an English Courtier may be wise,
And never see the *Louvre*.

Lov: They must either
(For so run the Conditions) leave those remnants
Of Foole and Feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto; as Fights and Fire-workes,
Abusing better men then they can be
Out of a forreigne wisdom, renouncing cleane
The faith they have in Tennis and tall Stockings, 40
Short blistred Breeches, and those types of Travell;
And understand againe like honest men,
Or pack to their old Playfellowes; there, I take it,

14-15. 1 l.—POPE.

17. *A:* Or—VERPLANCK.

20. *Chistendome:* misprint 1F.

16. *see:* saw—POPE.

19. *too't:* too—4F.

29-30. 1 l.—POPE.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[I. iii. 34-56]

They may *Cum Priviligio*, wee away
The lag end of their lewdnesse, and be laugh'd at.

L. San. Tis time to give 'em Physicke, their diseases
Are growne so catching.

L. Cham. What a losse our Ladies
Will have of these trim vanities?

Lovell. I marry, 50
There will be woe indeed Lords, the slye whorsons
Have got a speeding tricke to lay downe Ladies.
A French Song, and a Fiddle, ha's no Fellow.

L. San. The Divell fiddle 'em,
I am glad they are going,
For sure there's no converting of 'em: now
An honest Country Lord as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plaine song,
And have an houre of hearing, and by'r Lady
Held currant Musicke too. 60

L. Cham. Well said Lord *Sands*,
Your Colts tooth is not cast yet?

L. San. No my Lord,
Nor shall not while I have a stumpe.

L. Cham. Sir *Thomas*,
Whither were you a going?

Lov. To the Cardinals;
Your Lordship is a guest too.

L. Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a Supper, and a great one, 70
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdome Ile assure you.

Lov. That Churchman
Beares a bounteous minde indeed,
A hand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds us,

44. *Priviligio*: privilegio-2-4F. *wee*: wear-2-4F.
54-5. 1 l.-POPE.

73-4. 1 l.-POPE.

His dewes fall every where.

L. Cham. No doubt hee's Noble;

He had a blacke mouth that said other of him.

L. San. He may my Lord,

Ha's wherewithall in him;

80

Sparing would shew a worse sinne, then ill Doctrine,

Men of his way, should be most liberall,

They are set heere for examples.

L. Cham. True, they are so;

But few now give so great ones:

My Barge stayes;

Your Lordship shall along: Come, good Sir *Thomas*,

We shall be late else, which I would not be,

For I was spoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*

This night to be Comptrollers.

90

L. San. I am your Lordships.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

[A Hall in York Place.]

Hoboies. A small Table under a State for the Cardinall, a longer Table for the Guests. Then Enter Anne Bullen, and divers other Ladies, & Gentlemen, as Guests at one Doore; at an other Doore enter Sir Henry Guilford.

S. Hen. Guilf. Ladies,

A generall welcome from his Grace

Salutes ye all; This Night he dedicates

To faire content, and you: None heere he hopes 10

In all this Noble Bevy, has brought with her

One care abroad: hee would have all as merry:

79-80. I l.-Rowe.

85-6. I l.-Rowe

7-8. I l.-Pope.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[I. iv. 6-30

As first, good Company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter L. Chamberlaine L. Sands, and Lovell.

O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thought of this faire Company,
Clapt wings to me.

Cham. You are young Sir Harry Guilford.

San. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinall 20
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should finde a running Banket, ere they rested,
I thinke would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of faire ones.

Lov. O that your Lordship were but now Confessor,
To one or two of these.

San. I would I were,
They should finde easie pennance.

Lov. Faith how easie?

San. As easie as a downe bed would affoord it. 30

Cham. Sweet Ladies will it please you sit; Sir Harry
Place you that side, Ile take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring. Nay, you must not freeze,
Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather:
My Lord Sands, you are one will keepe 'em waking:
Pray sit betweene these Ladies.

San. By my faith,
And thanke your Lordship: by your leave sweet Ladies,
If I chance to talke a little wilde, forgive me:
I had it from my Father. 40

An. Bul. Was he mad Sir?

San. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none, just as I doe now,
He would Kisse you Twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*]

Cham. Well said my Lord:
So now y'are fairely seated: Gentlemen,
The pennance lyes on you; if these faire Ladies
Passe away frowning.

San. For my little Cure,
Let me alone.

50

Hoboyes. Enter Cardinall Wolsey, and takes bis State.

*Card Y'*are welcome my faire Guests; that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Friend. This to confirme my welcome,
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*]

San. Your Grace is Noble,
Let me have such a Bowle may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Card. My Lord Sands,
I am beholding to you: cheere your neighbours: 60
Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

San. The red wine first must rise
In their faire cheekes my Lord, then wee shall have 'em,
Talke us to silence.

An.B. You are a merry Gamster
My Lord Sands.

San. Yes, if I make my play:
Heer's to your Ladiship, and pledge it Madam:
For tis to such a thing.

70

An.B. You cannot shew me.

Drum and Trumpet, Chambers dischargd.

San. I told your Grace, they would talke anon.

Card. What's that?

Cham. Looke out there, some of ye. [*Exit Serv.*]

HENRY THE EIGHT

[I. iv. 50-72]

Card. What warlike voyce,
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, feare not;
By all the lawes of Warre y'are priviledg'd.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't? 80

Serv. A noble troupe of Strangers,
For so they seeme; th'have left their Barge and landed,
And hither make, as great Embassadors
From forraigne Princes.

Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speake the French tongue
And pray receive 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended.*]

All rise, and Tables remov'd. 90

You have now a broken Banket, but wee'l mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more
I showre a welcome on yee: welcome all.

*Hoboyes. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like
Shepheards, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They
passe directly before the Cardinall, and gracefully sa-
lute him.*

A noble Company: what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they praid
To tell your Grace: That having heard by fame 100
Of this so Noble and so faire assembly,
This night to meet heere they could doe no lesse,
(Out of the great respect they beare to beauty)
But leave their Flockes, and under your faire Conduct
Crave leave to view these Ladies, and entreat
An houre of Revels with 'em.

Card. Say, Lord *Chamberlaine*,
 They have done my poore house grace:
 For which I pay 'em a thousand thanks,
 And pray 'em take their pleasures. 110

Choose Ladies, King and An. Bullen.

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd: O Beauty,
 Till now I never knew thee.

Musicke, Dance.

Card. My Lord.

Cham. Your Grace.

Card. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
 There should be one amongst 'em by his person
 More worthy this place then my selfe, to whom
 (If I but knew him) with my love and duty 120
 I would surrender it. *Whisper.*

Cham. I will my Lord.

Card. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confesse
 There is indeed, which they would have your Grace
 Find out, and he will take it.

Card. Let me see then,
 By all your good leaves Gentlemen; heere Ile make
 My royall choyce.

Kin. Ye have found him Cardinall, [*Unmasking*] 130
 You hold a faire Assembly; you doe well Lord:
 You are a Churchman, or Ile tell you Cardinall,
 I should judge now unhappily.

Card. I am glad
 Your Grace is growne so pleasant.

Kin. My Lord Chamberlaine,
 Prethee come hither, what faire Ladie's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace,

HENRY THE EIGHT

[I. iv. 92-II. i. 4

Sir *Thomas Bullens* Daughter, the Viscount *Rochford*,
One of her Highnesse women. 140

Kin. By Heaven she is a dainty one. Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kisse you. A health Gentlemen,
Let it goe round.

Card. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, is the Banket ready
I'th' Privy Chamber?

Lov. Yes, my Lord.

Card. Your Grace
I feare, with dancing is a little heated.

Kin. I feare too much. 150

Card. There's fresher ayre my Lord,
In the next Chamber.

Kin. Lead in your Ladies ev'ry one: Sweet Partner,
I must not yet forsake you: Let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinall: I have halfe a dozen healths,
To drinke to these faire Ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once againe, and then let's dreame
Who's best in favour. Let the Musicke knock it.

Exeunt with Trumpets.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

[*Westminster. A street.*]

Enter two Gentlemen at severall Doores.

1. [*Gen.*] Whether away so fast?

2. [*Gen.*] O, God save ye:

Ev'n to the Hall, to heare what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1. He save you

That labour Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony

139-40. new l. at The, ending women-POPE.

Of bringing backe the Prisoner.

2. Were you there? 10

1. Yes indeed was I.

2. Pray speake what ha's happen'd.

1. You may guesse quickly what.

2. Is he found guilty?

1. Yes truely is he,

And condemn'd upon't.

2. I am sorry fort.

1. So are a number more.

2. But pray how past it?

1. Ile tell you in a little. The great Duke 20

Came to the Bar; where, to his accusations

He pleaded still not guilty, and alleadged

Many sharpe reasons to defeat the Law.

The Kings Attorney on the contrary,

Urg'd on the Examinations, proofes, confessions

Of divers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd

To him brought *viva voce* to his face;

At which appear'd against him, his Surveyor

Sir *Gilbert Pecke* his Chancellour, and *John Car*,

Confessor to him, with that Divell Monke, 30

Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2. That was hee

That fed him with his Prophecies.

1. The same,

All these accus'd him strongly, which he faine

Would have flung from him; but indeed he couldnot;

And so his Peeres upon this evidence,

Have found him guilty of high Treason. Much

He spoke, and learnedly for life: But all

Was either pittied in him, or forgotten. 40

15-16. 1 l.—Pope.

27. bim: have—4F.

17. fort: for't—3-4F.

2. After all this, how did he beare himselfe?

1. When he was brought agen to th' Bar, to heare
His Knell rung out, his Judgement, he was stir'd
With such an Agony, he sweat extreamly,
And somthing spoke in choller, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himselfe againe, and sweetly,
In all the rest shew'd a most Noble patience.

2. I doe not thinke he feares death.

1. Sure he does not,
He never was so womanish, the cause 50
He may a little grieve at.

2. Certainly,
The Cardinall is the end of this.

1. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: First *Kildares* Attendure;
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remov'd
Earle *Surrey*, was sent thither, and in hast too,
Least he should helpe his Father.

2. That tricke of State
Was a deepe envious one, 60

1. At his returne,
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted
(And generally) who ever the King favours,
The Cardinall instantly will finde imployment,
And farre enough from Court too.

2. All the Commons
Hate him perniciously, and o' my Conscience
Wish him ten faddom deepe: This Duke as much
They love and doate on: call him bounteous *Buckingham*,
The Mirror of all courtesie. 70

55. *Attendure*: attainder (attaindure)-3-4F.

64. *Cardinall*: Cardinal-2-4F.

68. *faddom*: fathom-4F.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignement, Tipstaves before him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halberds on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir Walter Sands, and common people, &c.

1. Stay there Sir,

And see the noble ruin'd man you speake of.

2. Let's stand close and behold him.

Buck. All good people,

You that thus farre have come to pittie me;
 Heare what I say, and then goe home and lose me.⁸⁰
 I have this day receiv'd a Traitors judgement,
 And by that name must dye; yet Heaven beare witnes,
 And if I have a Conscience, let it sincke me,
 Even as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.
 The Law I beare no mallice for my death,
 T'has done upon the premises, but Justice:
 But those that sought it, I could wish more Christians:
 (Be what they will) I heartily forgive 'em;
 Yet let 'em looke they glory not in mischief;
 Nor build their evils on the graves of great men; ⁹⁰
 For then, my guiltlesse blood must cry against 'em.
 For further life in this world I ne're hope,
 Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies
 More then I dare make faults.

You few that lov'd me,
 And dare be bold to weepe for *Buckingham*,
 His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying:
 Goe with me like good Angels to my end,
 And as the long divorce of Steele fals on me, ¹⁰⁰
 Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,
 And lift my Soule to Heaven.

86. T: 'T-3-4F. 94-5. 1 l.-Rowe. 102-3. 1 l.-Pope.

Lead on a Gods name.

Lovell. I doe beseech your Grace, for charity
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.

There cannot be those numberlesse offences
Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: 110
No blacke Envy shall make my Grave.

Commend mee to his Grace:
And if he speake of *Buckingham*; pray tell him,
You met him halfe in Heaven: my vowes and prayers
Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer then I have time to tell his yeares;
Ever belov'd and loving, may his Rule be;
And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodnesse and he, fill up one Monument. 120

Lov. To th' water side I must conduct your Grace;
Then give my Charge up to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is comming: See the Barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suites
The Greatnesse of his Person.

Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone; my State now will but mocke me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable, 130
And Duke of *Buckingham*: now, poore *Edward Bobun*;
Yet I am richer then my base Accusers,
That never knew what Truth meant: I now seale it;
And with that bloud will make 'em one day groane for't.

103. a: o'-THEOBALD.

110-12. 2 ll. ending envy, grace-POPE.

My noble Father *Henry* of *Buckingham*,
 Who first rais'd head against Usurping *Richard*,
 Flying for succour to his Servant *Banister*,
 Being distrest; was by that wretch betraid,
 And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him.
Henry the Seaventh succeeding, truly pittying 140
 My Fathers losse; like a most Royall Prince
 Restor'd me to my Honours: and out of ruines
 Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,
Henry the Eight, Life, Honour, Name and all
 That made me happy; at one stroake ha's taken
 For ever from the World. I had my Tryall,
 And must needs say a Noble one; which makes me
 A little happier then my wretched Father:
 Yet thus farre we are one in Fortunes; both
 Fell by our Servants, by those Men we lov'd most: 150
 A most unnaturall and faithlesse Service.
 Heaven ha's an end in all: yet, you that heare me,
 This from a dying man receive as certaine:
 Where you are liberall of your loves and Councils,
 Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to; when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found againe
 But where they meane to sinke ye: all good people
 Pray for me, I must now forsake ye; the last houre 160
 Of my long weary life is come upon me:
 Farewell; and when you would say something that is sad,
 Speake how I fell.
 I have done; and God forgive me.

Exeunt Duke and Traine.

1. O, this is full of pittie; Sir, it cals

162. *Farewell*: separate l.—CAPELL.

163-4. 1 l.—PORL.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[II. i. 138-164]

I feare, too many curses on their heads
That were the Authors.

2. If the Duke be guiltlesse,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inckling 170
Of an ensuing evill, if it fall,
Greater then this.

1. Good Angels keepe it from us:
What may it be? you doe not doubt my faith Sir?

2. This Secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceale it.

1: Let me have it:
I doe not talke much.

2. I am confident;
You shall Sir: Did you not of late dayes heare 180
A buzzing of a Separation
Betweene the King and *Katherine*?

1. Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumor; and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2. But that slander Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it growes agen
Fresher then e're it was; and held for certaine 190
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinall,
Or some about him neere, have out of malice
To the good Queene, possest him with a scruple
That will undoe her: To confirme this too,
Cardinall *Campeius* is arriv'd, and lately,
As all thinke for this busines.

1. Tis the Cardinall;
And meerely to revenge him on the Emperour,
For not bestowing on him at his asking,
The Archbishopricke of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd. 200

2. I thinke

You have hit the marke; but is't not cruell,
That she should feele the smart of this: the Cardinall
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1. 'Tis wofull.

Wee are too open¹ heere to argue this: ^{1 public}
Let's thinke in private more. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

[*An ante-chamber in the palace.*]

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.

*My Lord, the Horses your Lordship sent for, with all
the | care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and fur-
nish'd. | They were young and handsome, and of the best
breed in the | North. When they were ready to set out
for London, a man | of my Lord Cardinalls, by Commis-
sion, and maine power tooke | 'em from me, with this
reason: his maister would bee serv'd be- | fore a Sub-
ject, if not before the King, which stop'd our moutbes |
Sir.* 10

I feare he will indeede; well, let him have them; hee
will have all I thinke.

*Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Nor-
folke and Suffolke.*

Norf. Well met my Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces.

Suff. How is the King imployd?

Cham. I left him private,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Norf. What's the cause?

20

201-2. 1 l.—POPE.

11. new l. at He will have—THEOBALD.

2. this: a—ROWE.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[II. ii. 17-44]

Cham. It seemes the Marriage with his Brothers Wife
Ha's crept too neere his Conscience.

Suff. No, his Conscience
Ha's crept too neere another Ladie.

Norf. Tis so;
This is the Cardinals doing: The King-Cardinall,
That blinde Priest, like the eldest Sonne of Fortune,
Turnes what he list. The King will know him one day.

Suff. Pray God he doe,
Hee'l never know himselfe else. 30

Norf. How holily he workes in all his businesse,
And with what zeale? For now he has crackt the League
Between us & the Emperour (the Queens great Nephew)
He dives into the Kings Soule, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the Conscience,
Feares, and despaires, and all these for his Marriage.
And out of all these, to restore the King,
He counsels a Divorce, a losse of her
That like a Jewell, ha's hung twenty yeares
About his necke, yet never lost her lustre; 40
Of her that loves him with that excellence,
That Angels love good men with: Even of her,
That when the greatest stroake of Fortune falls
Will blesse the King: and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel: tis most true
These newes are every where, every tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart weepes for't. All that dare
Looke into these affaires, see this maine end,
The French Kings Sister. Heaven will one day open
The Kings eyes, that so long have slept upon 50
This bold bad man.

Suff. And free us from his slavery.

29-30. 1 l.—POPE.

Norf. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will worke us all
From Princes into Pages: all mens honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suff. For me, my Lords,
I love him not, nor feare him, there's my Creede: 60
As I am made without him, so Ile stand,
If the King please: his Curses and his blessings
Touch me alike: th'are breath I not beleeeve in.
I knew him, and I know him: so I leave him
To him that made him proud; the Pope.

Norf. Let's in;
And with some other busines, put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:
My Lord, youle beare us company?

Cham. Excuse me, 70
The King ha's sent me otherwhere: Besides
You'l finde a most unfit time to disturbe him:
Health to your Lordships.

Norfolke. Thanks my good Lord *Chamberlaine*.
Exit Lord Chamberlaine, and the King drawes the Cur-
taine | and sits reading pensively.

Suff. How sad he lookes; sure he is much afflicted.

Kin. Who's there? Ha?

Norff. Pray God he be not angry.

Kin. Who's there I say? How dare you thrust your
selves | 80

Into my private Meditations?

Who am I? Ha?

Norff. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne're meant: Our breach of Duty this way,

HENRY THE EIGHT

[II. ii. 70-89]

Is businesse of Estate; in which, we come
To know your Royall pleasure.

Kin. Ye are too bold:

Go too; Ile make ye know your times of businesse:
Is this an howre for temporall affaires? Ha?

Enter Wolsey and Campeius with a Commission. 90

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinall? O my *Wolsey*,
The quiet of my wounded Conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a King; [*To Camp.*] you'r wel-
come |

Most learned Reverend Sir, into our Kingdome,
Use us, and it: [*To Wols.*] My good Lord, have great
care, |

I be not found a Talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot;

I would your Grace would give us but an houre
Of private conference.

Kin. [*To Nor. and Suf.*] We are busie; goe. 100

Norff. [*Aside to Suf.*] This Priest ha's no pride in
him? |

Suff. [*Aside to Nor.*] Not to speake of:

I would not be so sicke though for his place:

But this cannot continue.

Norff. [*Aside to Suf.*] If it doe, Ile venture one; have
at him. |

Suff. [*Aside to Nor.*] I another.

Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.

Wol. Your Grace ha's given a President of wisdom
Above all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voyce of Christendome: 110
Who can be angry now? What Envy reach you?

105. new l. at I'll-Pope.

105. one; have at him: one have-at-him-Dyce, STAUNTON.

108. President: precedent-4F.

The Spaniard tide by blood and favour to her,
 Must now confesse, if they have any goodnesse,
 The Tryall, just and Noble. All the Clerkes,
 (I meane the learned ones in Christian Kingdomes)
 Have their free voyces. Rome (the Nurse of Judgement)
 Invited by your Noble selfe, hath sent
 One generall Tongue unto us. This good man,
 This just and learned Priest, Cardnall *Campeius*,
 Whom once more, I present unto your Highnesse. 120

Kin. And oncemore in mine armes I bid him welcome,
 And thanke the holy Conclave for their loves,
 They have sent me such a Man, I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers
 loves, |

You are so Noble: To your Highnesse hand
 I tender my Commission; by whose vertue,
 The Court of Rome commanding. You my Lord
 Cardinall of *Yorke*, are joya'd with me their Servant,
 In the impartiall judging of this Businesse.

Kin. Two equall men: The Queene shall be acquain-
 ted | 130

Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner*?

Wol. I know your Majesty, ha's alwayes lov'd her
 So deare in heart, not to deny her that
 A Woman of lesse Place might aske by Law;
 Schollers allow'd freely to argue for her.

Kin. I, and the best she shall have; and my favour
 To him that does best, God forbid els: Cardinall,
 Prethee call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary.
 I find him a fit fellow. [Exit *Wol.*]

112. tide: tied (ty'd)-4F.

118. us. *Tbis*: us, this-4F.

119. Cardnall: Cardinal-2-4F.

127. commanding. You: commanding, you-4F.

Enter [Wolsey with] Gardiner. 140

Wol. [*Aside to Gard.*] Give me your hand: much joy & favour to you; |
You are the Kings now.

Gard. [*Aside to Wols.*] But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand ha's rais'd me.

Kin. Come hither *Gardiner*.

Walkes and whispers.

Camp. My Lord of *Yorke*, was not one Doctor *Pace*
In this mans place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Camp. Was he not held a learned man? 150

Wol. Yes surely.

Camp. Beleeve me, there's an ill opinion spread then,
Even of your selfe Lord Cardinall.

Wol. How? of me?

Camp. They will not sticke to say, you envie him;
And fearing he would rise (he was so vertuous)
Kept him a forraigne¹ man still, which so greev'd him,
That he ran mad, and dide. ^{1 an exile}

Wol. Heav'ns peace be with him:

That's Christian care enough: for living Murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Foole; 161
For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow,
If I command him followes my appointment,
I will have none so neere els. Learne this Brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

Kin. Deliver this with modesty to th'Queene.

Exit Gardiner.

The most convenient place, that I can thinke of
For such receipt of Learning, is Black-Fryers:
There ye shall meete about this waighty busines. 170

My *Wolsey*, see it furnish'd, O my Lord,
 Would it not grieve an able man to leave
 So sweet a Bedfellow? But Conscience, Conscience;
 O 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

[*An ante-chamber of the Queen's apartments.*]

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

An. Not for that neither; here's the pang that pinches.
 His Highnesse, having liv'd so long with her, and she
 So good a Lady, that no Tongue could ever
 Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
 She never knew harme-doing: Oh, now after
 So many courses of the Sun enthroaned,
 Still growing in a Majesty and pompe, the which
 To leave, a thousand fold more bitter, then 10
 'Tis sweet at first t'acquire. After this Processe.
 To give her the avaunt, it is a pittie
 Would move a Monster.

Old La. Hearts of most hard temper
 Melt and lament for her.

An. Oh Gods will, much better
 She ne're had knowne pompe; though't be temporall,
 Yet if that quarrell. Fortune, do divorce
 It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
 As soule and bodies severing. 20

Old L. Alas poore Lady,
 Shee's a stranger now againe.

An. So much the more
 Must pittie drop upon her; verily

10. t'acquire. After this Processe: to acquire,—after this process,—GLOBE.

18. comma after quarrel—CAMBRIDGE.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[II. iii. 19-44

I sweare, tis better to be lowly borne,
And range with humble livers in Content,
Then to be perk'd up in a glistring griefe,
And weare a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content

Is our best having.

30

Anne. By my troth, and Maidenhead,

I would not be a Queene.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,

And venture Maidenhead for't, and so would you
For all this spice of your Hipocrisie:

You that have so faire parts of Woman on you,

Have (too) a Womans heart, which ever yet
Affected Eminence, Wealth, Sovereignty; ^{1 truth}

Which, to say sooth,¹ are Blessings; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity ⁴⁰

Of your soft Chiverell² Conscience, would receive,

If you might please to stretch it. ^{2 kidskin}

Anne. Nay, good troth.

Old L. Yes troth, & troth; you would not be a Queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under Heaven.

Old L. Tis strange; a threepence bow'd would hire me
Old as I am, to Queene it: but I pray you,
What thinke you of a Dutchesse? Have you limbs
To beare that load of Title?

An. No in truth.

50

Old L. Then you are weakly made; plucke off a little,
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more then blushing comes to: If your backe
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, tis too weake
Ever to get a Boy.

An. How you doe talke;

41. *Chiverell*: *cheveril*—THEOBALD.

I sweare againe, I would not be a Queene,
For all the world:

Old.L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I my selfe 60
Would for *Carnarvansbire*, although there long'd
No more to th' Crowne but that: Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

L. Cham. Good morrow Ladies; what wer't worth to
know |

The secret of your conference?

An. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our Mistris Sorrowes we were pittying.

Cham. It was a gentle businesse, and becomming
The action of good women, there is hope 70
All will be well.

An. Now I pray God, *Amen.*

Cham. You beare a gentle minde, & heav'nly blessings
Follow such Creatures. That your may, faire Lady
Perceive I speake sincerely, and high notes
Tane of your many vertues; the Kings Majesty
Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and
Doe's purpose honour to you no lesse flowing,
Then Marchionesse of *Pembrooke*; to which Title,
A Thousand pound a yeare, Annuall support, 80
Out of his Grace, he addes.

An. I doe not know
What kinde of my obedience, I should tender;
More then my All, is Nothing: Nor my Prayers
Are not words duely hallowed; nor my Wishes
More worth, then empty vanities: yet Prayers & Wishes
Are all I can returne. 'Beseech your Lordship,

61. *long'd*: 'long'd—CAPELL.

75. *notes*: *note's*—THEOBALD.

77. *to you*: out—CAPELL.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[II. iii. 70-98]

Vouchsafe to speake my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blush ng Handmaid, to his Highnesse;
Whose health and Royalty I pray for. 90

Cham. Lady;

I shall not faile t'approve the faire conceit
The King hath of you. [*Aside*] I have perus'd her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the King: and who knowes yet
But from this Lady, may proceed a Jemme,
To lighten all this Ile. I'le to the King,
And say I spoke with you.

Exit Lord Chamberlaine.

An. My honour'd Lord. 100

Old L. Why this it is: Sec, sec,
I have beene begging sixteene yeares in Court
(Am yet a Courtier beggerly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early, and too late
For any suit of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very fresh Fish heere; fye, fye, fye upon
This compel'd fortune: have your mouth fild up,
Before you open it.

An. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tasts it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no:
There was a Lady once (tis an old Story) 111
That would not be a Queene, that would she not
For all the mud in Egypt; have you heard it?

An. Come you are pleasant.

Old L. With your Theame, I could
O're-mount the Larke: The Marchionesse of *Pembrooke*?
A thousand pounds a yeare, for pure respect?
No other obligation? by my Life,
That promises mo thousands: Honours traine
Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time 120

89. *blush ng*: misprint 1F.

I know your backe will beare a Dutchesse. Say,
Are you not stronger then you were?

An. Good Lady,

Make your selfe mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me
To thinke what followes.

The Queene is comfortlesse, and wee forgetfull
In our long absence: pray doe not deliver,
What heere y'have heard to her.

130

Old L. What doe you thinke me ——— *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

[*A ball in Black Friars.*]

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets.

Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them two Scribes in the habite of Doctors; after them, the Bishop of | Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincolne, Ely, | Rochester, and S. Asaph: Next them, with some small | distance, followes a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the | great Seale, and a Cardinals Hat: Then two Priests, bea- | ring each a Silver Crosse: Then a Gentleman Usber bare- | beaded, accompanied with a Sergeant at Armes, bearing a | Silver Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great | Silver Pillers: After them, side by side, the two Cardinals, | two Noblemen, with the Sword and Mace. The King takes | place under the Cloth of State. The two Cardinalls sit | under him as Judges. The Queene takes place some di- | stance from the King. The Bishops place themselves

12. *After:* misprint 1F.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[II. iv. 1-24]

on | each side the Court in manner of a Consistory: Below them | the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the | Attendants stand in convenient order about the Stage. |

Car. Whil'st our Commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded. 21

King. What's the need?
It hath already publicly bene read,
And on all sides th' Authority allow'd,
You may then spare that time.

Car. Bee't so, proceed.

Scri. Say, *Henry K. of England*, come into the Court.

Crier. *Henry King of England, &c.*

King. Heere.

Scribe. Say, *Katherine Queene of England*, 30
Come into the Court.

Crier. *Katherine Queene of England, &c.*

*The Queene makes no answer, rises out of her Chaire,
goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneeles at
his Feete. Then speaks.*

Sir, I desire you do me Right and Justice,
And to bestow your pittie on me; for
I am a most poore Woman, and a Stranger,
Borne out of your Dominions: having heere
No Judge indifferent, nor no more assurance 40
Of equall Friendship and Proceeding. Alas Sir:
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceede to put me off,
And take your good Grace from me? Heaven witnesse,
I have bene to you, a true and humble Wife,
At all times to your will conformable:

30-1. PROBE-CAPELL.

HEN. VIII. 4.

49

Ever in feare to kindle your Dislike,
 Yea, subject to your Countenance: Glad, or sorry,
 As I saw it inclin'd? When was the houre 50
 I ever contradicted your Desire?
 Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew
 He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
 That had to him deriv'd your Anger, did I
 Continue in my Liking? Nay, gave notice
 He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to minde,
 That I have beene your Wife, in this Obedience,
 Upward of twenty yeares, and have bene blest 60
 With many Children by you. If in the course
 And processe of this time, you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine Honor, aught;
 My bond to Wedlocke, or my Love and Dutie
 Against your Sacred Person; in Gods name
 Turne me away: and let the fowl'st Contempt
 Shut doore upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharp'st kinde of Justice. Please you, Sir,
 The King your Father, was reputed for
 A Prince most Prudent; of an excellent
 And unmatch'd Wit, and Judgement. *Ferdinand* 70
 My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one
 The wisest Prince, that there had reign'd, by many
 A yeare before. It is not to be question'd,
 That they had gather'd a wise Councell to them
 Of every Realme, that did debate this Businesse,
 Whodeem'd our Marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
 Beseech you Sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my Friends in Spaine, advis'd; whose Counsaile
 I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd. 80

Wol. You have heere Lady,

HENRY THE EIGHT

[II. iv. 58-85]

(And of your choice) these Reverend Fathers, men
 Of singular Integrity, and Learning;
 Yea, the elect o'th' Land, who are assembled
 To pleade your Cause. It shall be therefore bootlesse,
 That longer you desire the Court, as well
 For your owne quiet, as to rectifie
 What is unsetled in the King.

Camp. His Grace
 Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore Madam, 90
 It's fit this Royall Session do proceed,
 And that (without delay) their Arguments
 Be now produc'd, and heard.

Qu. Lord Cardinall, to you I speake.

Wol. Your pleasure, Madam.

Qu. Sir, I am about to weepe; but thinking that
 We are a Queene (or long have dream'd so) certaine
 The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,
 Ile turne to sparkes of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet. 100

Qu. I will, when you are humble; Nay before,
 Or God will punish me. I do beleeeve
 (Induc'd by potent Circumstances) that
 You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,
 You shall not be my Judge. For it is you
 Have blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me;
 (Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I say againe,
 I utterly abhorre; yea, from my Soule
 Refuse you for my Judge, whom yet once more
 I hold my most malicious Foe, and thinke not 110
 At all a Friend to truth.

Wol. I do professe
 You speake not like your selfe: who ever yet

94. new l. at To—POPE.

96. new l. at I—POPE

Have stood to Charity, and displayd th'effects
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom, e,
 Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong
 I have no Spleene against you, nor injustice
 For you, or any: how farre I have proceeded,
 Or how farre further (Shall) is warranted
 By a Commission from the Consistorie, 120
 Yea, the whole Consistorie of Rome. You charge me,
 That I have blowne this Coale: I do deny it,
 The King is present: If it be knowne to him,
 That I gainsay my Deed, how may he wound,
 And worthily my Falsehood, yea, as much
 As you have done my Truth. If he know
 That I am free of your Report, he knowes
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
 It lies to cure me, and the Cure is to
 Remove these Thoughts from you. The which before
 His Highnesse shall speake in, I do beseech 131
 You (gracious Madam) to unthinke your speaking,
 And to say so no more.

Queen. My Lord, my Lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weake
 T'oppose your eunning. Y'are meek, & humble-mouth'd
 You signe your Place, and Calling, in full seeming,
 With Meekenesse and Humilitie: but your Heart
 Is cramm'd with Arrogancie, Spleene, and Pride.
 You have by Fortune, and his Highnesse favors, 140
 Gone slightly o're lowe steppes, and now are mounted
 Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words
 (Domestickes to you) serve your will, as't please
 Your selfe pronounce their Office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your persons Honor, then

136. *eunning*: misprint 1F.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[II. iv. 117-145]

Your high profession Spirituall. That agen
I do refuse you for my Judge, and heere
Before you all, Appeale unto the Pope,
To bring my whole Cause 'fore his Holinesse,
And to be judg'd by him. 150

She Curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.

Camp. The Queene is obstinate,
Stubborne to Justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainfull to be tride by't; tis not well.
Shee's going away.

Kin. Call her againe.

Crier. Katherine, Q of England, come into the Court.

Gent. Usb. [Grif.] Madam, you are cald backe.

Que. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,
When you are cald returne. Now the Lord helpe, 160
They vex me past my patience, pray you passe on;
I will not tarry: no, nor ever more
Upon this businesse my appearance make,
In any of their Courts.

Exit Queene, and ber Attendants.

Kin. Goe thy wayes *Kate,*

That man i'th' world, who shall report he ha's
A better Wife, let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking false in that; thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentlenesse, 170
Thy meeknesse Saint-like, Wife-like Government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Soveraigne and Pious els, could speake thee out)
The Queene of earthly Queenes: Shee's Noble borne;
And like her true Nobility, she ha's
Carried her selfe towards me.

Wol. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highnes,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing 179

Of all these cares (for where I am rob'd and bound,
 There must I be unloos'd, although not there
 At once, and fully satisfide) whether ever I
 Did broach this busines to your Highnes, or
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might
 Induce you to the question on't: or ever
 Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
 A Royall Lady, spake one, the least word that might
 Be to the prejudice of her present State,
 Or touch of her good Person?

Kin. My Lord Cardinall, 190

I doe excuse you; yea, upon mine Honour,
 I free you from't: You are not to be taught
 That you have many enemies, that know not
 Why they are so; but like to Village Curses,
 Barke when their fellowes doe. By some of these
 The Queene is put in anger; y'are excus'd:
 But will you be more justifi'de? You ever
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this busines, never desir'd
 It to be stir'd; but oft have hindred, oft
 The passages made toward it; on my Honour, 200
 I speake my good Lord Cardnall, to this point;
 And thus farre cleare him.

Now, what mov'd me too't,
 I will be bold with time and your attention:
 Then marke th'inducement. Thus it came; give heede
 too't: |

My Conscience first receiv'd a tendernes,
 Scruple, and pricke, on certaine Speeches utter'd
 By th'Bishop of *Bayon*, then French Embassador,
 Who had beene hither sent on the debating

201. *Cardnall*: Cardinal-2-4F.

202-3. 1 1.-POPE.

208. *Bayon*: Bayonne-CAPELL.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[II. iv. 174-205]

And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleance*, and 210
 Our Daughter *Mary*: I'th'Progresse of this busines,
 Ere a determinate resolution, hee
 (I meane the Bishop) did require a respite,
 Wherein he might the King his Lord advertise,
 Whether our Daughter were legitimate,
 Respecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,
 Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This respite shooke
 The bosome of my Conscience, enter'd me;
 Yea, with a spitting power, and made to tremble
 The region of my Breast, which forc'd such way, 220
 That many maz'd considerings, did throng
 And prest in with this Caution. First, me thought
 I stood not in the smile of Heaven, who had
 Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe
 If it conceiv'd a male-child by me, should
 Doe no more Offices of life too't; then
 The Grave does to th' dead: For her Male Issue,
 Or di'de where they were made, or shortly after
 This world had ayr'd them. Hence I tooke a thought,
 This was a Judgement on me, that my Kingdome 230
 (Well worthy the best Heyre o'th' World) should not
 Be gladdened in't by me. Then followes, that
 I weigh'd the danger which my Realmes stood in
 By this my Issues faile, and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throw: thus hulling¹ in ¹drifting
 The wild Sea of my Conscience, I did steere
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
 Now present heere together: that's to say,
 I meant to rectifie my Conscience, which
 I then did feele full sicke, and yet not well, 240
 By all the Reverend Fathers of the Land,

210. *And*: A-2Rowx. *Orleance*: Orleans-Rowx.219. *spiteing*: splitting-2-4F.

And Doctors learn'd. First I began in private,
 With you my Lord of *Lincolne*; you remember
 How under my oppression I did reeke
 When I first mov'd you.

B. Lin. Very well my Liedge.

Kin. I have spoke long, be pleas'd your selfe to say
 How farre you satisfide me.

Lin. So please your Highnes,
 The question did at first so stagger me, 250
 Bearing a State of mighty moment in't,
 And consequence of dread, that I committed
 The daringst Counsaile which I had to doubt,
 And did entreate your Highnes to this course,
 Which you are running heere.

Kin. I then mov'd you,
 My Lord of *Canterbury*, and got your leave
 To make this present Summons unsolicited.
 I left no Reverend Person in this Court;
 But by particular consent proceeded 260
 Under your hands and Seales; therefore goe on,
 For no dislike i'th' world against the person
 Of the good Queene; but the sharpe thorny points
 Of my alleadged reasons, drives this forward:
 Prove but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life
 And Kingly Dignity, we are contented
 To weare our mortall State to come, with her,
 (*Katherine* our Queene) before the primest Creature
 That's Parragon'd o'th' World

Camp. So please your Highnes, 270
 The Queene being absent, 'tis a needfull fitnesse,
 That we adjourne this Court till further day;
 Meane while, must be an earnest motion

258. *Summons unsolicited:* summons: unsolicited—THEOBALD.

264. *drives:* drive—POPE.

HENRY THE EIGHT [II. iv. 234-III. i. 14]

Made to the Queene to call backe her Appeale
She intends unto his Holinesse.

Kin. [*Aside*] I may perceive
These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhorre
This dilatory sloth, and trickes of Rome.
My learn'd and welbelov'd Servant *Cranmer*,
Prethee returne, with thy approach: I know, 280
My comfort comes along: breake up the Court;
I say, set on.

Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

[*London. The Queen's apartments.*]

Enter Queene and her Women as at worke.

Queen. Take thy Lute wench,
My Soule growes sad with troubles,
Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst: leave working:

SONG.

*Orpheus with his Lute made Trees,
And the Mountaine tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his Musicke, Plants and Flowers 10
Ever sprung; as Sunne and Showers,
There had made a lasting Spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the Billowes of the Sea,
Hung their heads, & then lay by.
In sweet Musicke is such Art,
Killing care, & griefe of heart,
Fall asleepe, or bearing dye.*

3-4. 1 l.—Porz.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now? 20

Gent. And't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence.¹ ¹ audience-chamber

Queen. Would they speake with me?

Gent. They wil'd me say so Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces

To come neere: [*Exit Gent.*] what can be their busines
With me, a poore weake woman, falne from favour?
I doe not like their comming; now I thinke on't,
They should bee good men, their affaires as righteous:
But all Hoods, make not Monkes. 30

Enter the two Cardinalls, Wolsey & Campian.

Wols. Peace to your Highnesse.

Queen. Your Graces find me heere part of a Houswife,
(I would be all) against the worst may happen:
What are your pleasures with me, reverent Lords?

Wol. May it please you Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private Chamber; we shall give you
The full cause of our comming.

Queen. Speake it heere.

There's nothing I have done yet o' my Conscience 40
Deserves a Corner: would all other Women
Could speake this with as free a Soule as I doe.
My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were tri'de by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your busines
Seeke me out, and that way I am Wife in;

21. *And't*: An't-HANMER.

31. *Campian*: Campeius-Rowe.

35. *reverent*: reverend-2-4F

HENRY THE EIGHT

[III. i. 39-67

Out with it boldly: Truth loves open dealing.

Card. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas Regina serenissima. | 50

Queen. O good my Lord, no Latin;
I am not such a Truant since my comming,
As not to know the Language I have liv'd in:
A strange Tongue makes my cause more strange, suspiti-
ous: |

Pray speake in English; heere are some will thanke you,
If you speake truth, for their poore Mistris sake;
Beleeve me she ha's had much wrong. Lord Cardinall,
The willing'st sinne I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Card. Noble Lady, 60
I am sorry my integrity shoul breed,
(And service to his Majesty and you)
So deepe suspition, where all faith was meant;
We come not by the way of Accusation,
To taint that honour every good Tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much good Lady: But to know
How you stand minded in the waighty difference
Betweene the King and you, and to deliver
(Like free and honest men) our just opinions, 70
And comforts to our cause.

Camp. 'Most honour'd Madam,
My Lord of Yorke, out of his Noble nature,
Zeale and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting (like a good man) your late Censure
Both of his truth and him (which was too farre)
Offers, as I doe, in a signe of peace,
His Service, and his Counsell.

61. *shoul*: should-2-4F.

71. *our*: your-2-4F.

Queen. [*Aside*] To betray me.
 My Lords, I thanke you both for your good wills, 80
 Ye speake like honest men, (pray God ye prove so)
 But how to make ye sodainly an Answer
 In such a poynt of weight, so neere mine Honour,
 (More neere my Life I feare) with my weake wit;
 And to such men of gravity and learning;
 In truth I know not. I was set at worke,
 Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) looking
 Either for such men, or such businesse;
 For her sake that I have beene, for I feele
 The last fit of my Greatnesse; good your Graces 90
 Let me have time and Councell for my Cause:
 Alas, I am a Woman frendlesse, hopelesse.

Wol. Madam,
 You wrong the Kings love with these feares,
 Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,
 But little for my profit can you thinke Lords,
 That any English man dare give me Councell?
 Or be a knowne friend 'gainst his Highnes pleasure,
 (Though he be growne so desperate to be honest) 100
 And live a Subject? Nay forsooth, my Friends,
 They that must weigh out¹ my afflictions, ¹*outweigh*
 They that my trust must grow to, live not heere,
 They are (as all my other comforts) far hence
 In mine owne Countrey Lords.

Camp. I would your Grace
 Would leave your greefes, and take my Counsell.

Queen. How Sir?

Camp. Put your maine cause into the Kings protection,
 Hee's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much, 110
 Both for your Honour better, and your Cause:

93-4. 1 l.—POPE.

102. *afflictions*: misprint 1 F.97. colon after *profit*—2-4 F.

For if the tryall of the Law o'retake ye,
You'l part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tels you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruine:
Is this your Christian Councill? Out upon ye.
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge.
That no King can corrupt.

Camp. Your rage mistakes us.

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my Soule two reverend Cardinall Vertues: 121
But Cardinall Sins, and hollow hearts I feare ye:
Mend 'em for shame my Lords: Is this your comfort?
The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh't at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye halfe my miseries,
I have more Charity. But say I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heavens sake take heed, least at once
The burthen of my sorrowes, fall upon ye.

Car. [*Wol.*] Madam, this is a meere distraction,
You turne the good we offer, into envy. 131

Quee. Ye turne me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all such false Professors. Would you have me
(If you have any Justice, any Pitty,
If ye be any thing but Churchmens habits)
Put my sicke cause into his hands, that hates me?
Alas, ha's banish'd me his Bed already,
His Love, too long ago. I am old my Lords,
And all the Fellowship I hold now with him
Is onely my Obedience. What can happen 140
To me, above this wretchednesse? All your Studies
Make me a Curse, like this.

Camp. Your feares are worse.

Qu Have I liv'd thus long (let me speake my selfe,

137. *ba's*: *has* (he has—CAPEL)—CAMBRIDGE.

Since Vertue findes no friends) a Wife, a true one?
 A Woman (I dare say without Vainglory)
 Never yet branded with Suspition?
 Have I, with all my full Affections
 Still met the King? Lov'd him next Heav'n? Obey'd
 him? |

Bin (out of fondnesse) superstitious to him? 150
 Almost forgot my Prayres to content him?
 And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well Lords.
 Bring me a constant woman to her Husband,
 One that ne're dream'd a Joy, beyond his pleasure;
 And to that Woman (when she has done most)
 Yet will I adde an Honor; a great Patience.

Car. Madam, you wander from the good
 We ayme at.

Qu. My Lord,
 I dare not make my selfe so guiltie, 160
 To give up willingly that Noble Title
 Your Master wed me to: nothing but death
 Shall e're divorce my Dignities.

Car. [*Wol.*] Pray heare me.

Qu. Would I had never trod this English Earth,
 Or felt the Flatteries that grow upon it:
 Ye have Angels Faces; but Heaven knowes your hearts.
 What will become of me now, wretched Lady?
 I am the most unhappy Woman living.
 Alas (poore Wenches) where are now your Fortunes?
 Shipwrack'd upon a Kingdome, where no Pitty, 171
 No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weepe for me?
 Almost no Grave allow'd me? Like the Lilly
 That once was Mistris of the Field, and flourish'd,
 Ile hang my head, and perish.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[III. i. 153-182]

Car. [*Wol.*] If your Grace
 Could but be brought to know, our Ends are honest,
 You'd feele more comfort. Why shold we (good Lady)
 Upon what cause wrong you? Alas, our Places,
 The way of our Profession is against it; 180
 We are to Cure such sorrowes, not to sowe 'em.
 For Goodnesse sake, consider what you do,
 How you may hurt your selfe: I, utterly
 Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage.
 The hearts of Princes kisse Obedience,
 So much they love it. But to stubborne Spirits,
 They swell and grow, as terrible as stormes.
 I know you have a Gentle, Noble temper,
 A Soule as even as a Calme; Pray thinke us,
 Those we professe, Peace-makers, Friends, and Servants.

Camp. Madam, you'l finde it so: 191

You wrong your Vertues
 With these weake Womens feares. A Noble Spirit
 As yours was, put into you, ever casts
 Such doubts as false Coine from it. The King loves you,
 Beware you loose it not: For us (if you please
 To trust us in your businesse) we are ready
 To use our utmost Studies, in your service.

Qu. Do what ye will, my Lords:
 And pray forgive me; 200
 If I have us'd¹ my selfe unmannerly, ¹ *bebaud*
 You know I am a Woman, lacking wit
 To make a seemely answer to such persons.
 Pray do my service to his Majestie,
 He ha's my heart yet, and shall have my Prayers
 While I shall have my life. Come reverend Fathers,
 Bestow your Counsels on me. She now begges

191-2. 1 l.—*Porz.*199-200. 1 l.—2*Rowz.*

That little thought when she set footing heere,
She should have bought her Dignities so deere. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

[*Ante-chamber to the King's apartment.*]

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolke, Lord
Surrey, | and Lord Chamberlaine.*

Norf. If you will now unite in your Complaints,
And force them with a Constancy, the Cardinall
Cannot stand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustaine moe new disgraces,
With these you beare alreadie.

Sur. I am joyfull 10
To meete the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my Father-in-Law, the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the Peeres
Have uncontrovert'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The stampe of Noblenesse in any person.
Out of himselfe?

Cham. My Lords, you speake your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know: 20
What we can do to him (though now the time
Gives way to us) I much feare. If you cannot
Barre his accesse to'th' King, never attempt
Any thing on him: for he hath a Witchcraft
Over the King in's Tongue.

Nor. O feare him not,
His spell in that is out: the King hath found
Matter against him, that for ever marres

HENRY THE EIGHT

[III. ii. 22-45]

The Hony of his Language. No, he's setled
(Not to come off) in his displeasure. 30

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to heare such Newes as this
Once every houre.

Nor. Beleeve it, this is true.
In the Divorce, his contrarie proceedings
Are all unfolded: wherein he appeares,
As I would wish mine Enemy.

Sur. How came
His practises to light? 40
Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O how? how?
Suf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th'eye o'th' King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinall did intreat his Holinesse
To stay the Judgement o'th' Divorce; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceive
My King is tangled in affection, to
A Creature of the Queenes, Lady *Anne Bullen*,

Sur. Ha's the King this? 50
Suf. Beleeve it.

Sur. Will this worke?
Cbam. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his trickes founder, and he brings his Physicke
After his Patients death; the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.

Sur. Would he had.
Suf. May you be happy in your wish my Lord,
For I professe you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy 60
Trace the Conjunction.

Suf. My Amen too't.

Nor. All mens.

Suf. There's order given for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but yong, and may be left
To some cares unrecounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleate
In minde and feature. I perswade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this Land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

70

Sur. But will the King
Digest this Letter of the Cardinals?
The Lord forbid.

Nor. Marry Amen.

Suf. No, no:

There be moe Waspes that buz about his Nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. *Cardinall Campeius*,
Is stolne away to Rome, hath 'tane no leave,
Ha's left the cause o'th'King unhandled, and
Is posted as the Agent of our Cardinall,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'de Ha, at this.

80

Cham. Now God incense him,
And let him cry Ha, lowder.

Norf. But my Lord
When returns *Cranmer*?

Suf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Have satisfied the King for his Divorce,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almost in Christendome: shortly (I beleeeve)
His second Marriage shall be publishd, and
Her Coronation. *Katherine* no more
Shall be call'd Queene, but *Princesse Dowager*,
And Widdow to Prince *Arthur*.

90

Nor. This same *Cranmer*'s
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine

HENRY THE EIGHT

[III. ii. 73-93]

In the Kings businesse.

Suf. He ha's, and we shall see him
For it, an Arch-bishop.

Nor. So I heare.

100

Suf. 'Tis so.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinall.

Nor. Observe, observe, hee's moody.

Car. The Packet Cromwell,

Gav't you the King?

Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.

Card. Look'd he o'th'inside of the Paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseale them, and the first he view'd, 110

He did it with a Serious minde: a heede

Was in his countenance. You he bad

Attend him heere this Morning.

Card. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I thinke by this he is.

Card. Leave me a while.

Exit Cromwell.

[*Aside*] It shall be to the Dutches of Alanson,

The French Kings Sister; He shall marry her.

Anne Bullen? No: Ile no *Anne Bullens* for him,

There's more in't then faire Visage. *Bullen?* 120

No, wee'l no *Bullens*: Speedily I wish

To heare from Rome. The Marchionesse of Penbroke?

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be he heares the King
Does whet his Anger to him.

Sur. Sharpe enough,
Lord for thy Justice.

114. new l. at To—HANMER.

122. *Penbroke*: *Pembroke* (Pembroke)—4F.

Car. The late Queenes Gentlewoman?
 A Knights Daughter 129
 To be her Mistris Mistris? The Queenes, Queene?
 This Candle burnes not cleere, 'tis I must snuffe it,
 Then out it goes. What though I know her vertuous
 And well deserving? yet I know her for
 A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholsome to
 Our cause, that she should lye i'th'bosome of
 Our hard rul'd King. Againe, there is sprung up
 An Heretique, an Arch-one; *Cranmer*, one
 Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
 And is his Oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something. 140

Enter King, reading of a Scedule [and Lovell].

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
 The Master-cord on's heart.

Suf. The King, the King.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
 To his owne portion? And what expence by'th'houre
 Seemes to flow from him? How, i'th' name of Thrift
 Does he rake this together? Now my Lords,
 Saw you the Cardinall?

Nor. My Lord, we have 150
 Stood heere observing him. Some strange Commotion
 Is in his braine: He bites his lip, and starts,
 Stops on a sodaine, lookes upon the ground,
 Then layes his finger on his Temple: straight
 Springs out into fast gate, then stops againe,
 Strikes his brest hard, and anon, he casts
 His eye against the Moone: in most strange Postures
 We have scene him set himselfe.

King. It may well be,

128-9. 11.-POPE.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[III. ii. 120-145]

There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning, 160
Papers of State he sent me, to peruse
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There (on my Conscience put unwittingly)
Forsooth an Inventory, thus importing
The severall parcels of his Plate his Treasure,
Rich Stuffles and Ornaments of Houshold, which
I finde at such proud Rate, that it out-speakes
Possession of a Subject.

Nor. It's Heavens will,
Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet, 170
To blesse your eye withall.

King. If we did thinke
His Contemplation were above the earth,
And fixt on Spirituall object, he should still
Dwell in his Musings, but I am affraid
His Thinkings are below the Moone, not worth
His serious considering.

*King takes his Seat, whispers Lovell, who goes
to the Cardinall.*

Car. Heaven forgive me, 180
Ever God blesse your Highnesse.

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of Heavenly stuffe, and beare the Inventory
Of your best Graces, in your minde; the which
You were now running o're: you have scarce time
To steale from Spirituall leysure, a brieffe span
To keepe your earthly Audit, sure in that
I deeme you an ill Husband, and am gald
To have you therein my Companion.

Car. Sir, 190
For Holy Offices I have a time; a time
To thinke upon the part of businesse, which

188. *gald:* glad-2-4F.

I beare i'th'State: and Nature does require
 Her times of preservation, which perforce
 I her fraile sonne, among'st my Brethren mortall,
 Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Car. And ever may your Highnesse yoake together,
 (As I will lend you cause) my doing well,
 With my well saying. 200

King. 'Tis well said agen,
 And 'tis a kinde of good deede to say well,
 And yet words are no deeds. My Father lov'd you,
 He said he did, and with his deed did Crowne
 His word upon you. Since I had my Office,
 I have kept you next my Heart, have not alone
 Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home,
 But par'd my present Havings, to bestow
 My Bounties upon you.

Car. [*Aside*] What should this meane? 210

Sur. [*Aside*] The Lord increase this businesse.

King. Have I not made you
 The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,
 If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
 And if you may confesse it, say withall
 If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Car. My Sovereigne, I confesse your Royall graces
 Showr'd on me daily, have bene more then could
 My studied purposes requite, which went
 Beyond all mans endeavors. My endeavors, 220
 Have ever come too short of my Desires, ¹*kept even*
 Yet fill'd¹ with my Abilities: Mine owne ends
 Have bene mine so, that evermore they pointed
 To'th'good of your most Sacred Person, and

206. *kept*: kept-2-4F

222. *fill'd*: filed (fil'd)-HAMMER.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[III. ii. 174-203]

The profit of the State. For your great Graces
 Heap'd upon me (poore Undeserver) I
 Can nothing render but Allegiant thanks,
 My Prayres to heaven for you; my Loyaltie
 Which ever ha's, and ever shall be growing,
 Till death (that Winter) kill it. 230

King. Fairely answer'd:

A Loyall, and obedient Subject is
 Therein illustrated, the Honor of it
 Does pay the Act of it, as i'th' contrary
 The fowlenesse is the punishment. I presume,
 That as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you,
 My heart drop'd Love, my powre rain'd Honor, more
 On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart,
 Your Braine, and every Function of your power,
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty, 240
 As'twer in Loves particular, be more
 To me your Friend, then any.

Car. I do professe,

That for your Highnesse good, I ever labour'd
 More then mine owne: that am, have, and will be
 (Though all the world should cracke their duty to you,
 And throw it from their Soule, though perils did
 Abound, as thicke as thought could make 'em, and
 Appeare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty,
 As doth a Rocke against the chiding Flood, 250
 Should the approach of this wilde River breake,
 And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis Nobly spoken:

Take notice Lords, he ha's a Loyall brest,
 For you have seene him open't. Read o're this,
 [Giving him papers.]

And after this, and then to Breakfast with
 What appetite you have.

*Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinall, the Nobles
throng after him smiling, and whispering.*

Car. What should this meane? 260

What sodaine Anger's this? How have I reap'd it?
He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruine
Leap'd from his Eyes. So looks the chafed Lyon
Upon the daring Huntsman that has gall'd him:
Then makes him nothing. I must reade this paper:
I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis so:
This paper ha's undone me: 'Tis th' Accompt
Of all that world of Wealth I have drawne together
For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedome,
And see my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence! 270
Fit for a Foole to fall by: What crosse Divell
Made me put this maine Secret in the Packet
I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beate this from his Braines?
I know 'twill stirre him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spight of Fortune
Will bring me off againe. What's this? *To th' Pope?*
The Letter (as I live) with all the Businesse
I writ too's Holinesse. Nay then, farewell:
I have touch'd the highest point of all my Greatnesse, 280
And from that full Meridian of my Glory,
I haste now to my Setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the Evening,
And no man see me more.

*Enter to Woolsey, the Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke, the
Earle of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.*

Nor. Heare the Kings pleasure Cardinall,
Who commands you
To render up the Great Seale presently

287-8. 1 l.—Pope.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[III. ii. 230-256]

Into our hands, and to Confine your self 290
 To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchesters,
 Till you heare further from his Highnesse.

Car. Stay:

Where's your Commission? Lords, words cannot carrie
 Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare crosse 'em,

Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expressly?

Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,
 (I meane your malice) know, Officious Lords,
 I dare, and must deny it. Now I feele 300

Of what course Mettle ye are molded, Envy,
 How eagerly ye follow my Disgraces
 As if it fed ye, and how sleeke and wanton
 Ye appeare in every thing may bring my ruine?
 Follow your envious courses, men of Malice;
 You have Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
 In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale
 You aske with such a Violence, the King
 (Mine, and your Master) with his owne hand, gave me:
 Bad me enjoy it, with the Place, and Honors 310
 During my life; and to confirme his Goodnesse,
 Ti'de it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King that gave it.

Car. It must be himselfe then.

Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Priest.

Car. Proud Lord, thou lvest:

Within these fortie houres, Surrey durst better
 Have burnt that Tongue, then saide so.

Sur. Thy Ambition

(Thou Scarlet sinne) robb'd this bewailing Land 320
 Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law,

301. *course: coarse-Pope. Mettle: metal-4F.*

The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,
 (With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
 Weigh'd not a haire of his. Plague of your policie,
 You sent me Deputie for Ireland,
 Farre from his succour; from the King, from all
 That might have mercie on the fault, thou gav'st him:
 Whil'st your great Goodnesse, out of holy pitty,
 Absolv'd him with an Axe.

Wel. This, and all else

330

This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,
 I answer, is most false. The Duke by Law
 Found his deserts. How innocent I was
 From any private malice in his end,
 His Noble Jurie, and foule Cause can witnesse.
 If I lov'd many words, Lord, I should tell you,
 You have as little Honestie, as Honor,
 That in the way of Loyaltie, and Truth,
 Toward the King, my ever Roiall Master,
 Dare mate a sounder man then Surrie can be, 340
 And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my Soule,

Your long Coat (Priest) protects you,
 Thou should'st feele
 My Sword i'th'life blood of thee else. My Lords,
 Can ye endure to heare this Arrogance?
 And from this Fellow? If we live thus tamely,
 To be thus Jaded¹ by a peece of Scarlet, ^{1 spurned}
 Farewell Nobilitie: let his Grace go forward,
 And dare us with his Cap, like Larkes. 350

Card. All Goodnesse

Is poyson to thy Stomacke.

Sur. Yes, that goodnesse

HENRY THE EIGHT

[III. ii. 284-311]

Of gleaning all the Lands wealth into one,
 Into your owne hands (Card'nall) by Extortion:
 The goodnesse of your intercepted Packets
 You writ to'th' Pope, against the King: your goodnesse
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
 My Lord of Norfolke, as you are truly Noble,
 As you respect the common good, the State 360
 Of our despis'd Nobilitie, our Issues,
 (Whom if he live, will scarce be Gentlemen)
 Produce the grand summe of his sinnes, the Articles
 Collected from his life. Ile startle you
 Worse then the Sacring¹ Bell, when the browne Wench
 Lay kissing in your Armes, Lord Cardinall. ^{1 mass}
Car. How much me thinkes, I could despise this man,
 But that I am bound in Charitie against it.
Nor. Those Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand:
 But thus much, they are foule ones. 370

Wol. So much fairer
 And spotlesse, shall mine Innocence arise,
 When the King knowes my Truth.
Sur. This cannot save you:
 I thanke my Memorie, I yet remember
 Some of these Articles, and out they shall.
 Now, if you can blush, and crie guiltie Cardinall,
 You'l shew a little Honestie.

Wol. Speake on Sir,
 I dare your worst Objections: If I blush, 380
 It is to see a Nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those, then my head;
 Have at you.
 First, that without the Kings assent or knowledge,
 You wrought to be a Legate, by which power

362. *Wolom:* Who-2-4F.

382-3. 1 l.-2Rowx.

You maim'd the Jurisdiction of all Bishops.

Nor. Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or else
To Forraigne Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd: in which you brought the King
To be your Servant. 390

Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Councell, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders, the Great Seale.

Sur. Item, You sent a large Commission
To *Gregory de Cassado*, to conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
A League betweene his Highnesse, and *Ferrara*.

Suf. That out of meere Ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy-Hat to be stamp't on the Kings Coine. 400

Sur. Then, That you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what meanes got, I leave to your owne conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the wayes
You have for Dignities, to the meere undooing
Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are,
Which since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my Lord,
Presse not a falling man too farre: 'tis Vertue:
His faults lye open to the Lawes, let them 410
(Not you) correct him. My heart weepes to see him
So little, of his great Selfe.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleasure is,
Because all those things you have done of late
By your power Legative within this Kingdome,
Fall into 'th'compasse of a Premunire;

HENRY THE EIGHT

[III. ii. 341-372

That therefore such a Writ be sued against you,
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Castles, and whatsoever, and to be 420
Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge.

Nor. And so wee'l leave you to your Meditations
How to live better. For your stubborne answer
About the giving backe the Great Seale to us,
The King shall know it, and (no doubt) shal thanke you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.

Exeunt all but Wolsey.

Wol. So farewell, to the little good you beare me.
Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatnesse.
This is the state of Man; to day he puts forth 430
The tender Leaves of hopes, to morrow Blossomes,
And beares his blushing Honors thicke upon him:
The third day, comes a Frost; a killing Frost,
And when he thinkes, good easie man, full surely
His Greatnesse is a ripening, nippes his roote,
And then he fals as I do. I have ventur'd
Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride
At length broke under me, and now ha's left me 440
Weary, and old with Service, to the mercy
Of a rude streame, that must for ever hide me.
Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes favours?
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire too,
That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruine,
More pangs, and feares then warres, or women have;
And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer,
Never to hope againe. 450

420. *Castles: Chattels*—THEOBALD.

Enter Cromwell, standing amazed.

Why how now *Cromwell*?

Crom. I have no power to speake Sir.

Car. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder
A great man should decline. Nay, and you weep
I am false indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace.

Card. Why well:

Never so truly happy, my good *Cromwell*, 460
I know my selfe now, and I feele within me,
A peace above all earthly Dignities,
A still, and quiet Conscience. The King ha's cur'd me,
I humbly thanke his Grace: and from these shoulders
These ruin'd Pillers, out of pittie, taken
A load, would sinke a Navy, (too much Honor.)
O 'tis a burden *Cromwel*, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man, that hopes for Heaven.

Crom. I am glad your Grace,
Ha's made that right use of it. 470

Card. I hope I have:
I am able now (me thinkes)
(Out of a Fortitude of Soule, I feele)
To endure more Miseries, and greater farre
Then my Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer.
What Newes abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Card. God blesse him.

Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moore* is chosen
Lord Chancellor, in your place. 481

456. and: an-CAPELL.

471-2. I l.-POPE.

469-70. I l.-POPE.

480. *Moore*: *More*-HANMEL.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[III. ii. 394-421]

Card. That's somewhat sodain.
 But he's a Learned man. May he continue
 Long in his Highnesse favour, and do Justice
 For Truths-sake, and his Conscience; that his bones,
 When he ha's run his course, and sleepes in Blessings,
 May have a Tombe of Orphants teares wept on him.
 What more?

Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;
 Install'd Lord Arch-bishop of Canterbury. 490

Card. That's Newes indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady *Anne*,
 Whom the King hath in secrecie long married,
 This day was view'd in open,¹ as his Queene,
 Going to Chappell: and the voyce is now ¹ *public*
 Onely about her Corronation.

Card. There was the waight that pull'd me downe.
 O *Cromwell*,
 The King ha's gone beyond me: All my Glories
 In that one woman, I have lost for ever. 500
 No Sun, shall ever usher forth mine Honors,
 Or gilde againe the Noble Troopes that waighted
 Upon my smiles. Go get thee from me *Cromwel*,
 I am a poore false man, unworthy now
 To be thy Lord, and Master. Seeke the King
 (That Sun, I pray may never set) I have told him,
 What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
 Some little memory of me, will stirre him
 (I know his Noble Nature) not to let
 Thy hopefull service perish too. Good *Cromwell* 510
 Neglect him not; make use² now, and provide
 For thine owne future safety. ² *interest*

Crom. O my Lord,

487. *Orphants*: orphans' (Orphans)—4F. *on him*: on 'em—CAPELL.
 497-8. 1 l.—POPE.

502. *waighted*: waited—4F.

Must I then leave you? Must I needes forgo
 So good, so Noble, and so true a Master?
 Beare witnessc, all that have not hearts of Iron,
 With what a sorrow *Cromwel* leaves his Lord.
 The King shall have my service; but my prayres
 For ever, and for ever shall be yours.

Card. Cromwel, I did not thinke to shed a teare
 In all my Miseries: But thou hast forc'd me 521
 (Out of thy honest truth) to play the Woman.
 Let's dry our eyes: And thus farre heare me *Cromwel*,
 And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleepe in dull cold Marble, where no mention
 Of me, more must be heard of: Say I taught thee;
 Say *Wolsey*, that once trod the wayes of Glory,
 And sounded all the Depths, and Shoales of Honor,
 Found thee a way (out of his wracke) to rise in:
 A sure, and safe one, though thy Master mist it.
 Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me: 531
Cromwel, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
 By that sinne fell the Angels: how can man then
 (The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it?
 Love thy selfe last, cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more then Honesty.
 Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace
 To silence envious Tongues. Be just, and feare not;
 Let all the ends thou aym'st at, be thy Countries,
 Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall'st (O *Cromwel*)
 Thou fall'st a blessed Martyr. 541
 Serve the King: And prythee leade me in:
 There take an Inventory of all I have,
 To the last peny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,
 And my Integrity to Heaven, is all,

HENRY THE EIGHT [III. ii. 454–IV. i. 17

I dare now call mine owne. O *Cromwel*, *Cromwel*,
Had I but serv'd my God, with halfe the Zeale
I serv'd my King: he would not in mine Age
Have left me naked to mine Enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience. 550

Card. So I have. Farewell

The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heaven do dwell.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

[*A street in Westminster.*]

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 [*Gen.*] Y'are well met once againe.

2 [*Gen.*] So are you.

1 You come to take your stand heere, and behold
The Lady *Anne*, passe from her Corronation.

2 'Tis all my businesse. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his Triall.

1 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow,
This generall joy. 10

2 'Tis well: The Citizens

I am sure have shewne at full their Royall minds,
As let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In Celebration of this day with Shewes,
Pageants, and Sights of Honor.

1 Never greater,
Nor Ile assure you better taken Sir.

2 May I be bold to aske what that contains,
That Paper in your hand.

1 Yes, 'tis the List 20
Of those that claime their Offices this day,
By custome of the Coronation.
The Duke of Suffolke is the first, and claimes

To be high Steward; Next the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be Earle Marshall: you may reade the rest.

1 [2 Gen.] I thanke you Sir: Had I not known those
customs, |

I should have beene beholding to your Paper:

But I beseech you, what's become of *Katherine*

The Princesse Dowager? How goes her businesse?

1 That I can tell you too. The Archbishop 30

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other

Learned, and Reverend Fathers of his Order,

Held a late Court at Dunstable; sixe miles off

From Ampthill, where the Princesse lay, to which

She was often cyted by them, but appear'd not:

And to be short, for not Appearance, and

The Kings late Scruple, by the maine assent

Of all these Learned men, she was divorc'd,

And the late Marriage made of none effect:

Since which, she was remov'd to Kymmaltoun, 40

Where she remains now sicke.

2 Alas good Lady.

[*Trumpets.*]

The Trumpets sound: Stand close,

The Queene is comming.

Ho-boys.

The Order of the Coronation.

1 *A lively Flourish of Trumpets.*

2 *Then, two Judges.*

3 *Lord Chancellor, with Purse and Mace before him.*

4 *Quirristers singing.* Musicke. 49

5 *Maior of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter, in
his Coate of Armes, and on his head he wore a Gilt
Copper | Crowne.*

40. *Kymmaltoun: Kimbolton-3-4F.*

43-4. 1 l.-PORR.

51. *he wore: out-ROWE.*

HENRY THE EIGHT

[IV. i. 37-43

6 Marquesse Dorset, bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his
 bead, | a Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the
 Earle of Surrey, | bearing the Rod of Silver with
 the Dove, Crowned with an | Earles Coronet. Col-
 lars of Esses. |

7 Duke of Suffolke, in his Robe of Estate, bis Coronet
 on bis | bead, bearing a long white Wand, as High
 Steward. With | him, the Duke of Norfolke, with
 the Rod of Marshalschip, | a Coronet on bis bead.
 Collars of Esses. | 60

8 A Canopy, borne by foure of the Cinque-Ports, under
 it | the Queene in her Robe, in her baire, richly
 adorned with | Pearle, Crowned. On each side her,
 the Bishops of London, | and Winchester.

9 The Olde Dutchesse of Norfolke, in a Coronall of
 Gold, | wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queenes
 Traine. |

10 Certaine Ladies or Countesses, with plaine Circlets
 of | Gold, without Flowers.

Exeunt, first passing over the Stage in Order and State,
 and | then, A great Flourish of Trumpets. 70

2 A Royall Traine beleeve me: These I know:
 Who's that that beares the Scepter?

1 Marquesse Dorset,
 And that the Earle of Surrey, with the Rod.

2 A bold brave Gentleman. That should bee
 The Duke of Suffolke.

1 'Tis the same: high Steward.

2 And that my Lord of Norfolke?

1 Yes.

2 Heaven blesse thee, [Looking on the Queen.] 79
 Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.

60. Esses: SS-Rowe.

Sir, as I have a Soule, she is an Angell;
 Our King ha's all the Indies in his Armes,
 And more, and richer, when he straines that Lady,
 I cannot blame his Conscience.

1 They that beare

The Cloath of Honour over her, are foure Barons
 Of the Cinque-Ports.

2 Those men are happy,

And so are all, are neere her.

90

I take it, she that carries up the Traine,
 Is that old Noble Lady, Dutchesse of Norfolk.

1 It is, and all the rest are Countesses.

2 Their Coronets say so. These are Starres indeed,
 And sometimes falling ones.

2 [1 *Gen.*] No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

1 God save you Sir. Where have you bin broiling?

3 Among the crow'd i'th' Abbey, where a finger
 Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled 100
 With the meere ranknesse of their joy.

2 You saw the Ceremony?

3 That I did.

1 How was it?

3 Well worth the seeing.

2 Good Sir, speake it to us?

3 As well as I am able. The rich streame
 Of Lords, and Ladies, having brought the Queene
 To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off
 A distance from her; while her Grace sate downe 110
 To rest a while, some halfe an houre, or so,
 In a rich Chaire of State, opposing freely
 The Beauty 'of her Person to the People.

89-90. 1 l.-POPE.

102. new l. at THE-HAMMER.

Beleeve me Sir, she is the goodliest Woman
 That ever lay by man: which when the people
 Had the full view of, such a noyse arose,
 As the shrowdes make at Sea, in a stiffe Tempest,
 As lowd, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes,
 (Doublets, I thinke) flew up, and had their Faces
 Bin loose, this day they had beene lost. Such joy 120
 I never saw before. Great belly'd women,
 That had not halfe a weeke to go, like Rammes
 In the old time of Warre, would shake the prease
 And make 'em reele before 'em. No man living
 Could say this is my wife there, all were woven
 So strangely in one peece.

2 But what follow'd?

3 At length, her Grace rose, and with modest paces
 Came to the Altar, where she kneel'd, and Saint-like
 Cast her faire eyes to Heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
 Then rose againe, and bow'd her to the people: 131
 When by the Arch-bishop of Canterbury,
 She had all the Royall makings of a Queene;
 As holy Oyle, *Edward* Confessors Crowne,
 The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all such Emblemes
 Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire
 With all the choysest Musicke of the Kingdome,
 Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
 And with the same full State pac'd backe againe
 To Yorke-Place, where the Feast is held. 140

1 Sir,

You must no more call it Yorke-place, that's past:
 For since the Cardinall fell, that Titles lost,
 'Tis now the Kings, and call'd White-Hall.

3 I know it:

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 What two Reverend Byshops
Were those that went on each side of the Queene?

3 *Stokeley* and *Gardiner*, the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the Kings Secretary: 151
The other London.

2 He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the Archbishops,
The vertuous *Cranmer*.

3 All the Land knows that:
How ever, yet there is no great breach, when it comes
Cranmer will finde a Friend will not shrinke from him.

2 Who may that be, I pray you.
3 *Thomas Cromwell*, 160

A man in much esteeme with th'King, and truly
A worthy Friend. The King ha's made him
Master o'th'Jewell House,
And one already of the Privy Councell.

2 He will deserve more.
3 Yes without all doubt.
Come Gentlemen, ye shall go my way,
Which is to'th Court, and there ye shall be my Guests:
Something I can command. As I walke thither,
He tell ye more. 170

Both. You may command us Sir. *Exeunt.*

150. *Stokeley*: *Stokesley*-4F.

162-3. 2 ll. ending *master, jewellhouse*-CAMBRIDGE.

167-8. 2 ll. ending *which, guests*-CAPELL.

Scena Secunda.[*Kimbolton.*]

*Enter Katherine Dowager, sicke, lead betweene Griffith,
her Gentleman Usber, and Patience
her Woman.*

Grif. How do's your Grace?

Kath. O *Griffith*, sicke to death:

My Legges like loaden Branches bow to'th' Earth,
Willing to leave their burthen: Reach a Chaire,
So now (me thinkes) I feele a little ease.

Did'st thou not tell me *Griffith*, as thou lead'st mee, 10
That the great Childe of Honor, Cardinall *Wolsey*
Was dead?

Grif. Yes Madam: but I thanke your Grace
Out of the paine you suffer'd, gave no eare too't.

Kath. Pre'thee good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'de.
If well, he stept before me happily
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voyce goes Madam,
For after the stout Earle Northumberland
Arrested him at Yorke, and brought him forward 20
As a man sorely tainted, to his Answer,
He fell sicke sodainly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his Mule.

Kath. Alas poore man.

Grif. At last, with easie Rodes, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reverend Abbot
With all his Covent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words. O Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the stormes of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye: 30

13. *thanke: think-2-4F.*

Give him a little earth for Charity.
 So went to bed; where eagerly his sicknesse
 Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
 About the houre of eight, which he himselfe
 Foretold should be his last, full of Repentance,
 Continuall Meditations, Teares, and Sorrowes,
 He gave his Honors to the world agen,
 His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest,
 His Faults lye gently on him: 40
 Yet thus farre *Griffith*, give me leave to speake him,
 And yet with Charity. He was a man
 Of an unbounded stomacke,¹ ever ranking ^{1 pride}
 Himselfe with Princes. One that by suggestion
 Ty'de all the Kingdome. Symonie, was faire play,
 His owne Opinion was his Law. I'th'presence
 He would say untruths, and be ever double
 Both in his words, and meaning. He was never
 (But where he meant to Ruine) pittifull.
 His Promises, were as he then was, Mighty: 50
 But his performance, as he is now, Nothing:
 Of his owne body he was ill, and gave
 The Clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble Madam:
 Mens evill manners, live in Brasse, their Vertues
 We write in Water. May it please your Highnesse
 To heare me speake his good now?

Kath. Yes good *Griffith*,
 I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinall, 60
 Though from an humble Stocke, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much Honor. From his Cradle

39-40. 1 l.—*Porz.*

62. *Honor. From bis Cradle: honour from his cradle.*—*THEOBALD.*

HENRY THE EIGHT

[IV. ii. 51-82]

He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one:
 Exceeding wise, faire spoken, and perswading:
 Lofty, and sowre to them that lov'd him not:
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as Summer.
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
 (Which was a sinne) yet in bestowing, Madam,
 He was most Princely: Ever witnesse for him
 Those twinnes of Learning, that he rais'd in you, 70
 Ipswich and Oxford: one of which, fell with him,
 Unwilling to out-live the good that did it.
 The other (though unfinish'd) yet so Famous,
 So excellent in Art, and still so rising,
 That Christendome shall ever speake his Vertue.
 His Overthrow, heap'd Happinesse upon him:
 For then, and not till then, he felt himselfe,
 And found the Blessednesse of being little.
 And to adde greater Honors to his Age
 Then man could give him; he dy'de, fearing God. 80

Katb. After my death, I wish no other Herald,
 No other speaker of my living Actions,
 To keepe mine Honor, from Corruption,
 But such an honest Chronicler as *Griffithb.*
 Whom I most hated Living, thou hast made mee
 With thy Religious Truth, and Modestie,
 (Now in his Ashes) Honor: Peace be with him.
Patience, be neere me still, and set me lower,
 I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffithb.*,
 Cause the Musicians play me that sad note 90
 I nam'd my Knell; whil'st I sit meditating
 On that Cœlestiall Harmony I go too.

Sad and solemne Musicke.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
 For feare we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*.

The Vision.

*Enter solemnly tripping one after another, sixe Person-
ages, | clad in white Robes, wearing on their beades
Garlands of | Bayes, and golden Vizards on their
faces, Branches of Bayes | or Palme in their hands.
They first Conge unto her, then | Dance: and at cer-
taine Changes, the first two hold a spare | Garland
over her Head, at which the other foure make re- |
verend Curtisies. Then the two that held the Gar-
land, deli- | ver the same to the other next two, who
observe the same or- | der in their Changes, and
holding the Garland over her | head. Which done,
they deliver the same Garland to the | last two: who
likewise observe the same Order. At which | (as it
were by inspiration) she makes (in her sleepe) signes
of | rejoycing, and boldeth up her hands to beaven.
And so, in | their Dancing vanish, carrying the Gar-
land with them. | The Musicke continues. 111*

Katb. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me heere in wretchednesse, behinde ye?

Grif. Madam, we are heere.

Katb. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None Madam.

Katb. No? Saw you not even now a blessed Troope
Invite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beames upon me, like the Sun? 120
They promis'd me eternall Happinesse,
And brought me Garlands (*Griffith*) which I feele
I am not worthy yet to weare: I shall assuredly.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[IV. ii. 93-112

Grif. I am most joyfull Madam, such good dreames
Possesse your Fancy.

Kath. Bid the Musicke leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. *Musicke ceases.*

Pati. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sodaine?
How long her face is drawne? How pale she lookes,
And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes? 131

Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.

Pati. Heaven comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And't like your Grace——

Kath. You are a sawcy Fellow,
Deserve we no more Reverence?

Grif. You are too blame,
Knowing she will not loose her wonted Greatnesse
To use so rude behaviour. Go too, kneele. 140

Mes. I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,
My hast made me unmannerly. There is staying
A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance *Griffith.* But this Fellow
Let me ne're see againe. *Exit Messeng.*

Enter Lord Capuchius.

If my sight faile not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperour,
My Royall Nephew, and your name *Capuchius.*

Cap. Madam the same. Your Servant. 150

Kath. O my Lord,
The Times and Titles now are alter'd strangely

135. *And't*: An't—HANMER.

146, 149. *Capuchius*: *Capucius*—ROWE.

With me, since first you knew me.

But I pray you,

What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,

First mine owne service to your Grace, the next

The Kings request, that I would visit you,

Who grieves much for your weaknesse, and by me

Sends you his Princely Commendations, 160

And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Katb. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,

'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;

That gentle Physicke given in time, had cur'd me:

But now I am past all Comforts heere, but Prayers.

How does his Highnesse?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Katb. So may he ever do, and ever flourish,

When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name

Banish'd the Kingdome. *Patience*, is that Letter 170

I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No Madam. [*Giving it to Katbarine.*]

Katb. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willing Madam.

Katb. In which I have commended to his goodnesse

The Modell of our chaste loves: his yong daughter,

The dewes of Heaven fall thicke in Blessings on her,

Beseeching him to give her vertuous breeding.

She is yong, and of a Noble modest Nature, 180

I hope she will deserve well; and a little

To love her for her Mothers sake, that lov'd him,

Heaven knowes how deerely.

My next poore Petition,

153-4. 1 l.-2Rowe.

183-4. 1 l.-2Rowe.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[IV. ii. 139-170]

Is, that his Noble Grace would have some pittie
 Upon my wretched women, that so long
 Have follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
 Of which there is not one, I dare avow
 (And now I should not lye) but will deserve
 For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule, 190
 For honestie, and decent Carriage
 A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
 And sure those men are happy that shall have 'em.
 The last is for my men, they are the poorest,
 (But poverty could never draw 'em from me)
 That they may have their wages, duly paid 'em,
 And something over to remember me by.
 If Heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life
 And able meanes, we had not parted thus.
 These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
 By that you love the dearest in this world, 201
 As you wish Christian peace to soules departed,
 Stand these poore peoples Friend, and urge the King
 To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heaven I will,
 Or let me loose the fashion of a man.

Kath. I thanke you honest Lord. Remember me
 In all humilitie unto his Highnesse:
 Say his long trouble now is passing
 Out of this world. Tell him in death I blest him 210
 (For so I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell
 My Lord. *Griffith* farewell. Nay *Patience*,
 You must not leave me yet. I must to bed,
 Call in more women. When I am dead, good Wench,
 Let me be us'd with Honor; strew me over
 With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know
 I was a chaste Wife, to my Grave: Embalme me,

Then lay me forth (although unqueen'd) yet like
A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterre me.
I can no more.

220

Exeunt leading Katherine.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

[*London. A gallery in the palace.*]

*Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch
before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.*

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, is't not.

Boy. It hath strooke.

Gard. These should be houres for necessities,
Not for delights: Times to repayre our Nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good houre of night Sir *Thomas*:
Whether so late? 10

Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?

Gar. I did Sir *Thomas*, and left him at Primero¹
With the Duke of Suffolke. ^{1 game at cards}

Lov. I must to him too

Before he go to bed. Ile take my leave.

Gard. Not yet Sir *Thomas Lovell*: what's the matter?
It seemes you are in hast: and if there be
No great offence belongs too't, give your Friend
Some touch of your late businesse: Affaires that walke
(As they say Spirits do) at midnight, have 20
In them a wilder Nature, then the businesse
That seekes dispatch by day.

Lov. My Lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your eare
Much waigtier then this worke. The Queens in Labor

4. a clocke: o'clock-CAPELL.

17. and: an-CAPELL.

They say in great Extremity, and fear'd
Shee'l with the Labour, end.

Gard. The fruite she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may finde
Good time, and live: but for the Stocke Sir *Thomas*, 30
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Me thinkes I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience sayes
Shee's a good Creature, and sweet-Ladie do's
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But Sir, Sir,
Heare me Sir *Thomas*, y'are a Gentleman
Of mine owne way. I know you Wise, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne're be well,
'Twill not Sir *Thomas Lovell*, tak't of me, 40
Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwel*, her two hands, and shee
Sleepe in their Graves.

Lovell. Now Sir, you speake of two
The most remark'd i'th' Kingdome: as for *Cromwell*,
Beside that of the Jewell-House, is made Master
O'th' Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir,
Stands in the gap¹ and Trade² of moe Preferments,
With which the Lime will loade him. Th' Archbyshop
Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare speak
One syllable against him? ¹way ²beaten track 50

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir *Thomas*,
There are that Dare, and I my selfe have ventur'd
To speake my minde of him: and indeed this day,
Sir (I may tell it you) I thinke I have
Incenst³ the Lords o'th' Councell, that he is³ informed
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most Arch-Heretique, a Pestilence
That does infect the Land: with which, they moved
48. *Lime: Time-4F.*

Have broken with the King, who hath so farre
 Given eare to our Complaint, of his great Grace, 60
 And Princely Care, fore-seeing those fell Mischiefes,
 Our Reasons layd before him, hath commanded
 To morrow Morning to the Councell Boord
 He be convented.¹ He's a ranke weed Sir *Tbomas*,
 And we must root him out. From your Affaires
 I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir *Tbomas*.

Exit Gardiner and Page.

Lov. Many good nights, my Lord, I rest your servant.

Enter King and Suffolke.

King. *Charles*, I will play no more to night, 70
 My mindes not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suff. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little *Charles*, ^{1 summoned}
 Nor shall not when my Fancies on my play.
 Now *Lovel*, from the Queene what is the Newes.

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
 What you commanded me, but by her woman,
 I sent your Message, who return'd her thanks
 In the great'st humblenesse, and desir'd your Highnesse
 Most heartily to pray for her. 80

King. What say'st thou? Ha?
 To pray for her? What, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman, and that her suffrance made
 Almost each pang, a death.

King. Alas good Lady.

Suf. God safely quit her of her Burthen, and
 With gentle Travaile, to the gladding of
 Your Highnesse with an Heire.

King. 'Tis midnight *Charles*,
 Prythee to bed, and in thy Prayres remember 90

74. *Fancies*: fancy's (*Fancie's*-3*F.*)-4*F.*

HENRY THE EIGHT

[V. i. 74-90]

Th'estate of my poore Queene. Leave me alone,
For I must thinke of that, which company
Would not be friendly too.

Suf. I wish your Highnesse
A quiet night, and my good Mistris will
Remember in my Prayers.

King. *Charles* good night. *Exit Suffolke.*
Well Sir, what followes?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Den. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Arch-bishop,
As you commanded me. 101

King. Ha? Canterbury?

Den. I my good Lord.

King. 'Tis true: where is he *Denny*?

Den. He attends your Highnesse pleasure.

King. Bring him to Us. [*Exit Denny.*]

Lov. [*Aside*] This is about that, which the Byshope
spake, |

I am happily come hither.

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Avoyd the Gallery. *Lovel seemes to stay.*
Ha? I have said. Be gone. 111

What? *Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*

Cran. [*Aside*] I am fearefull: Wherefore frownes he
thus? |

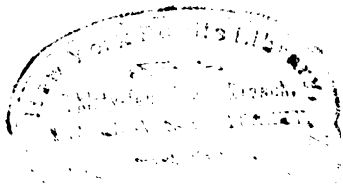
'Tis his Aspect of Terror. All's not well.

King. How now my Lord?
You do desire to know wherefore
I sent for you.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] It is my dutie

110-11. 1 l.—CAPELL.

115-17. 2 ll. ending know, you—2 ROWE.



T'attend your Highnesse pleasure.

King. Pray you arise

120

My good and gracious Lord of Canterburie:

Come, you and I must walke a turne together:

I have Newes to tell you.

Come, come, give me your hand.

Ah my good Lord, I greeve at what I speake,

And am right sorrie to repeat what followes.

I have, and most unwillingly of late

Heard many greevous. I do say my Lord

Greevous complaints of you; which being consider'd,

Have mov'd Us, and our Councell, that you shall 130

This Morning come before us, where I know

You cannot with such freedome purge your selfe,

But that till further Triall, in those Charges

Which will require your Answer, you must take

Your patience to you, and be well contented

To make your house our Towre: you, a Brother of us

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witnesse

Would come against you.

Cran. [Kneeling] I humbly thanke your Highnesse,

And am right glad to catch this good occasion 140

Most throughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe

And Corne shall flye asunder. For I know

There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,

Then I my selfe, poore man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury,

Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted

In us thy Friend. Give me thy hand, stand up,

Prythee let's walke. Now by my Holydame,

What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd

You would have given me your Petition, that 150

123-4. 1 l.—Porz.

128. *greevous*. I: grievous, 1-4F.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[V. i. 119-146]

I should have tane some paines, to bring together
Your selfe, and your Accusers, and to have heard you
Without indurance¹ further. ^{1 detention}

Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on, is my Truth and Honestie:
If they shall faile, I with mine Enemies
Will triumph o're my person, which I waigh not,
Being of those Vertues vacant. I feare nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not ¹⁶⁰
How your state stands i'th' world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not small; their practises
Must beare the same proportion, and not ever
The Justice and the Truth o'th' question carries
The dew o'th' Verdict with it; at what ease
Might corrupt mindes procure, Knaves as corrupt
To sweare against you: Such things have bene done.
You are Potently oppos'd, and with a Malice
Of as great Size. Weene you of better lucke,
I meane in perjur'd Witnesse, then your Master, ¹⁷⁰
Whose Minister you are, whiles heere he liv'd
Upon this naughty Earth? Go too, go too,
You take a Precepit for no leape of danger,
And woe your owne destruction.

Cran. God, and your Majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheere,
They shall no more prevaile, then we give way too:
Keepe comfort to you, and this Morning see ¹⁸⁰
You do appeare before them. If they shall chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you:

165. *dew*: *due*-3-4F.173. *Precepit*: *precipice*-2-4F.174. *woe*: *woo*-3-4F.

The best perswasions to the contrary
 Faile not to use, and with what vehemencie
 Th'occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties
 Will render you no remedy, this Ring
 Deliver them, and your Appeale to us
 There make before them. Looke, the goodman weeps:
 He's honest on mine Honor. Gods blest Mother,
 I swear he is true-hearted, and a soule 190
 None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,
 And do as I have bid you. *Exit Cranmer.*
 He ha's strangled his Language in his teares.

Enter Olde Lady. [Lovell following.]

Gent.witbin. Come backe: what meane you?
Lady. Ile not come backe, the tydings that I bring
 Will make my boldnesse, manners. Now good Angels
 Fly o're thy Royall head, and shade thy person
 Under their blessed wings.
King. Now by thy lookes 200
 I gesse thy Message. Is the Queene deliver'd?
 Say I, and of a boy.

Lady. I, I my Liege,
 And of a lovely Boy: the God of heaven
 Both now, and ever blesse her: 'Tis a Gyrle
 Promises Boyes heereafter. Sir, your Queen
 Desires your Visitation, and to be
 Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
 As Cherry, is to Cherry.

King. Lovell.

210

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred Markes.
 Ile to the Queene.

Exit King.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[V. i. 171-ii. 12

Lady. An hundred Markes? By this light, Ile ha more.
An ordinary Groome is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the Gyrle was like to him? Ile
Have more, or else unsay't: and now, while 'tis hot,
Ile put it to the issue. *Exit Ladie.*

Scena Secunda.

[*Before the council-chamber. Pursuivants, Pages,
&c., attending.*]

Enter Cranmer, Archbysbop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was sent to me from the Councell, pray'd me
To make great hast. All fast? What meanes this? Hoa?
Who waites there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my Lord:
But yet I cannot helpe you.

Cran. Why?

10

Keep. Your Grace must waight till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Buts.

Cran. So.

Buts. [Aside] This is a Peere of Malice: I am glad
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall understand it presently. *Exit Buts*

Cran. [Aside] 'Tis *Buts.*
The Kings Physitian, as he past along
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me:

217-19. 3 ll. ending him, now, issue-STEVENS.

16. *Exit*: misprint 1F.

Pray heaven he sound not my disgrace: for certaine 20
 This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
 (God turne their hearts, I never sought their malice)
 To quench mine Honor; they would shame to make me
 Wait else at doore: a fellow Councillor
 'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes.
 But their pleasures
 Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the King, and Butts, at a Windowe
 above.*

Butts. Ile shew your Grace the strangest sight. 30
King. What's that *Butts*?

Butts. I thinke your Highnesse saw this many a day.

Kin. Body a me: where is it?

Butts. There my Lord:

The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
 Who holds his State at dore 'mongst Pursevants,
 Pages, and Foot-boyes.

Kin. Ha? 'Tis he indeed.

Is this the Honour they doe one another?
 'Tis well there's one above 'em yet; I had thought 40
 They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
 At least good manners; as not thus to suffer
 A man of his Place, and so neere our favour
 To dance attendance on their Lordships pleasures,
 And at the dore too, like a Post with Packets:
 By holy *Mary* (*Butts*) there's knavery;
 Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtaine close:
 We shall heare more anon.

[*Exeunt.*]

[Scene iii. *The council-chamber.*]

A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed under the State. Enter Lord Cbancellour, places himselfe at the upper end of the Table, on the left hand: A | Seate being left void above him, as for Canterburies Seate. | Duke of Suffolke, Duke of Norfolke, Surrey, Lord Cham- | berlaine, Gardiner, seat themselves in Order on each side. | Cromwell at lower end, as Secretary. [Keeper at the door.] |

Chan. Speake to the businesse, M. Secretary;
Why are we met in Councell?

Crom. Please your Honours, 10
The chiefe cause concernes his Grace of *Canterbury*.

Gard. Ha's he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Norf. Who waits there?

Keep. Without my Noble Lords?

Gard. Yes.

Keep. My Lord Archbishop:
And ha's done halfe an houre to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your Grace may enter now. 20

Cranmer approaches the Councell Table.

Chan. My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry
To sit heere at this present, and behold
That Chayre stand empty: But we all are men
In our owne natures fraile, and capable
Of our flesh, few are Angels; out of which frailty
And want of wisdome, you that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd your selfe, and not a little:
Toward the King first, then his Lawes, in filling
The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines

(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions, 31
 Divers and dangerous; which are Heresies;
 And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which Reformation must be sodaine too
 My Noble Lords; for those that tame wild Horses,
 Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
 But stop their mouthes with stubborn Bits & spurre 'em,
 Till they obey the mannage. If we suffer
 Out of our easinesse and childish pittie
 To one mans Honour, this contagious sicknesse; 40
 Farewell all Physicke: and what followes then?
 Commotions, uprores, with a generall Taint
 Of the whole State; as of late dayes our neighbours,
 The upper *Germany* can deerely wnesse:
 Yet freshly pittied in our memories.

Cran. My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progresse
 Both of my Life and Office, I have labour'd,
 And with no little study, that my teaching
 And the strong course of my Authority,
 Might goe one way, and safely; and the end 50
 Was ever to doe well: nor is there living,
 (I speake it with a single heart, my Lords)
 A man that more detests, more stirres against,
 Both in his private Conscience, and his place,
 Defacers of a publike peace then I doe:
 Pray Heaven the King may never find a heart
 With lesse Allegiance in it. Men that make
 Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment;
 Dare bite the best. I doe beseech your Lordships,
 That in this case of Justice, my Accusers, 60
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
 And freely urge against me.

Suff. Nay, my Lord,
 That cannot be; you are a Counsellor,

HENRY THE EIGHT

[V. iii. 50-79]

And by that vertue no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My Lord, because we have busines of more moment,

We will be short with you. 'Tis his Hignesse pleasure
And our consent, for better tryall of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where being but a private man againe, 70
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More then (I feare) you are provided for.

Cran. Ah my good Lord of *Winchester*: I thanke you,
You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will passe,
I shall both finde your Lordship, Judge and Juror,
You are so mercifull. I see your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekenesse, Lord
Become a Churchman, better then Ambition:
Win straying Soules with modesty againe,
Cast none away: That I shall cleere my selfe, 80
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you doe conscience,
In doing dayly wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling, makes me modest.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,
That's the plaine truth; your painted glosse discovers
To men that understand you, words and weaknesse.

Crom. My Lord of *Winchester*, y'are a little,
By your good favour, too sharpe; Men so Noble,
How ever faultly, yet should finde respect 90
For what they have beene: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good M. Secretary,
I cry your Honour mercie; you may worst
Of all this Table say so.

90. *faultly*: *faulty*-2-4F.

Crom. Why my Lord?

Gard. Doe not I know you for a Favourer
Of this new Sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gard. Not sound I say. 100

Crom. Would you were halfe so honest:

Mens prayers then would seeke you, not their feares.

Gard. I shall remember this bold Language.

Crom. Doe.

Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much;

Forbeare for shame my Lords.

Gard. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Cham. Then thus for you my Lord, it stands agreed

I take it, by all voyces: That forthwith, 111

You be convoid to th'Tower a Prisoner;

There to remaine till the Kings further pleasure

Be knowne unto us: are you all agreed Lords.

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,

But I must needs to th'Tower my Lords?

Gard. What other,

Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:

Let some o'th'Guard be ready there. 120

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?

Must I goe like a Traytor thither?

Gard. Receive him,

And see him safe i'th'Tower.

Cran. Stay good my Lords,

I have a little yet to say. Looke there my Lords,

By vertue of that Ring, I take my cause

HENRY THE EIGHT

[V. iii. 100-124

Out of the gripes of cruell men, and give it
To a most Noble Judge, the King my Maister. 130

Cham. This is the Kings Ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suff. 'Ts the right Ring, by Heav'n: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rowling,
'Twould fall upon our selves.

Norf. Doe you thinke my Lords
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. Tis now too certaine;
How much more is his Life in value with him? 140
Would I were fairely out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and Informations
Against this man, whose honesty the Divell
And his Disciples onely envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burnes ye: now have at ye.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seate.

Gard. Dread Sovereaigne,
How much are we bound to Heaven,
In dayly thanks; that gave us such a Prince; 150
Not onely good and wise, but most religious:
One that in all obedience, makes the Church
The cheefe ayme of his Honour, and to strengthen
That holy duty out of deare respect,
His Royall selfe in Judgement comes to heare
The cause betwixt her, and this great offender.

Kin. You were ever good at sodaine Commendations,
Bishop of *Winchester*. But know I come not
To heare such flattery now, and in my presence

133. 'Ts: 'Tis-2-4F.

148-9. 1 l.-Pope.

They are too thin, and base to hide offences, 160
 To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell,
 And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me:
 But whatsoere thou tak'st me for; I'm sure
 Thou hast a cruell Nature and a bloody.

[*To Cranmer*] Good man sit downe: Now let me see
 the proudest |

Hee, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.
 By all that's holy, he had better starve,
 Then but once thinke his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your Grace;——

Kin. No Sir, it doe's not please me, 170
 I had thought, I had had men of some understanding,
 And wisdom of my Councell; but I finde none:
 Was it discretion Lords, to let this man,
 This good man (few of you deserve that Title)
 This honest man, wait like a lowsie Foot-boy
 At Chamber dore? and one, as great as you are?
 Why, what a shame was this? Did my Commission
 Bid ye so farre forget your selves? I gave ye
 Power, as he was a Counsellour to try him,
 Not as a Groome: There's some of ye, I see, 180
 More out of Malice then Integrity,
 Would trye him to the utmost, had ye meane,¹
 Which ye shall never have while I live. ^{1 power}

Cban. Thus farre

My most dread Sovereigne, may it like your Grace,
 To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
 Concerning his Imprisonment, was rather
 (If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall,
 And faire purgation to the world then malice,
 I'm sure in me. 190

Kin. Well, well my Lords respect him,

168. *bis:* this—Rowz.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[V. iii. 155-182]

Take him, and use him well; hee's worthy of it.
 I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
 May be beholding to a Subject; I
 Am for his love and service, so to him.
 Make me no more adoe, but all embrace him;
 Be friends for shame my Lords: My Lord of *Canterbury*
 I have a Suite which you must not deny mee.
 That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptisme,
 You must be Godfather, and answer for her. 200

Cran. The greatest Monarch now alive may glory
 In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
 That am a poore and humble Subject to you?

Kin. Come, come my Lord, you'd spare your spoones;
 You shall have two noble Partners with you: the old
 Duchesse of *Norfolke*, and Lady Marquesse *Dorset*? will
 these please you?

Once more my Lord of *Winchester*, I charge you
 Embrace, and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart, 210
 And Brother; love I doe it.

Cran. And let Heaven
 Witnesse how deare, I hold this Confirmation.

Kin. Good Man, those joyfull teares shew thy true
 hearts, |

The common voyce I see is verified
 Of thee, which sayes thus: Doe my Lord of *Canterbury*
 A shrewd turne, and hee's your friend for ever:
 Come Lords, we trifle time away: I long
 To have this young one made a Christian.
 As I have made ye one Lords, one remaine: 220
 So I grow stronger, you more Honour gaine. *Exeunt.*

204. *you'd*: *you'ld*-CAMBRIDGE.211. *Brother; love*: *brother-love*-MALONE.214. *bearts*: *heart*-2-4F.

Scena Tertia.[Scene iv. *The palace yard.*]*Noyse and Tumult witbin: Enter Porter and
his man.**Port.* You'l leave your noyse anon ye Rascals: doe
you take the Court for Parish Garden: ye rude Slaves,
leave your gaping:*Witbin.* Good M. Porter I belong to th' Larder.*Port.* Belong to th' Gallows, and be hang'd ye Rogue:
Is this a place to roare in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree
staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em:
Ile scratch your heads; you must be seeing Christenings?
Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes heere, you rude
Raskalls? 13*Man.* Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impossible,
Unlesse wee sweepe 'em from the dore with Cannons,
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleepe
On May-day Morning, which will never be:
We may as well push against Powles¹ as stirre 'em.*Por.* How got they in, and be hang'd?*Man.* Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in? 20
As much as one sound Cudgell of foure foote,
(You see the poore remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare Sir. ¹ *St. Paul's Church**Port.* You did nothing Sir.*Man.* I am not *Sampson*, nor Sir *Guy*, nor *Colebrand*,
To mow 'em downe before me: but if I spar'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or shee, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker:5. *Parish: Paris*-4F.

Let me ne're hope to see a Chine againe,
And that I would not for a Cow, God save her. 30

Within. Do you heare M. Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good M. *Puppy*,
Keepe the dore close Sirha.

Man. What would you have me doe?

Por. What should you doe,

But knock 'em downe by th'dozens? Is this *More* fields
to muster in? Or have wee some strange Indian with the
great *Toole*, come to Court, the women so besiege us?
Blesse me, what a fry of Fornication is at dore? On my
Christian Conscience this one Christening will beget a
thousand, here will bee Father, God-father, and all to-
gether. *will-o'-the-wisp* ^{2cap} ^{3Help!} 42

Man. The Spoones will be the bigger Sir: There is
a fellow somewhat neere the doore, he should be a Brasi-
er by his face, for o'my conscience twenty of the *Dog-*
dayes now reigne in's Nose; all that stand about him are
under the Line, they need no other pennance: that *Fire-*
*Drake*¹ did I hit three times on the head, and three times
was his Nose discharged against mee; hee stands there
like a Morter-piece to blow us. There was a *Habberda-*
shers Wife of small wit, neere him, that rail'd upon me,
till her pinck'd porrenger² fell off her head, for kindling
such a combustion in the State. I mist the Meteor once,
and hit that Woman, who cryed out Clubbes,³ when I
might see from farre, some forty Truncheoners draw to
her succour, which were the hope o'th' Strond where she
was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at
length they came to th'broome staffe to me, I defide 'em
stil, when sodainly a File of Boyes behind 'em, loose shot,
deliver'd such a showre of Pibbles, that I was faine to

35. *proce*—Rowz. 36. *More fields*: *Moorfields* (*Moor-fields*)—3-4F.
56. *Strond*: *Strand*—4F.

draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Worke, the Divell was amongst 'em I thinke surely. 62

Por. These are the youths that thunder at a Playhouse, and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limehouse, their deare Brothers are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three dayes; besides the running Banquet of two Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine. 70

Cham. Mercy o'me: what a Multitude are heere? They grow still too; from all Parts they are comming, As if we kept a Faire heere? Where are these Porters? These lazy knaves? Y'have made a fine hand fellowes? Theres a trim rabble let in: are all these Your faithfull ftiends o'th'Suburbs? We shall have Great store of roome no doubt, left for the Ladies, When they passe backe from the Christening?

Por. And't please your Honour,
We are but men; and what so many may doe, 80
Not being torne a pieces, we have done:
An Army cannot rule 'em.

¹ *liquor-bottles*

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't; Ile lay ye all
By th' heeles, and sodainly: and on your heads
Clap round Fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaves,
And heere ye lye baiting of Bombards,¹ when
Ye should doe Service. Harke the Trumpets sound,
Th'are come already from the Christening,
Go breake among the preasse, and finde away out 90
To let the Troope passe fairely; or Ile finde

76. *ftiends*: misprint 1F.

79. *And't*: An't-CAPELL.

90. *preasse*: press-4F. *away*: a way-2-4F.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[V. iv. 90-v. 7

A Marshallsey,¹ shall hold ye play these two Monthes.

Por. Make way there, for the Princesse. ¹ *prison*

Man. You great fellow, ² *woolen jacket*

Stand close up, or Ile make your head ake.

Por. You i'th' Chamblet,² get up o'th' raile,

Ile pecke³ you o're the pales else. *Exeunt.* ³ *pitch*

Scena Quarta.

[Scene v. *The palace.*]

Enter Trumpets sounding: Then two Aldermen, L. Maior, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshals Staffe, Duke of Suffolke, two Noblemen, bearing great standing Bowles for the Cbristening Gifts: Then foure | Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the Dutchesse of | Norfolk, Godmother, bearing the Cbilde richly habited in | a Mantle, &c. Traine borne by a Lady: Then followes | the Marchionesse Dorset, the other Godmother, and La- | dies. The Troope passe once about the Stage, and Gar- | ter speaks. | 11

Gart. Heaven

From thy endlesse goodnesse, send prosperous life,
Long, and ever happie, to the high and Mighty
Princesse of England *Elizabeth.*

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] And to your Royall Grace, & the
good Queen, |
My Noble Partners, and my selfe thus pray
All comfort, joy in this most gracious Lady,

96. *Chamblet:* camlet-STEEVENS (1793).

12-15. prose-CAPELL.

Heaven ever laid up to make Parents happy, 20
 May hourelly fall upon ye.

Kin. Thanke you good Lord Archbishop:
 What is her Name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

Kin. Stand up Lord, [*The King kisses the child.*]
 With this Kisse, take my Blessing: God protect thee,
 Into whose hand, I give thy Life.

Cran. Amen.

Kin. My Noble Gossips, y' have beene too Prodiggall;
 I thanke ye heartily: So shall this Lady, 30
 When she ha's so much English.

Cran. Let me speake Sir,
 For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter,
 Let none thinke Flattery; for they'l finde 'em Truth.
 This Royall Infant, Heaven still move about her;
 Though in her Cradle; yet now promises
 Upon this Land a thousand thousand Blessings,
 Which Time shall bring to ripenesse: She shall be,
 (But few now living can behold that goodnesse)
 A Patterne to all Princes living with her, 40
 And all that shall succeed: *Saba* was never
 More covetous of Wisedome, and faire Vertue
 Then this pure Soule shall be. All Princely Graces
 That mould up such a mighty Piece as this is,
 With all the Vertues that attend the good,
 Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall Nurse her,
 Holy and Heavenly thoughts still Counsell her:
 She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her owne shall blesse her;
 Her Foes shake like a Field of beaten Corne,
 And hang their heads with sorrow: 50
 Good growes with her.

HENRY THE EIGHT

[V. v. 34-64]

In her dayes, Every Man shall eate in safety,
 Under his owne Vine what he plants; and sing
 The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
 God shall be truely knowne, and those about her,
 From her shall read the perfect way of Honour,
 And by those claime their greatnesse; not by Blood.
 Nor shall this peace sleepe with her: But as when
 The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix,
 Her Ashes new create another Heyre, 60
 As great in admiration as her selfe.
 So shall she leave her Blessednesse to One,
 (When Heaven shal call her from this clowd of darknes)
 Who, from the sacred Ashes of her Honour
 Shall Star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth, Terror,
 That were the Servants to this chosen Infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;
 Where ever the bright Sunne of Heaven shall shine,
 His Honour, and the greatnesse of his Name, 70
 Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourish,
 And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches,
 To all the Plaines about him: Our Childrens Children
 Shall see this, and blesse Heaven.

Kin. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be to the happinesse of England,
 An aged Princesse; many dayes shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to Crowne it.
 Would I had knowne no more: But she must dye,
 She must, the Saints must have her; yet a Virgin, 80
 A most unspotted Lilly shall she passe
 To th'ground, and all the World shall mourne her.

Kin. O Lord Archbishop

56. way: ways-4F.

Thou hast made me now a man, never before
 This happy Child, did I get any thing.
 This Oracle of comfort, ha's so pleas'd me,
 That when I am in Heaven, I shall desire
 To see what this Child does, and praise my Maker.
 I thanke ye all. To you my good Lord Maior,
 And you good Brethren, I am much beholding: 90
 I have receiv'd much Honour by your presence,
 And ye shall find me thankfull. Lead the way Lords,
 Ye must all see the Queene, and she must thanke ye,
 She will be sicke els. This day, no man thinke
 'Has businesse at his house; for all shall stay:
 This Little-One shall make it Holy-day. *Exeunt.*

THE EPILOGUE.

*Tis ten to one, this Play can never please
 All that are beere: Some come to take their ease,
 And sleepe an Act or two; but those we feare
 W' have frighted with our Tumpets: so 'tis cleare,
 They'l say tis naught. Others to beare the City
 Abus'd extreame, and to cry that's wistly,
 Which wee have not done neither; that I feare
 All the expected good w' are like to beare.
 For this Play at this time, is onely in 10
 The mercifull construction of good women,
 For such a one we shew'd 'em: If they smile,
 And say twill doe; I know witbin a while,
 All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
 If they bold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.*

FINIS.

90. you: your—THEOBALD.
 9. period out—POPE.

Ep. 5. Tumpets: trumpets—2-4F.

AUG 10 1943